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THREE MONTHS' TOUR IN IRELAND

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BY

MADAME DE BOVET

TRANSLATED AND CONDENSED BY

MRS. ARTHUR WALTER

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS

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1891

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THREE MONTHS IN IRELAND

CHAPTER I.

DUBLIN.

THERE is a great charm in a country that can only be reached by sea. When, after three hours' choppy crossing between Holyhead and Kingstown, the dark outline of the "hyperborean" island of Diodorus becomes visible on the purple horizon, the attraction of that unknown land is enhanced by the mysterious veil of perpetual mist with which it is always surrounded, and through which the setting sun now darts streaks of gold. One feels a childish pleasure, too, in watching how the details of the coast accentuate themselves with each turn of the paddle-wheel, and in trying to make out the shape of the immense Bay of Dublin, which the Irish say is like the Bay of Naples. It may be so—*minus* Vesuvius, and *plus* fog, and without counting many other points of difference, of which they can hardly be fair judges who have never seen Naples, as is the case with the greater part of the Irish people. It is curious that when one never finds two leaves alike on the same tree there should be this mania for comparing different countries and climates; the truth being that one bay resembles another bay only as one man resembles another. The Bay of Dublin in reputation for beauty is second to none: let it be content with that, and leave Naples alone. Unfortunately, its charms are unobtrusive, and not seen all at once; too often the outlines of the chain of mountains with

which it is surrounded are hidden in clouds, which give to its waters a leaden tinge, and contrast sadly with the boundless reach of seagreen streaked with violet in the offing. The result is a grey and indistinct effect, not altogether unpleasing.

The first object that meets the eye on landing is a squat and ugly obelisk, surmounted by a crown lying on a cushion. The emblem is not badly chosen to remind one of the idle and voluptuous monarch, in memory of whose visit to Ireland in 1821 this monument was erected. The name of "Kingstown" was then given to this little harbour instead of "Dunleary," which signifies "Fort of Leary," one of the last Celtic Pagan Princes. One would naturally imagine this was the place where George IV. landed when honouring his Irish subjects. Not at all; it is where he re-embarked on his departure. Was it for him or for them that the remembrance of this glad day was immortalized in granite? A touching emblem of the love that unites the crown of Great Britain to the people of her so-called "sister" island!

Nothing is so irritating to the inquisitive traveller as arriving at an unknown place late in the day. However quickly one's luggage may be transferred from the boat to the train, which in twenty minutes lands you in Dublin from Kingstown, the waiting seems interminable, because one feels the shades of night are already falling on all one is so anxious to see. At Westland Row Station one again blesses the wonderful organization of English railways. No luggage ticket to give up, no visit to the Custom-house, no mad rush after a conveyance; none of that bustle and commotion which, in our country, makes the arrival of a party of travellers resemble the letting loose of Bedlam itself. With the help of a most civil and obliging porter, we fish out our own boxes from the van, and then jump into one of the numerous

Saturday night in Dublin.

conveyances drawn up in line against the pavement. However, before we have arrived at our lodging, jolted all the time across streets where, in the deepening shadows, shapes and lights are growing indistinct, chosen our room, and eaten our dinner—for there is such a thing as hunger—the night has come. Still, in the hope of seeing something, we set off for a stroll.

Fine broad streets, with fairly-good three-storied houses, swarm with people dawdling on the pavement in front of the closed shops—no cafés, few lights, ragged and barefooted urchins calling out in shrill voices the "extra special" of the evening newspapers. Going straight on, we come upon streets deserted, silent, badly lit, with a vanishing perspective of low and dark house fronts. If it were not for the heavy and measured tread of a policeman on his beat, we might as well be in a city turned to stone. The sight of a great flare of gas, accompanied with the sound of voices, attracts us to a corner further on. Good! here we can see, at all events, though the sight is hardly a pleasant one. These festive lights illuminate public-houses like those in England; places which are nothing more than "gin-shops" of the lowest order. Huddled together like a flock of sheep, the customers of these wretched places drink standing about, leaning on the counter, or up against the wall, in an atmosphere poisoned by alcoholic vapours, thick with tobacco smoke, and reeking with the exhalations of foul humanity. At first they talk quietly enough, then the drink begins to tell, the noise increases, songs are sung in hoarse voices, intermixed with wild yells, and it becomes an infernal Sabbath, till such time as the landlord, with the help of the few sober drinkers left, and to make room for others, forcibly expels those who are drunk. These stagger away to their hovels, to sleep off the fumes of whisky, provided that before this they have not already tumbled down in some corner, there to snore

till morning. The sexes are very equally represented at these drinking-bouts; and certainly if a drunken man is sufficiently repulsive, it is nothing to the sickening sight of a woman in that condition. There is one being turned into the street at this moment! It is a hideous spectacle—this miserable emaciated creature; her gaunt limbs, which tremble convulsively, are hardly covered by her dirty rags; her eye is fixed, and she has the mad look of a wild beast, having been brutally jostled by the sneering crowd. She has just thrown herself down in a heap on the dirty pavement; and had not the special Providence that watches over drunkards saved her, she would most certainly have broken her head.

A squalid and revolting scene! And it would not be wise to be out late in these far-off cut-throat looking quarters. One asks the way of a policeman, who has been the immovable and cheerful spectator of the orgy; and is surprised at finding oneself almost immediately at the hotel, whence can still be heard distant sounds of the hideous revelry. This is Saturday evening—a day of rest and merriment. The people who a short time since were taking the air in the now empty streets of the town, are the peaceful inhabitants of those suburbs, on traversing which we had arrived at the centre of the town, the scene of popular jocularity. People laughed at our indignation and horror. These drunkards are very good sort of men, who to-morrow will go quietly to mass, and no other blood will stain the taverns but that of the drinkers who have hit the wall with their stupid heads. Moreover, people assure us that, putting aside agrarian crimes, there is no country in the world where the Assize Courts have so little to do as in Ireland. A comforting reflection to sleep upon—as peaceably as our impatience for the arrival of to-morrow will allow us.

I admire sensible people who leave home with a

plan of their journey carefully marked out in "Baedeker," or here I ought to say "Black." I admire but do not envy them, for they deprive themselves of the delightful uncertainty of first experiences in a foreign land, and of the unknown charm there is in wandering about at one's own sweet will. eyes and mind awake to all new impressions. Besides, the features of a town which partly reflect its moral individuality are so much more interesting than its mere material details. The first acquaintance is better made in the freshness of the early morning; but in Dublin the chances are that if you are up too early you will find the whole town still asleep. In the middle of summer at eight o'clock in the morning, shutters are closed and streets empty; towards nine people are beginning to wake up, maid-servants lazily sweep out the doorsteps, and shops are leisurely opened, though you can rarely find anyone ready to serve you before ten. Between six and seven in the evening everything is shut again—they sell so little, why tire themselves? The *Trams* are empty at these early hours. These conveyances were first called *Outram-cars*, from the inventor, they are now abbreviated to *'Trams*. In Dublin there are no other omnibuses. Numberless lines of them radiate in all directions. Almost all of them start from the Central Post Office, an ostentatious building in the Grecian style, whose pediment is surmounted by statues of Hibernia, Mercury and Fidelity. It is told of a stranger that, on asking his driver what these three figures represented, he received the unhesitating answer, "The Twelve Apostles!" and on his observing that the numbers did not tally, "I will explain it to your honour," was the reply. "They only go out three at a time, turn and turn about." This is a good specimen of popular wit.

In one of these clean and comfortable cars you arrive at Phœnix Park in less than half an hour. I

do not believe there is another city in the world that possesses at its very gates a public park of such size, and such rare beauty. In the space of rather more than 17,000 acres of gently undulating land, there are woods of splendid elms, and copses of pink-and-white thorn, whose gnarled trunks grow to an immense size ; meadows carpeted with golden-eyed daisies, on which are browsing lovely dun-coloured cows, grey sheep with black faces, and pretty little spotted fallow deer,

Phœnix Park.

almost tame ; a zoological garden, a flower garden with trees and exotic plants and carefully-kept flower borders with the regulation rockwork, and the artificial lake tenanted by Barbary ducks ; a manœuvring and parade ground, polo and football grounds ; the summer residences of the Lord-Lieutenant and the Secretary of State for Ireland ; the Irish Military College, Royal Military Hospital, artillery and police barracks. Phœnix Park contains everything but pedestrians, and it is no doubt owing to

its enormous size that it has this deserted look. Once the property of the Knights Templars, it passed afterwards into the hands of the Knights of St. John of Jerusalem, and was confiscated in Henry VIII.'s time. The Duke of Ormond and Lord Chesterfield enlarged and beautified it considerably, and in 1745 it was presented to the people of Dublin. They seldom go there, which makes it all the pleasanter for other people. The mass meetings of this ever-rebellious people are held in the place called the *fifteen acres*, under the eyes of a laurel-crowned statue of Wellington, which was made out of the bronze of French cannon, of which there are also some at the foot of this monument. The Iron Duke was really a native of Dublin, and his family titles of Baron Mornington and Viscount Wellesley belong to the Irish Peerage. He was no more proud of the fact than are his pretended compatriots; the Irish Celts do not regard the descendants of Anglo-Saxon colonists, however remote may be the period of their settlement in the country, as one with themselves, and he himself, when twitted with his Irish origin, answered sharply, "Is one necessarily a horse because one was born in a stable?" Nevertheless, an outburst of official enthusiasm, which cost the City of Dublin 20,000*l.*, resulted in the year 1817 in the erection of this monument; a massive obelisk, 150 feet high, decorated with bas-reliefs in bronze.

One has scarcely set foot on the poetical "Emerald Isle" when the ghost of a tragic event stares one in the face. Exactly opposite the Viceregal Lodge, on the other side of a ditch which runs along the broad central walk, two marks, in the form of a rough cross lightly cut in the sod, arrest the attention of the passer-by; it is the place where, on the 6th of May, 1882, Lord Frederick Cavendish and Mr. Burke, Secretary and Under-Secretary of State respectively

for Ireland, fell under the knives of the Invincibles. It was about ten o'clock in the forenoon when two cyclists passed them on the road, walking; some minutes afterwards, on returning to the town, they perceived their two dead bodies lying on the side-walk. At the same moment the police and some of the Castle servants arrived on the scene of murder. The alarm had been given by the Viceroy himself, Lord Spencer, who had seen from a window a struggle between persons, whom at that distance he could not identify, and the rapid disappearance of a carriage, which had been waiting a little way off. It was the Under-Secretary who was the object of vengeance, and Lord F. Cavendish was killed in trying to defend him. This unfortunate young man had only arrived from England the night before to take up his post. But justice overtook the assassins, and, denounced by one of their accomplices, who, with the help of his mare Peggy (name henceforth to be historical) had galloped off with them, five of the Invincibles were hanged and four more were transported. The informer, however, notwithstanding the protection of the police, and that he had left the country under a feigned name, paid for his treachery with his life. To understand the audacity of these conspirators, it is necessary to appreciate the care with which every approach to the Viceregal Lodge is guarded, day and night, by numbers of the city police, with revolvers in their belts, in contradistinction to the English custom, which forbids the police to carry firearms. At this very spot I talked to one of them, a peaceful pink-and-white giant, whose athletic form was well defined under a blue tunic with large silver buttons, and his leather helmet ornamented with a shining steel chain. He was on duty not very far from the spot where the crime was committed, and had heard nothing. "But," said he to me, "there were many people then in the

Park who must have seen what happened, but who were afraid to interfere."

On Sunday the population of Dublin make a pilgrimage to this place, with mixed feelings of curiosity and indifference. One good lady, in a red shawl, white apron, and with an indescribable feather in her straw bonnet, has discovered this to be a favourable spot for the sale of her green plums, sour gooseberries, and antediluvian cakes. I have heard some of these Irish, who are the kindest people in the world, and would not even harm a fly, carelessly say that the attack by the Invincibles was "an unfortunate occurrence." There is no other country where they are so blinded to the first principles of humanity by their over-excited political passions. It is more extraordinary still that the Government has not set up a stone to mark the place, for England is by no means niggardly in her appreciation of those who die in her service; but perhaps she fears it might be the cause of insult to the dead and incitement to further outrage.

The number of troops in the island is proportioned to its disloyalty. There is, first, the Irish Constabulary, analogous to a *gendarmerie*, composed of picked men, courageous, strong, and sober. It is curious that this corps is recruited entirely from natives, and on no occasion has its loyalty been doubted. There is one of them passing now on horseback, a true Celt every inch of him, with high forehead, brilliant blue eyes, long fair moustache, like a Merovingian prince, slender, well built, broad shouldered, seated like a Centaur on a powerful, well-groomed bay. He is dressed in the black uniform of his corps, livery of woe, which just now is very appropriate to the sad duties that fall to him. The small cap, stuck on one side, which is kept in its place by a thin strap of leather under the lower lip, is the undress head-piece of all British cavalry. Galloping away in the distance is a dragoon in red

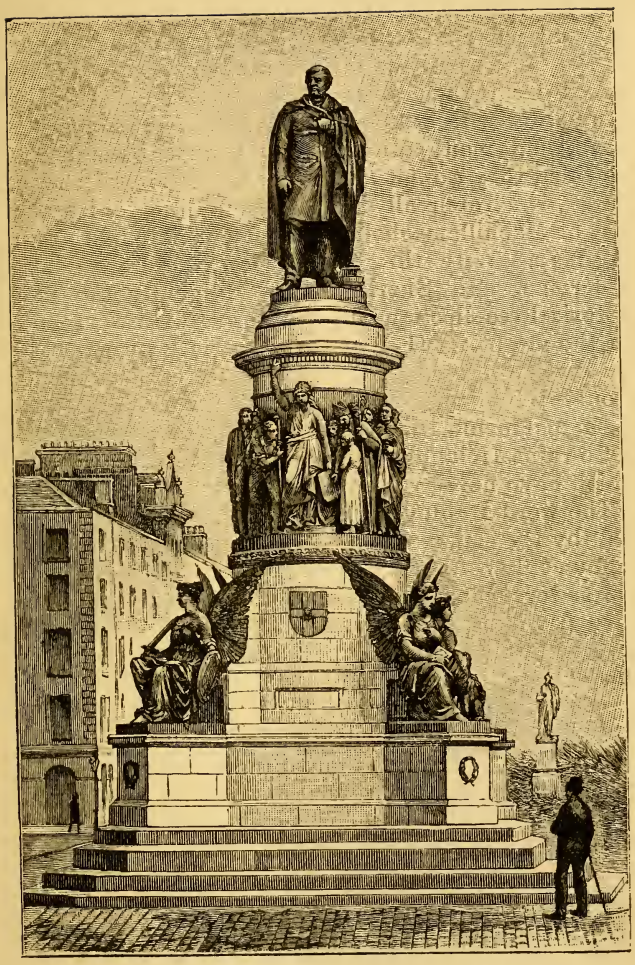
tunic and helmet of steel. He is passed by a patrol of hussars, with trimmings and facings of gold. A company of riflemen in a green uniform—so dark it is nearly black, but with white collar and braid to lighten it—is returning from parade, rifle slung across the shoulder, butt behind and muzzle in front,a curious way the English have of carrying arms. All these troopers march with a firm and brisk step, and their appearance is smart to a degree. But the pearl of the Dublin garrison is the Scotch infantry—muscular, determined-looking men, bare kneed, with red and black stockings rolled back half-way up their legs, white cloth gaiters fastened by streamers of red woollen riband, a plaited kilt or skirt of blue and green tartan, blue cap with heron's wing, white shoulder straps, a pouch of goat-skin, and undress jacket of white cloth; for full dress they wear a scarlet jacket with yellow collar. The checked plaid is fastened crosswise over the shoulder, and falls behind, being fastened on the top of the shoulder by a brooch of the national emblem, the thistle. Under arms Highlanders wear a high bonnet, with black feathers, three plumes falling on to the side, reminding one of the grotesque head-dresses of Chinese warriors, which were said to strike terror into their enemies' ranks.

One of the principal thoroughfares in Dublin is that which extends from the quay of the Liffey, on the left bank, as far as Rutland Square, where is the Rotunda, a public building, in which meetings and concerts are held. At the head of the bridge, which is named after the great Liberator, O'Connell, is an imposing monument, erected in 1882 to his memory, which, besides his own colossal statue in bronze, comprises fifty allegorical figures of lesser size, the largest of which represents Erin breaking off her fetters. Opposite the Post-office, and so high as to be nearly lost in the clouds, is a melancholy statue of

Nelson, on the summit of a too lofty column of stone in the Doric style. Groups of ragged people cluster round the steps of its pedestal from morning till night, and spend their time smoking and talking politics, and watching the passers-by with folded arms. They are the husbands, brothers, and sons of the miserable women who, at the rate of sixpence a day, will do the roughest and hardest work, and who swarm here in countless numbers. The men say they do nothing because they have nothing to do. More than a hundred and fifty years ago Swift excused the habitual laziness of his compatriots on the same ground. It may be true, but they have been idle so long that want of occupation does not distress them in the least.

There is a curious history attaching to this street, which is officially called Sackville Street, as indicated on the signs; but since the erection of O'Connell's statue, and no doubt feeling that a bridge was hardly an important enough monument to erect to his memory, the people of Dublin decided that the whole street should repose in his shadow. It is useless to speak of it to your driver by any other name than that of O'Connell Street; he will pretend not to understand you. I am sure, too, that even his Excellency the Lord-Lieutenant's coachman is a party to this tacit understanding.

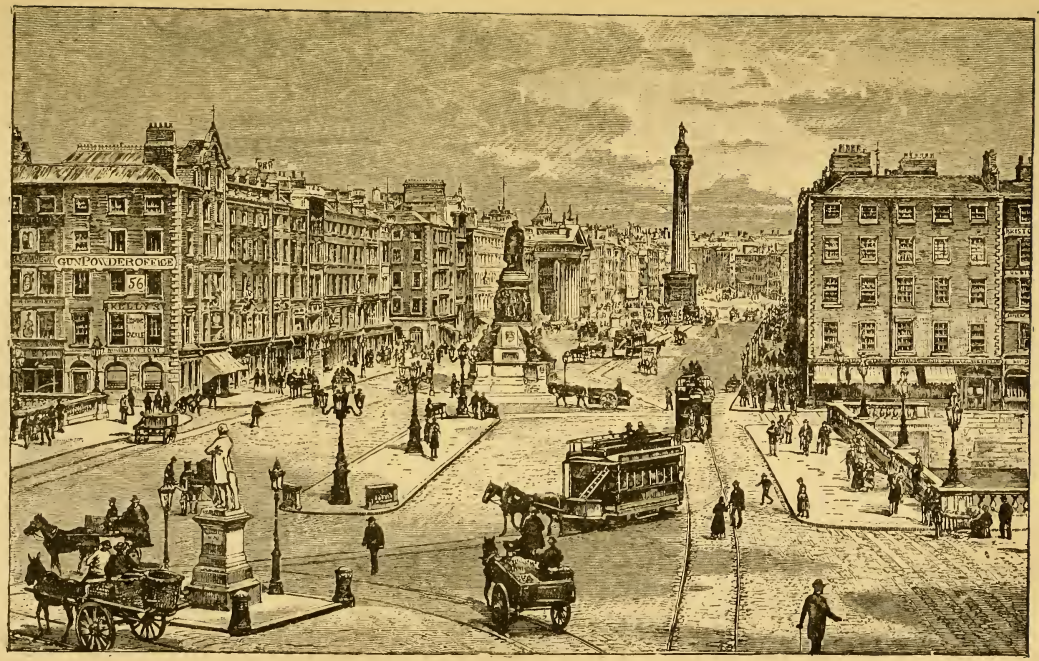
It has every right, too, to be called after the great agitator, for at No. 43 is the office of the Central Committee of the National League, unblushingly advertised to the public in letters of gold. It has large windows on the ground floor, so that the policeman on his beat can see the clerks of this ministry of rebellion despatching correspondence, whose avowed end, according to the formula now become traditional, is "to bring the Government into hatred and contempt." The Dublin patriots do



O'Connell's statue.

not yet feel satisfied at having practically given a national name to their principal street: they hope to do the same to all the others that have received Saxon names from their conquerors, like Nassau Street, Brunswick Street, Grafton Street, Northumberland Road, and many others. One cannot blame them, provided they do not not revert to certain of the old names, which are really too barbarous, like, for instance, that of Machillamocholmog Street, which I see on an old map. With this end in view, the Lord Mayor, Aldermen, and Sheriffs study diligently the many historical recollections of their town. Unfortunately, for the most part they are of a tragic nature, as they are everywhere in this country, the result being that though the history of old Dublin is very interesting, the actual memorials of it are rare. To preserve even these ruins Ireland must enjoy a peace and prosperity which have never yet fallen to her lot.

The word Dublin signifies *blackmarsh,* a term justified by the soil, as well as by the condition of the Liffey at low tide. The buoys which mark out its course for some distance into the bay might almost have been dispensed with—its muddy waters are a sufficient guide for the ships that ascend its channel. It was only at the invasion of the Danes at the end of the eighth century that Dublin grew to be of any importance. In a chart, dated 904, it is called the "*Very Noble City.*" Among other Scandinavian princes who reigned there, tradition tells of the giant McTorcall, who, with one blow of his battle-axe, mowed down the horsemen like ripe corn. When the sea king's power was brought to an end in 1014, the colonists who wished to embrace Christianity were permitted to remain, on payment of tribute to the Celtic kings of Munster. In 1172, the treachery which delivered Ireland over to the Anglo-Normans opened to them the gates of the town, which King Henry II. gave



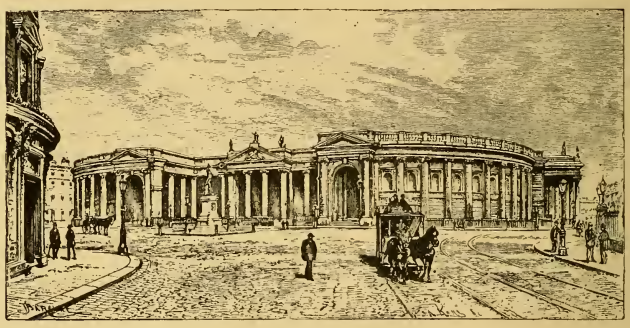
Sackville Street.

as a present "to his good citizens of the City of Bristol." He soon came over to hold a parliament with great pomp, when most of the Irish princes, beginning with the *Ardreigh* Rory O'Connor, swore faith and loyalty to him—"a form which they considered worthless," as certain national historians naïvely say. But the Norman knights thought differently; and after 700 years England and Ireland still suffer from the consequences of this more or less wilful misunderstanding. Since then Dublin has been the capital of the *pale*—territory occupied by officers of the British crown. At the beginning of the thirteenth century a strong fortress was built, which has been used since the reign of Elizabeth as the residence of the Lord-Lieutenant and the seat of civil and military government. The foundations only now remain. The present castle is an irregular pile of heavy and sombre-looking buildings, of no particular style, forming two huge quadrangles, without character or grandeur. It is cold, ugly, and melancholy; only two of the buildings are of any interest. One is a chapel in the flamboyant style, but of no historical value as it dates from the beginning of this century; the other is a massive round tower, with battlements, called "Bermingham," from the name of a powerful Anglo-Saxon family, who once held the office of chief judge, which has been so well restored that not one stone of the old keep is left. Formerly a state prison, it is celebrated in Ireland for the dramatic escape of Hugh O'Donnell the Red, who, after receiving favours from Queen Elizabeth, revolted against her; but at the end of eight years' of durance vile he managed to regain his principality of Donegal.

Not far from this melancholy castle, the object of hatred to all Irish patriots, and one that they need have no artistic scruple in razing to the ground the day their dream of deliverance is realized, are two

The Liffey and the Custom House.

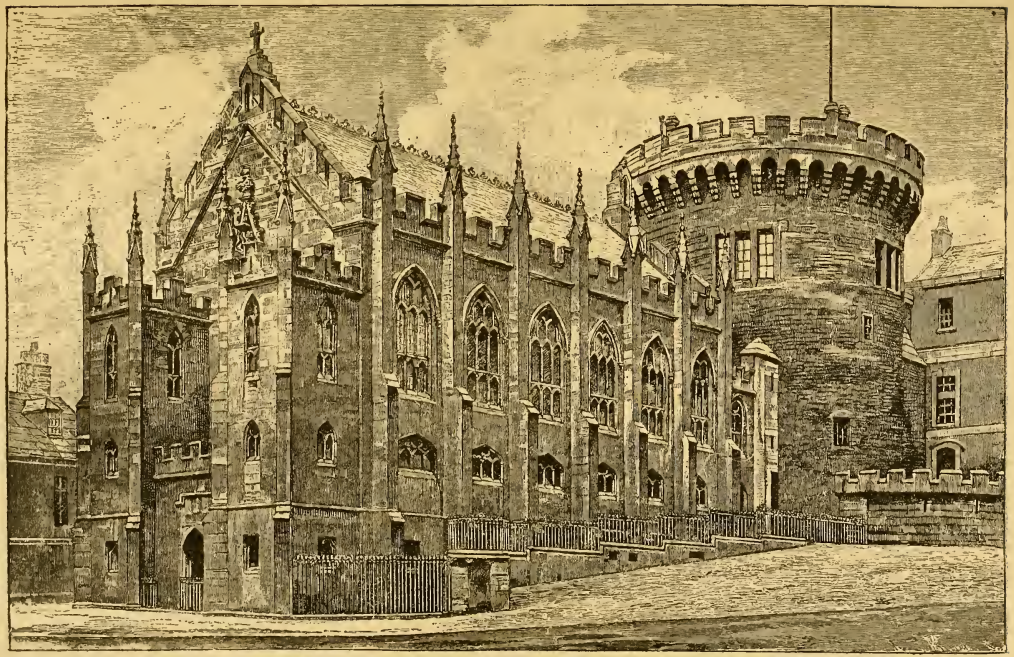
large buildings, facing each other, with deplorable Greek façades—one of the Ionic, and the other of the Corinthian order. The first is the old Parliament-house, which, since the union of the two kingdoms, has been turned into a bank. Each time that Daniel O'Connell passed by this temple of lost liberty he uncovered, as a sign of respect and grief. The Irish have, however, little reason to regret a House of Commons which betrayed and sold them, and where a seat could be bought for gold, like that of



The Bank.

Lord Castlereagh, who paid for his election the trifling sum of £10,000 sterling. Besides, the Nationalists of to-day say that when they have their own Parliament (the Parliament of Parnell, as that was the Parliament of Grattan) it is not there they will assemble; they will build yet another house for it, far more beautiful than the last. In this poor country people are possessed by the mania of doing things in grand style.

On the other side of College Green is the University, known as Trinity College—"The Silent Sister,"—as Oxford and Cambridge men ironically call it. This



Chapel Royal.

is cruel and unjust. Dublin University may not shine brightly in history and in the fine arts, but mathematics are successfully taught there. This university was destined for Protestants only. Catholic students were admitted in 1792, but remained excluded from all privileges of competition. It was not until 1873 that religious distinctions were entirely abolished. They are very slow in profiting by this liberal measure if one can believe the last list of undergraduates, which has 771 members of the Episcopal Church (which we improperly call Anglicans), 80 Presbyterians, 64 Protestants of different sects, and only 61 Roman Catholics.

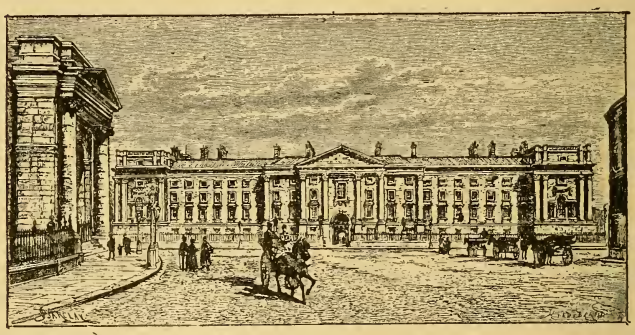
So strong is the anti-Papist feeling in England that the proposal lately made by Lord Salisbury's Government to build a university for Catholics only met with the greatest opposition from Liberals and Conservatives alike. As for the Irish Catholics, whom the Government hoped to appease by this concession, they distrust these Greek gifts, and refuse to accept the bone thrown to them to satisfy their hunger for national independence. Trinity College is organized upon the model of the two great English universities, that is to say, the students live in common under a broad and intelligent discipline, which leaves them the liberty required by their age. All its internal departments are very fine. The halls and lecture-rooms, laboratories, geological and zoological collections, examination hall, the masters', tutors', and students' rooms; the dining hall, chapel, and library, which contains more than 200,000 volumes, and a few national antiquities, including some beautifully-illuminated manuscripts, are all separated by large courtyards, which are turfed and planted with fine trees.

A large park is set apart for the athletic sports of the vigorous youths, who fill the vast space with their healthy and happy activity. It is a pleasanter

spectacle than that afforded by the melancholy quadrangles in which our (French) young men are immured up to the age of twenty, and more encouraging than that presented by the precincts of our universities, where they take their revenge for the excessive strictness of the discipline from which they have just escaped. I am sorry to say that young Ireland shows very little gratitude to the good Queen Bess who has housed it so magnificently; her portrait hangs among others in the great hall, where prize competitions are carried on, and the chance that assigns to one of the competitors the seat immediately beneath it is taken as an omen of failure.

Erin, on the other hand, does not fail to testify her gratitude to her national heroes. Dublin is populous with statues. Sir John Gray, managing proprietor of the *Freeman's Journal,* the powerful organ of the Catholic and Nationalist party, was hardly dead ere his effigy in bronze was erected opposite to that of O'Connell, though upon a smaller scale. On the other side of the river stands, in white marble, the conspirator, William Smith O'Brien, upon whose head a price was put in 1848. Tired of concealing himself in the country, where hundreds of peasants who knew his retreat would have died of hunger rather than touch the five hundred guineas offered for his betrayal, he returned to Dublin. A man employed upon the railway recognized him and denounced him to the police. Condemned to be hanged, then respited, O'Brien finally saw his sentence commuted into one of transportation for life. After some years he received the Royal pardon, and returned to end his days in his native city. When they relate his history, the Irish add that the informer was an Englishman, and that, not being able to conceive a better use for the blood-money than to drink it, he died not long afterwards of *delirium tremens.*

At the gate of Trinity College the great orator, Edmund Burke, faces Oliver Goldsmith, the universally popular author of the *Vicar of Wakefield*. In front of them the illustrious Henry Grattan, the great patriot of the end of last century, and the purest of the political representatives of Ireland, occupies the centre of the square. These statues are not wanting in merit, although knee-breeches and a square-cut coat hardly present a sculpturesque character worthy of reproduction in bronze. Not far off the poet, Thomas Moore, fat and stumpy, in the fantastic folds of bronze



Trinity College.

pantaloons and the not less extraordinary draperies of a mantle, the metal of which has taken a chocolate tint, seems, with outstretched arm and upraised finger, to be hailing a cab from the nearest cab-stand. In questionable taste also is the bust of the Surgeon Crampton, who appears to be emerging from an enormous artichoke of lotus leaves, in which all the sparrows in the town have built their nests. But, for grotesqueness, the equestrian statue of William of Orange takes the palm, who turns his back on Trinity College and looks towards the Castle—an

accident which the Irish turn to triumphant account by saying that the Conqueror of the Boyne despised intellectual culture, and placed all his strength in arms. One cannot conceive even the meanest of sculptors imagining and executing such an abomination as this. The material is wonderfully coarse; an inside coating of iron is covered with lead a quarter of an inch thick, except the head and extremities, which are solid, and the whole is coated with greenish-grey paint, picked out with gold. Dressed as a Norman Emperor, his bare legs look as though he suffered from elephantiasis—he is mounted awry on an animal, whose legs have lost their equilibrium, like one of those india-rubber toys which, by squeezing them in their hands, children can turn into every sort of deformity.

The people of Dublin are fond of their William III., not because of their feeling for the Prince, "just, pious, and of glorious memory," who broke the Treaty of Limerick, but because the history of the statue is so amusing. It was inaugurated in 1702 by a slavish municipality, with a ceremonial like that dreamt of by La Feuillade for Louis XIV. in the Place des Victoires, and which was rehearsed every year on the 1st July —the anniversary of the Battle of the Boyne. Discussions on the subject were not slow in arising. Certain magistrates refused to appear in the procession; then the students, angry at the king having turned his horse's tail towards their *alma mater*, used to insult him by throwing mud and putting a bundle of hay or a straw man on his saddle. One night they took away his sword and his marshal's *bâton*. The authorities offered a reward for the discovery of the guilty parties; they were denounced, and the judges fined them five shillings. Encouraged by this tacit approbation they began again, this time with such impunity that the statue had to be raised, and protected by a *chevaux de frise* and a railing, which,

with the pedestal, was painted over in blue and orange. A gunsmith, however, found the means of filing off the king's nose. Then, one morning in the year 1805, the unfortunate sovereign was found coated with grease and tar, and with a rope round his neck. Every time there are troubles in Dublin, Protestants and Catholics pommel each other round this monument, which also gets its share of the blows.

In 1836 an explosion shook all that part of the town. The head of the king had been blown off, and the horse damaged. At last, while he was Lord Mayor, O'Connell had the statue restored and cleaned, and since then it has been left in peace, a little out of respect to the wish of the Liberator, but more because religious hatred has been partially appeased, though the political situation is no less strained on that account.

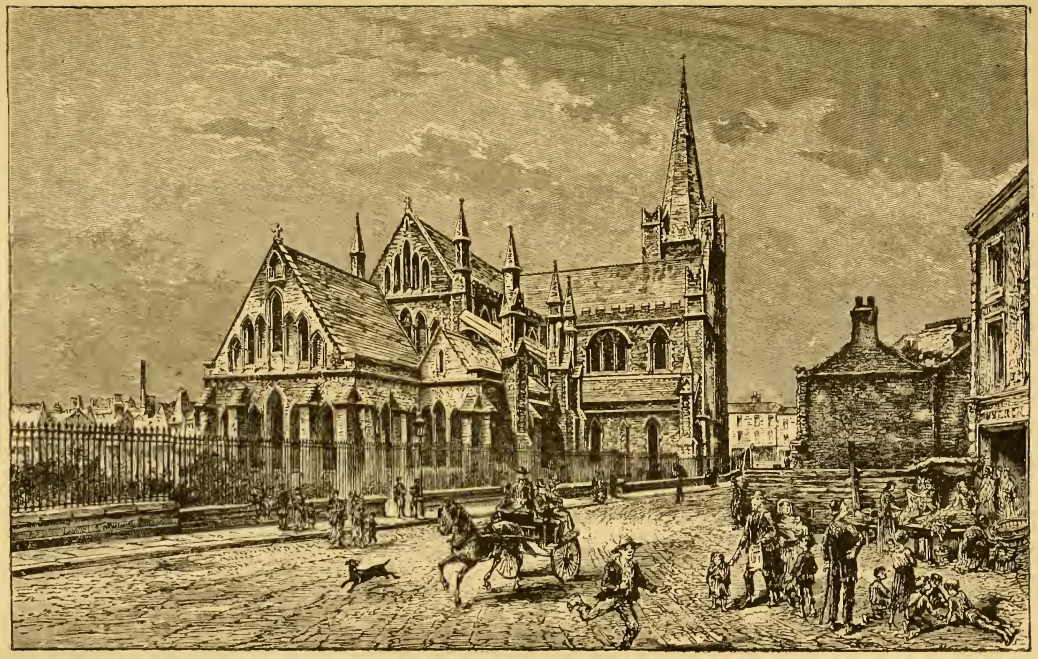
In this very Catholic country almost all the churches of any age and of a certain historical and artistic worth, belong to Episcopal Protestants, who represent hardly twelve per cent. of the population. It is easy to explain, and is not much to the honour of the English. Until the end of the last century, when the Government of the conquered isle first began to have some ideas of what fairness towards her meant, they were constantly robbing their victims, and taking what they pleased for themselves. After the Reformation those who possessed rank, fortune and power in Ireland appropriated to their own use the finest churches; and the poor oppressed Catholics had to put up with all this. Since the repeal of the laws, which made them pariahs, they have raised their heads again. Appeal has been made to the piety of the faithful, who are the more attached to their religion, on account of the persecutions they have suffered for it; and as the Catholic faith now embraces a large number of rich and powerful

members, some splendid buildings have been consecrated by them. But they are modern, and consequently devoid of interest to the archæologist, as well as to the purely sensational traveller in quest of those emotions which are awakened when surrounded by the dust of ages. Thus he does not dream of entering the new and brilliantly-decorated church of the Jesuits, still less those of the Conception and St. Andrew; one in imitation of the Acropolis, the other of St. Mary the Great, which bear witness more to the religious fervour of the country than to its artistic taste.

The necessary funds for the building of these churches are collected penny by penny. In the populous quarter of Thomas Street there is an unfinished basilical structure of brown brick cased in grey stone—very ugly, it is true, but none the less costly for all that; and on the boarded door is a placard with these words, "To finish this church it is necessary to collect a million pence in two years. Who cannot afford a penny?" A clever way of asking for 8000*l.* Dublin has the rare privilege of possessing two metropolitan cathedrals under the same archiepiscopal see. It was before the Reformation that the curious arrangement was made which placed St. Patrick and Christ Church on the same footing, and gave to the latter the title of National Cathedral. This ingenious device for putting an end to the quarrels between the two chapters served as a precedent to the Holy See, and when the Archbishop of Armagh protested against the dignity of Primate of Ireland being given to the Archbishop of Dublin, it granted him in 1552 the title of Primate of *all* Ireland. The distinction exists to the present day. Consecrated buildings naturally suffered more than others from the religious quarrels which devastated the country; thus the two cathredrals would be nothing now but ruins had they not been completely restored twenty years ago at the expense of the

only two great manufacturers of the City—Mr. Roe, a whisky distiller, and the late Sir Benjamin Guinness, proprietor of the monster brewery, whose name and products are known throughout the whole world. Each of them paid for his own parish the trifle of about 80,000*l.* This is something for the promoters of temperance societies to think about, generally most religious people themselves.

St. Patrick is a church venerable as well by reason of its great age as for the name of the Patron Saint of Ireland to whom it is consecrated. Few apostles have had so glorious a career. The ancient Irish were adventurous robbers, who risked a good deal for the sake of plunder. Their annals tell of the heroic deeds of several of their princes, from Cruinthan who in the early part of our era brought back from Gaul and Great Britain magnificent jewels, a golden chariot and a chessboard, whose squares were composed of 100 transparent precious stones, to the last Pagan king Dabhi, who four centuries later was killed by lightning at the foot of the Alps. One of them, named Nial, brought back from an expedition on the banks of the Loire, at the end of the fourth century, a young French nobleman, Patrician, whom he seems to have treated more as a friend than a slave; he either escaped or was set free, and went on a pilgrimage to Rome, probably in fulfilment of some vow. There he heard voices commanding him to return to that distant island, and preach the words of Christ. He was in no hurry to obey, for if one believes the story, it was not till his sixtieth year that he began his holy mission. That did not prevent its being crowned with success, and he had time before his death, at the advanced age of 120 years, to found 365 churches —one often finds this number mentioned in Irish legends—to consecrate as many bishops, to ordain 3000 priests, and to convert a whole nation. Such



St. Patrick.

was the holy man who, towards the year 430, was sent for to Dublin by King Alphenius, whose two children had just been drowned, and who begged him to exercise over them that miraculous power for which he was so celebrated. Patrick consented, on condition that if he restored to life the young Prince Eochadh and his sister, the whole nation should embrace the Christian faith. It was a conversion *en masse*, and he laid the first stone of the church by the side of the fountain where he had baptized the neophytes; needless to say that there is no trace left of this ancient edifice, which was still in existence in 590, as Gregory of Scotland bears witness to having heard mass there. It was in 1190 that the Archbishop Comyn began to build the present church, and it was continued by his successor Henry of Loundres, and in 1370, after a great fire, it was restored and enlarged by the Archbishop Minot. Its façade of blue granite is very imposing, and its tower, 130 feet high, would be a fine specimen of the architecture of the end of the fourteenth century if it was not smothered by an extinguisher of nearly equal height, in the fantastic gothic of the barbarous eighteenth century, which has spoilt so many monuments by its clumsy embellishments. Inside, the coldness of the Protestant religion agrees well with the severity of the pointed style of a good period. In place of calvaries, votive offerings, and illuminated statues, the questionable decorations of Catholic Churches, the cathedral of Dublin has in its choir the stalls of the Chapter of the Royal Order of St. Patrick, carved in massive old oak, covered in crimson velvet, and surmounted with the plumed helmet, the heavy sword and silken banners of each knight. Numerous monuments to the dead, and a crowd of historical recollections detain the visitor. First there is the celebrated epitaph, composed for himself by Swift, once dean of this church, who since 1745

rests, as he says, "Ubi sæva indignatio ulterius cor lacerare nequit." He who was the most bitter writer of pamphlets in an age fertile in this kind of writing, is hardly known out of his own country, except by *Gulliver's Travels*, whose philosophical meaning has been singularly misunderstood by those who turn it into a child's tale. What has gained him his reputation here is his authorship of those spiteful *Drapier's Letters*, which, towards 1725, awakened in his compatriots national emotions, that for centuries had been drowned in blood and tears. Be it said, in passing, there are reasons for believing that the patriotism of the Dean of St. Patrick, who was Protestant and half English, was purely literary—the channel through which surged the spleen which suffocated him. For all that, the pen that was dipped in such poison did more to shatter English rule in Ireland than the victorious sword of William of Orange had done to establish it. "Go, passer-by, and imitate, if thou canst, this valiant defender of liberty!" modestly adds the epitaph. A marble bust perpetuates the not too-seductive features of this extraordinary man—a mind of uncommon strength in a diseased body, through which the soul seemed to filter all its unhealthy humours. The artist caught him at the right moment, before senile imbecility had given to his powerful face the hideous grin, the vacant look and hanging lip, with a contraction of stupid malevolence, such as is depicted on the cast in the library at Trinity College.

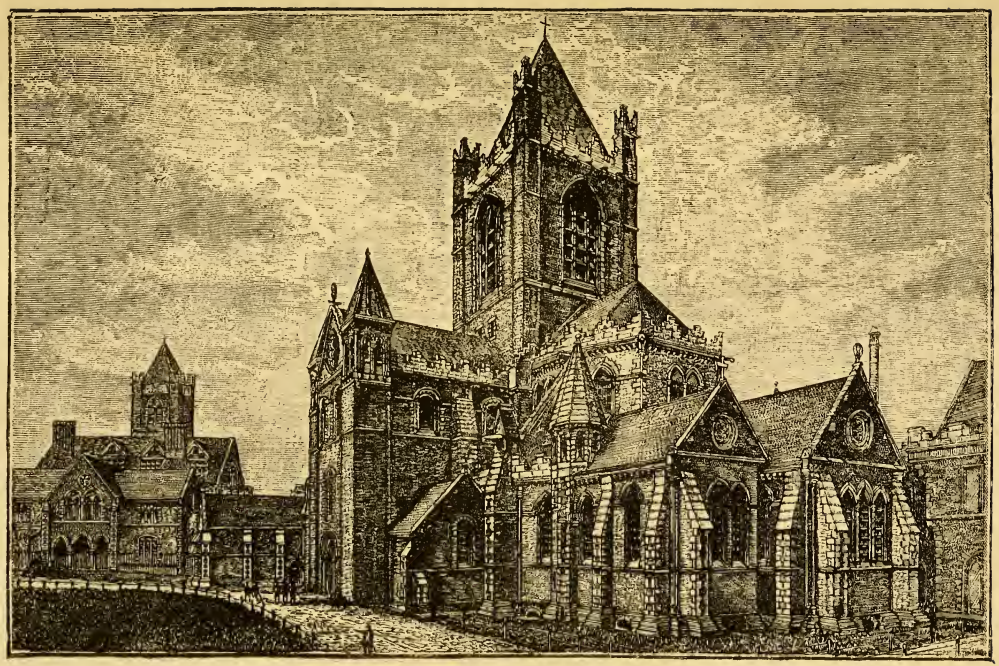
By the side of Swift's monument there is fastened to the wall another marble tablet, to the memory of Mistress Hester Johnson, whom he calls Stella in his writings. What was the true part she played in the life of this great man will remain for ever shrouded in mystery; one does know, however, that the more than equivocal position in which

Swift was placed in regard to her makes her appearance in this holy place somewhat strange. But the Dublin people see no harm in it, and the beadle points out to visitors her tablet, engraved with a long Latin inscription, with as little compunction as he does the old carefully-preserved pulpit from which this wonderful man was wont to preach. Another illustrious personage, whose ashes repose in St. Patrick, is Marshal Schomberg, who had the unique glory of dying on the field of battle at the age of eighty-two. After the battle of the Boyne, where he commanded the French Huguenots, his body was taken to Dublin and buried in the cathedral; but it never entered the mind of the master, whom he had so well served, to erect to his memory any sort of monument. His heirs showed as much indifference as William III., and turned a deaf ear to all Swift's demands, that something should be done to honour the hero. The Dean was revengeful and an *enfant terrible*. Tired of fighting, he wrote on Schomberg's tomb an inscription, in which he immortalizes, in fine Latin, the behaviour of ungrateful children, which ends with these words — "Plus potuit fama virtutis apud alienos quam sanguinis proximitas apud suos."

A tablet celebrates the memory of Balfe, the most illustrious, most genial, and most beloved of Irish musicians; they might also have added that he was the only one since the time of Fingal and Ossian. Close by there is a curious epitaph to "John Rigby, last Sovereign of the Order of the Grand Cross of the Rose, High Commander of the College of Philosophical Masons; died in 1819." A few old tombs have alone survived the successive devastations of the church; that of a pilgrim who travelled on foot from Rome, in the twelfth century, and is buried in a stone coffin; that of the Lady St. Leger, who died at the age of thirty-seven, the

widow of her fourth husband, lord deputy of the king of England; that of a citizen of Mantua, and of his wife, native of Parma, whose names are rather worn out, who were shipwrecked in Ireland in the middle ages somehow or other. People of that time travelled a great deal more than we realize; they took their time about it, that was all. Near an old chest, roughly sculptured in the Scandinavian style, and which formerly was used to lock up the sacred vessels, there is, in St. Patrick's, a curious relic; it is a massive oak door, ornamented with solid iron-work, and which the rats have not respected. In the centre is a sort of roughly-made wicket. This is its history. During the War of the Roses, two of the most powerful Anglo-Norman feudatories of Ireland—the Earls of Kildare and Ormond—waged between themselves a desperate fight; one for York, the other for Lancaster. In the year 1492 they held a meeting in the Church of St. Patrick, with a view, no doubt, of restoring peace, but they managed so badly that their retainers came to blows on the very steps of the altar. Ormond was the weaker of the two, and he fled for refuge to the Chapter-house, which communicated with the cathedral; and Kildare was obliged, by virtue of his rank as Lord-Deputy of Dublin, to promise on his honour, through the doorway, to guard him from all treachery. But the confidence they had in each other was such, that to be able to shake hands in sign of peace, they hacked out with their weapons an opening, so that the reconciliation might be effected without seeing each other. As the effect of this little excitement the roof for several years remained riddled with arrows, and the Pope imposed on the Mayor of Dublin the penance of walking bare-foot through the town every year, on Corpus Christi day, as a reparation for this sacrilege. The poor cathedral suffered, too, in many other ways. James I. turned it

into a law-court, Cromwell into a stable, the fonts being used as watering-troughs for his horses; being Puritans, they professed as much contempt for Episcopal religion as for "Popish superstition"—as many Protestants still call it when talking of Catholic dogmas. Then they made it into a prison, then into barracks; and it was only restored to its sacred uses on the day that William III. gave solemn thanks there, after his victory on the Boyne. It is curious to observe the distinctions made by the Protestant dogmas between the "superstitions" of the past, which ought to be abolished, and those which ought to be preserved; as the worship of images is supposed to promote idolatry, they have disrespectfully relegated an old stone statue of St. Patrick to a dark semi-circular chapel in the oldest part of the building, once consecrated to the Virgin, and which now appears to be a sort of vestry for the beadles. The famous fountain, on the contrary, where the Apostle baptized the whole population of Dublin, and which is behind the choir, has had all the rubbish cleared from it; one must not confuse it with another miraculous fountain of the same name in the garden of the Corporation of Trinity College, formerly much frequented by pilgrims, who came there to be cured of their diseases—particularly on the 17th May, birthday of the Saint, "when," as wrote an Englishman in 1592, "the water was holier, and the people of Dublin more foolish." The origin of this well was a civility St. Patrick showed to a lady in whose house he lived, and who complained that at high-tide the water in the river was salt. The number of springs he set going all over Ireland is incalculable. To read his life takes one's breath away, and he must certainly have had the gift of ubiquity. There is only the length of a street between the two cathedrals. The feeling of jealousy between the two sisters is still so strong that a young



Christ Church.

rosy-cheeked parson, who had most obligingly given me the history of the one to which he belonged was careful, on seeing me turn my steps towards Christ Church, to warn me against the pretensions of the "rival" one, assuring me that she owed everything she had to intrigue.

The site of this cathedral is said by tradition to have been, in olden time, one of those forts of dried bricks and mud—*duns* or *raths*—of which there remain so many traces in Ireland. Certainly this high point might well have been a strategical position of some importance. Wherever the soil round the church is dug into sufficiently deep, quantities of fragments of the bronze age, and massive foundations indicating the former existence of a large town, are found buried in a bed of clay. Surely this must be the site of old Dublin! The church is built over crypts of very great antiquity, where merchandise, or rather plunder, is said to have been stored; for there was more of the highwayman than the merchant in the ancient Irish. In one of these crypts St. Patrick—the everlasting St. Patrick—must have celebrated mass, and hence the sacred character of the place. In 1038, Systrig Mac-Amlane, Chief of the Danes in Dublin and son-in-law of the Irish King Murdoch, gave up this land to his compatriot, the Bishop Donogh—called Donatus in the chronicles of that time—to build there, in the name of the Holy Trinity, a church, which he endowed with large estates, with their peasantry and cattle. Donogh built the nave and transept, without forgetting his own episcopal palace. While restoring the choir stalls, some years ago, they discovered his coffin and his body in a perfect state of preservation, wearing a mitre, wrought in fine work of gold and silver. In the following century the apse, side-chapels, and belfry were built by the Archbishop Loreau O'Thuabal or Laurent O'Toole, at the expense of the conquerors Richard

Strongbow, Raymond the Fat, and Robert Fitz Stephen. This prelate, who was canonized, played a considerable part in the history of his time. A powerful prince, as well as a holy man, he gave splendid banquets, at which he only drank water, and presided daily at a dinner for sixty poor people. He connected the Chapter of the cathedral with the order of Canons of the rule of Arras, to which he belonged; he chanted there his lauds and matins, and wore the dress of the Order over a hair shirt, and under his rich Episcopal robes—an arrangement which must have contributed not a little to the majestic presence for which he was noted. In 1181 his successor, John Comyn, having complaints against the Royal Justice of the Peace, Hamon de Valois, excommunicated him, laid the diocese under a ban, demanded justice of the King of England, and gained his cause. The enlarging and beautifying of the Cathedral of the Trinity cost Hamon large sums of money. Thirty years later the greater part of it was destroyed by fire, but was restored by means of alms, collected throughout the kingdom by brother Henry of Cork. In 1360 the Archbishop John of St. Paul rebuilt the choir, and in 1512 Gerald FitzGerald, eighth Earl of Kildare, added to it the lady chapel. The church was rich in precious relics. Among them was the shrine of St. Cubie, which the people of Dublin stole from the Welsh, and the staff of Jesus, which a hermit presented to Saint Patrick. It was then considered to be more splendid than the rival cathedral of Christ Church; but of this we are unable to judge, for in 1552 it was completely destroyed by the falling-in of the tower, and subsequent reconstructions have left very little of the former edifice except the north transept, a section of the side nave, and the principal doorway, and a few capitals and shafts of columns of a good period. The last restoration was carried

out with enough intelligence to preserve the character of the period of transition. Semi-circular arches fraternize with pointed ones of a very pure style. Christ Church has gone through as many vicissitudes as St. Patrick. In 1487 Lambert Simnel, the pretended child of Edward, was crowned there with a diadem borrowed from a statue of the Virgin. This act of irreverence brought no luck to the impostor, who, as one knows, ended his days as turnspit in Henry the Seventh's kitchen, who showed political wisdom by this act of kindness. The anger also of heaven fell on the church to punish it, for the first Archbishop of Dublin, after the Reformation, robbed it of its holy relics, which, including the venerated *Baculum Jésu*, were publicly burned. If this staff, in which were set precious stones, never did belong to Christ, as may be supposed, still one can well believe that St. Patrick used it in his endless travels, and that was a sufficient reason to make it dear to the Irish people, who were justly indignant at the perpetration of such sacrilegious vandalism. In 1551 the new liturgy was read for the first time in Christ Church. Mary Tudor re-established mass there; Elizabeth turned it into a Protestant place of worship. The Episcopalians at first do not seem to have shown any great respect for their cathedral, for under King Charles I. taverns were set up in the crypts and chapels of the building. They drank heavily in Dublin in those days. There were no less than 1180 alehouses in the town, among a population of 4000 families; and in a homily addressed from Rome to his compatriots, the Rev. Father Francis O'Malley designated the capital of Ireland by the name of "The City of Leathern Bottles." Lord Wentworth, the Lord-Lieutenant, turned the sellers out of the temple. In 1647 Dublin fell into the power of the Parliamentary armies, the Episcopal liturgy was solemnly suppressed,

and Christ Church was turned into a meeting-place for Puritan ministers.

The Restoration reorganized the Chapter. During the year that James II. reigned in Ireland, the Catholic rites were celebrated there, but after the defeat of the Jacobites, the Episcopal Church took possession of it again; and since then has not been dislodged. Almost all the old tombs in the national cathedral have either been violated during the religious wars, or destroyed by being unskilfully restored. Its subsoil is a large public ditch, where the bones of knights and prelates are decaying in heaps; and it is impossible to raise a flagstone without coming upon a coffin with its boards all broken in. The only monument which has always been respected is that of one of the benefactors of the church—Richard of Clair, Earl of Pembroke, called Strongbow, the conqueror of Ireland. It is a black marble cenotaph, curiously placed between the nave and the right aisle, on which is engraved a rough likeness of the formidable mercenary, with helmet and coat of mail, his sword by his side, and his hands crossed on his chest. A tomb of the same shape in grey marble close by represents the three-quarter figure of a young man; tradition has it that this was the only son of Strongbow, whom his father cut in two with one stroke of his sword in a fit of rage for having fled before the enemy; but wise and sober-minded archæologists believe that this monument was broken in two by the falling-in of the tower in 1562. There is no real foundation for this story, and it ill agrees with the description of the Earl of Pembroke given by the Monk Gerald de Barry, of Cambrass, author of a circumstantial narrative of the conquest of Ireland, of which he was an eye-witness,—"This lord was small, rather stout, with short neck, and feminine features, a high colour, freckled, grey eyes, and a sweet and mild

voice, liberal, courteous, and of good manners; he won by honeyed words and subtle devices what he could not conquer by force. Reserved and conciliatory in time of peace, he bore himself in the field with the dignity and majesty of a true captain; prudent and discreet, he did nothing without consulting sensible people, always ready to take the best advice. He was as ready to beat a retreat as to lead an assault, brilliant without being rash, neither presumptuous nor cowardly; not flushed by success, nor downcast in reverse; in good fortune as well as in bad his temper was always serene." If all this be true, then here indeed is a model for statesmen and warriors.

This corner of the town is full of memories. In the old Episcopal Palace adjoining the cathedral were installed, in the sixteenth century, the courts of justice. In 1796 they were moved into their present building on the Ormond Quai—a large edifice, as Greek-looking as the custom-house, with this difference only—that one is in the Doric and the other in the Corinthian style. The piece of massive and black wall which remains of the old building, in a very dirty corner of a narrow street, justifies the observation of a French traveller, who, in the last century, wrote, "The residence of Themis is a dark and gloomy cave." How many miserable wretches have left it to go and "dance their last jig," or "the minuet of Kilmainham"—as was then said in allusion to the place where the gallows were erected! The Courts of Justice were separated from the church by a dark and winding passage, which was called "Hell"—apropos of which the following strange advertisement appeared in an old newspaper: "A furnished apartment to be let in hell; would suit a lawyer." As was usual at that time, the nobles and merchants had their houses and shops side by side with hovels of ill-fame, and they formed a network

of dirty little streets round the cathedral in "Skinners Row,"—vicus pelliparіorum — as it is called in the old plans. It was not the corporation of skinners who lived there, as the name would seem to imply, but of booksellers, printers, and binders. The first newspaper that came out in Ireland had its offices there—the *Dublin Newsletter*, founded in 1685—written in the form of a letter, and printed on a little folio sheet. Near to the pillory and town-hall lived the ninth Earl of Kildare, who accompanied Henry VIII. to the Field of the Cloth of Gold. This, the most frequented street of the town, was sixteen feet broad, the overhanging roofs of the shops made it still narrower. There is now no trace of it left; there is nothing but a shapeless chaos of crumbling hovels, muddy courtyards, and dirty alleys entangled in each other, in the midst of which bits of the old ramparts may be made out. The High Street, which ran parallel with it, still exists. The house of the Sarsfields, an illustrious family of French origin, is pointed out there—one of the members of which, Sir William, Mayor of Dublin in 1566, received in fief from the crown the manor of Lucan; later, the estate was made into an earldom for his grandson Patrick, the faithful follower of the last Stuart king, who organized in France the Irish Brigade (of valiant memory) in 1656. The first regular postal-service was installed in this street; two couriers a week carried the letters into the most distant parts of the country, and into England, for eightpence or a shilling.

Close by there is a little church, which has preserved its ancient character better than any other, and concerning which Irish hagiology is curiously interwoven with the French. Saint Ouen, Bishop of Rouen and King Dagobert's Chancellor, was a disciple of Saint Colomban who, in the course of his evangelizing mission, had received hospitality at the house of this

man's father. He was much esteemed in his Episcopal town, where a fine Roman church is consecrated to him, which, let it be added, contains the heart of Richard Cœur de Lion. Numbers of Normans who followed William the Conqueror into England bore his name, which was soon changed into Owen. Probably in fulfilment of some vow, one of Strongbow's knights built a church in the newly-conquered country to his patron saint. In the Celtic tongue the name was again changed into Audoen, and is looked for in vain in the Irish calendar. It is a pity that this interesting piece of architecture of the twelfth century should have been spoilt by a later construction of a second church under the same name, which has been joined to it. The heavy square perfectly plain tower which dominates it belongs to this latter building, notwithstanding its ancient appearance. It is the lower portion which is the old church, and its Roman front is hidden by a comparatively modern porch. The Anglo-Normans established in Dublin had an especial feeling for St. Audoen. There are many vaults there—stone monuments and marble flags—on which may be read the names of Molyneux, Parry, Molesworth, Talbot, Wemyss, Percival, Quinn, Giffard. A chapel that was built in the fifteenth century by Robert FitzEustace, Baron of Portlester, who is buried there with his wife Jenico D'Artois, connects the new church with the old; one belongs to the Catholics, the other to the Protestants. One can believe that the harmony of the neighbourhood has occasionally been somewhat disturbed.

In the history of ancient Dublin there are many names mentioned which give us food for thought. The Bloody Bridge—now the Barrack Bridge; the Scarlet Alley—vanished; the Bloody field, where in 1209 fifteen hundred Danish colonists of Dublin were massacred by the Irish of the neighbourhood on Easter

Monday, which has been called in that part of the country Black Monday. But on the pavement of Cooke Street alone what an amount of blood had flown in 1629! The ugly old chapel, called Adam and Eve, which belongs to a Franciscan convent, was invaded during high mass by a company of musketeers; they turned out the faithful, desecrated the altar, and shut up the Fathers in the neighbouring prison of the Black Dog. The populace rose and delivered them, and the Protestant Archbishop, Lancelot Bulkeley, who was directing operations, barely escaped the angry mob. This small Saint Bartholomew's Day, only in the reverse sense, was the signal for the expulsion of Irish congregations, but after the restoration, in 1660, the greater part of them came back. On the same spot, twelve years after, Conan Macguire, Lord Enniskillen, was taken prisoner by Cromwell's soldiers after a bloody fight. Two steps further on, in front of the Church of St. Catharine, the patriot Robert Emmett, idol of the Irish people, was hanged in 1803. A few weeks later, Lord Kilwarden, who had condemned him, passing the spot in his carriage, was cut to pieces by a furious crowd. A little further on one is shown the house where Lord Edward Fitzgerald, one of the heads of the Society of United Ireland, and husband of the celebrated Pamela, received a mortal wound from the hand of the officer sent to arrest him. In this same year, 1798, there died hard by another martyr to the national cause. Anticipating his sentence of death, Theobald Wolfe Tone cut his throat in prison; he was carried dying to his mother's house, and expired there at the end of a week. For two days and two nights did the whole town join in his wake, and a riot was impending over his body when an order was sent from the Castle to proceed at once with the funeral, at night, and without display. The Rev. W. Jackson, who had taken a part in the

same conspiracy, spared the court the trouble of judging him; he died, while the case was being heard, of poison administered by himself. Others were beheaded—Oliver Borul, Dr. Charles Lucas, and the two brothers Sheares—and their remains are preserved in the vaults of the Church of St. Michan, whose very dry chalky soil has the same petrifying qualities as that of the Palace Galien in Bordeaux. This old cruciform building, of bare stone, blackened by age, whose square tower rises grimly above a semi-circular portal, has nothing interesting in it except this vault. Among the numerous open coffins there, one can easily recognize those who have been executed, by the head being placed on the stomach. There are some very ancient ones, and it is believed they have even discovered that of the Danish patron saint of the church. The sight of these mummified bodies is not a particularly pleasant one. The skin, dry as tinder, is the colour of old leather; there are the finger-nails and the hairs on the scalp, and by the smoky light of the candle that the sacristan's wife holds up, the mouth, with its yellow and gumless teeth, seems to jeer at you with a horrid grin.

Dear dirty Dublin! Such are the familiar terms —now become proverbial—in which Lady Morgan, in her writings, apostrophizes her native town. Dear dirty Dublin is nothing more than a conglomeration of poor quarters, whose misery overflows on to the doorsteps of the rich, resembling in that respect the cities of former times, where the classes elbowed each other much more than they do in the towns of this democratic age. I was speaking a short time ago of the beggars that haunt O'Connell Street. They are to be seen everywhere, on the bridges, on the quays, round the squares, leaning over the parapets, and standing against the railings, watching the running water and the passers-by, a

greasy felt hat over one ear, their hands in the pockets of their trousers, which are fringed out below, with holes at the knees. The upper portion is happily hidden by a dirty jacket full of holes, through which the lining is often protruding. There are greater numbers of boys here than anywhere else in prolific Ireland. They go about in troops, dressed in a waistcoat innocent of buttons, and in seatless breeches—a deficiency all the more to be regretted, because the shirt, when there is one, owing to successive simplifications, has been reduced to a bodice only; socks, shoes, and caps are unknown luxuries—human skin is less expensive than shoemakers' leather, and the mass of tangled hair, which occasionally sees the comb on a Sunday, is given by Nature as a covering for the head against rain as well as sun.

Irish flower-girl.

The girls are more dignified in their princess dresses of velvet, which once was ruby or blue, old casts-off of more fortunate children, who are grandmothers now. These sumptuous garments are invariably covered up with an apron, which has never been white, and is so full of holes that it is very easy to account for the numerous dirty spots on the

dress. These young people frequent, by preference, the fine streets, and glue their noses to the shop fronts, specially those which sell sugar-candy, burnt almonds, and those abominations in coloured starch which Dublin confectioners insult us by calling "Bonbons Français." Morning and evening they sell newspapers; between whiles, they look out for windfalls. In Dublin, begging is forbidden, and is only carried on under some disguise. So, tall fine-looking girls, with clogs and a straw hat and feathers, offer to the passers-by little bunches of pale geraniums, withered Indian pinks, anemic-looking asters, and blighted dahlias; of course, one pays no attention to them, so that without losing anything their stock-in-trade lasts a good week. They will take no refusal, and beg you to give them a cup of tea.

The idea of sitting down in their company in the tea-house close by appears to you preposterous, so you give them a copper; and if you happen to turn your head, you will have the satisfaction of seeing them solacing themselves with a mug of porter at the public-house opposite. The dress of the poorest women in Dublin defies all description—not one has ever worn garments that have been made for her; in fact there does not exist here, not even in the most populous parts of the town, cheap haberdashery shops, where, as with us, poor women can buy a skirt, and a worsted or cotton bodice. They dress here on the "reach-me-down" system; the demand for rags is so enormous that if the cast-off clothes of every country in the world were imported into Ireland they would hardly suffice. These rags are the more hideous, too, by reason of the materials of which they are made—silk skirts all befrilled, shining with grease, and with more holes than a sieve; velvet cloaks of an indefinable colour, with jet embroidery

on one side and silk fringe on the other, worn and rusty, stiff with grease, and moth-eaten; plush hats, once grey green, trimmed with something that in the prehistoric ages might have been a bunch of feathers, or, perhaps, a wreath of roses. Believe me, I do not exaggerate. As for women of a better class—workwomen, small shopkeepers, well-to-do householders—if they are a little less dirty, they are hardly less ragged. Irishwomen have a passion for furbelows, which is only equalled by their ignorance of the use of needle and thread. Here is the result: a frill that has become unsewn they will draggle in the mud for hours; when some spare moment arrives, and they have had the good luck to find a pin on the ground, they will fasten it up with that; and so things will remain until, eventually, the frill is overweighted with dirt, and comes off altogether. For the rest, though they are indifferent to going about barelegged, it would be a disgrace to them to go out bareheaded, and as the cap and little bonnet of our women are unknown here, a greasy hood bound with crumpled strings tied under the chin, or a large straw hat on which nods a limp and discoloured feather, is to them the mark of *respectability*. But to see the abject squalor of Dublin in its very depths one has only to walk along by St. Patrick's, and particularly the street which joins the two cathedrals—a street consisting of two rows of tumble-down, mouldy-looking houses, reeking of dirt, and oozing with the disgusting smell of accumulated filth of many generations, with old petticoats hung up instead of curtains, and very often instead of glass in the dilapidated windows. On each ground floor, shops with overhanging roofs, and resembling dirty cellars, expose for sale sides of rancid bacon, bundles of candles and jars of treacle—a delicacy as much sought after as soap is neglected

—greens, cauliflowers, musty turnips and bad potatoes; while at every three doors is a tavern, which in the midst of these hovels resembles a palace. Every other house is an old-clothes' shop, where the sale of the above-mentioned rags is combined with money-lending at large interest. Shoes that are taken out of pawn there on Saturday night for Sunday mass are pledged again on Monday morning. Business is as brisk there all Sunday as it is during the week.

Most of the rag-dealers being Jews, as is the custom of the children of Israel, they understand their business, and are the only fat and flourishing inhabitants of St. Patrick Street. Their crowded shops are the clubs of the place. The purchase of a pair of trousers, a petticoat, or a shirt—which, to judge by the length of time it takes, seems a most complicated business—is only an excuse for gossiping, with that wild intemperance, that superabundance of exclamation and expletives that the Irish have in common with southern races. On the pavements, strewn with vegetable-refuse and other mess, a permanent market is held. There are barrels of red herrings, pickled in brine: flat baskets, in which are spread out the most disgusting bits of meat that one can possibly imagine; stale cows' feet; overkept sheeps' heads, bits of flabby pink veal, tripe, intestines, skins, and fat of every animal eatable and otherwise—refuse that no well-trained dog would touch. Besides being made quite sick with the smell of this filthy food, mixed with that of bad cabbage, tobacco and petroleum, which comes out in puffs from the half-opened hovels, the passer-by is tormented by an uneasy feeling of being devoured. But the tourist forgets all this while lingering in this Court of Miracles, from whose many aspects an artist, who was courageous enough to stay there some time,

might find very amusing subjects for water-colour sketches. His endurance must be all the greater, because the curiosity with which he will inspire this lazy population will quickly gather round him a crowd, whose close contact will put his olfactory nerves to a severe trial. But all these ragged and vermin-covered people are most affable; there are none of those fierce looks, those looks of hatred with which in other countries the poor welcome "the rich" who happen to have missed their way among them; on the contrary, they are very pleased when ladies and gentlemen think it worth while to visit them. They look at them with a curiosity which is neither low-bred nor insolent, require very little encouragement to be made to talk, and willingly shake hands with the good-natured stranger who will sacrifice his gloves. Far from being ashamed of their rags, they are proud of being looked at; pretty, fair, or red-haired girls, whose freshness has not yet been spoilt by bad air, insufficient food, or drinking to excess, nudge each other, laughing and blushing; cheeky children come and stare at you, under your very nose, and vanish like a flock of sparrows if you pretend to be angry; mothers smile at you gratefully if you glance tenderly at the baby.

It is a question, which we do not yet feel competent to answer, as to how far these poor people are responsible for the abject state of misery in which they are plunged; but it touches one to see the good temper, sociableness, and even politeness that survive such degradation.

St. Patrick Street may be called the *Boulevard des Italiens* of the quarter known as "The Liberties" of Dublin, where grovel the 5000 or 6000 inhabitants I have just been describing. Situated in the highest, airiest, and consequently the healthiest part of the town, it was once the aristocratic centre. For some

extraordinary reason it has been deserted for the low and damp parts of the estuary of the Liffey called *The Black Pool,* a black marsh. The gardens have disappeared, the fine houses have fallen into ruins, those which still remain are transformed into human rookeries, and under the finger of time are crumbling away. The streets are connected by a network of stinking little alleys and infected courts, where wretched hens and lean goats pick about among the refuse. What one sees in the interiors makes one sick and sad at the same time. One day the sanitary officers found in a large bare room 18 human beings, huddled together asleep on the floor, whose only furniture was their bundles and a few bits of dirty straw. In the next room were lodged twelve, seven of whom were ill with typhoid fever.

What is the use of this sanitary inspection? asks the indignant stranger. What are the municipal authorities about? Well! what do people expect them to do? Suppose one day these Augean stables were cleaned from top to bottom, they would be as bad again the next; if the whole quarter were pulled down, there would be very little gained by it. These poor devils would betake themselves elsewhere; they would only infect another part of the town, for after all they cannot sleep under the bridges. One must cut deep; this evil must be attacked at the root by curing the fearful poverty which eats into Ireland like a hideous cancer. But how? For centuries the problem has remained unsolved. However much appearances may be against it, the fact remains that Dublin is not at all an unhealthy town; cholera is unknown there, other epidemics are rare, and the death-rate is normal. It is needless to add the birth-rate is considerable. Irish intemperance is universally known; as for the criminal statistics, I have previously noticed how reassuring they are.

Liberties of Dublin.

In the time of their splendour the Liberties of Dublin enjoyed, as their name indicates, certain privileges, notably a jurisdiction of their own, exercised by the seneschals of the Earl of Meath, who was lord of the manor. At the end of the seventeenth century a colony of French Huguenots, exiled by the revocation of the Edict of Nantes, flourished there. At first sight it appears curious that they should have chosen a Catholic country in which to conduct in peace their worship of the God of Calvin. But one ceases to wonder at it on remembering that power belonged exclusively to the Protestants, who welcomed them with special favour. They found themselves on the dominant side, and good Christians as they were, experienced, perhaps, a secret kind of satisfaction in having their turn at persecuting. Moreover, it was not chance that brought them to Ireland. Many of those who had entered the army of William of Orange, under the flag of Schomberg, established themselves, on the conclusion of peace, in the country they had helped to conquer. Numbers of them were weavers, and they brought the cloth industry to great perfection in their adopted country. In Belfast it has reached such proportions as to give prosperity to the whole province of Ulster. In Dublin it has fallen into decay, as everything does in that atmosphere of laziness, indolence, and moral stagnation, which made Swift exclaim, "It is a good city to die in." There is still in Coombe Street the now deserted house of the corporation of weavers. It was the gift of a Huguenot family, who, in a land of poverty, had been able to make their fortune.

A gentleman of Blaise, David de la Touche, officer of the French Protestant Regiment of Caillemotte, after distinguishing himself at the Boyne, established a bank in Dublin, and was the founder of a line of distinguished and philanthropic financiers, who for two

centuries have held a leading position in the Irish capital. The credit of the country was for a long time entirely in their hands, and in 1778 the La Touche Bank, by lending half a million without security to the Lord-Lieutenant, Duke of Buckingham, got the Castle out of great straits.

Opposite the Weaver's-house rises a huge building of grey stone, of the stern aspect of a prison; it is an establishment that combines charity with education, known under the significant name of Ragged School, and about which one word must be said to throw some light on the religious difficulties with which Ireland still has to struggle, although their importance has been diminished by the bitterness of political and social strife. This asylum belongs to the society for the propagation of Protestantism, called the Church of Ireland Mission, whose avowed end is to convert Papists and do good works at the same time. Far be it from me to presume to judge between the Church of Rome and that of Luther! Still, allow me to say that by combining works of proselytizing with those of charity, one runs the risk of damaging these last, which are the more praiseworthy, without gaining much profit by the others, which are of secondary importance. It does not really make much difference whether the ragged urchins, who are educated at the Coombe Street school, go to mass or to church, but it does matter a good deal that children, who might receive a good education, are allowed to play in the gutter because their parents refuse to have them taught to deny their national faith.

Apart from this, the organization of the Ragged Schools is worthy of all praise. That of the Liberties receives 60 boys as boarders, and more than 180 children of both sexes join the classes; another house at Kingstown, called *The Birdsnest*, takes in 300, and connected with it is a kind of crêche,

where 100 little children are taken care of during the day. This class of school is justified by its name. It is a good work educating these little ragged children. The boarders are clothed at the expense of the house, in a blue woollen sailor's jersey, trousers of coarse grey cloth, with stout shoes, and a Scotch cap. Children of drunkards, for the most part, they have the bleached and faded look of the Parisian street boy, though with a less evil countenance, and more robust body. Some of them belong to families of respectable workmen, who rarely get drunk except on Saturday night. Their mother is dead, and they are placed here because there is no one at home to look after them. In the lower Irish classes the mother is looked upon as the most useful member of the family. She works harder than the man, earns more, and drinks less. These children are usually very intelligent and eager to learn. They are kept there till fourteen, fifteen, or sixteen years old, according to the career for which they are destined ; and they are turned into domestic servants, soldiers, sailors, business clerks and teachers. The wife of the head-master, who showed me over the building, told me with pride that seven of their pupils had even entered Trinity College, and that may not be the best they have done. The cost of the establishment, which is simply but very well kept up, is from twelve to fifteen hundred pounds a year. The children are kindly treated, there is a large piece of ground set apart for their athletic sports, and on holidays (Sundays excepted) they play cricket in Phœnix Park.

By the side of this ragged school in Coombe Street, is another one, no less ragged, kept by the Sisters. Wherever a Protestant institution is established, there does a Catholic community also settle, to keep the children of the faithful within the pale of the Roman Church.

That universal good is the result of all this, is to be hoped, but as good Protestants will never admit that popery is not the root of all Irish trouble, they consistently despise the Conventual schools. I do not know what to think about it, having found the good sister of Coombe Street as unwilling to show me her house as her neighbour had been willing.

One should not leave the Liberties without visiting the immense industrial establishment which, on the confines of this miserable quarter, represents the fortune of Dublin. I mean the Guinness Brewery, where is manufactured the black beer called stout, or porter, which looks like bottled blacking, and in every part of the world where the English language is spoken is the rival of Bass and Co.'s pale ale. Founded in 1750, the Guinness Brewery has, during the last fifty years, grown to such proportions that in 1885 its business transactions were five times greater than in 1837. One can form some idea of what this is from the fact that three years ago the business was sold for six millions sterling to a company, Sir Edward Cecil Guinness, Bart., remaining Chairman of the Board. By way of a joke, people say that Dublin beer is black because it is made with the water of the Liffey. The truth is, that its colour as well as its peculiar taste is due to the malt having been first roasted. The yearly production of barley in Ireland would be insufficient for what is required, so a large proportion of it is imported from England and Scotland. To reduce it to malt it is soaked for two or three days in vats, then it is left in the air to sprout, after which it is dried and baked in an oven. The malt is then warehoused in air-tight rooms till the moment it is wanted. The brick building used for this purpose is the largest in Dublin, and can hold a million bushels. After being carefully winnowed, the malt

is crushed by metal rollers, and then macerated with warm water. From this process comes an insipid and colourless must, removed by suction pumps into copper boilers that hold nearly twenty-two thousand gallons, where it is boiled with hops which give a bitter taste to the malt liquor. The peaty soil of the country not being fit for the cultivation of hops, they are sent over here in bales, from England, Germany and America, and the warehouse specially reserved for them contains over 20,000. The mixture then passes through pipes into refrigerators, whence, once reduced to a proper temperature, it is again poured into vats, where it comes into contact with yeast. It is then that fermentation is produced, the result being the decomposition of the saccharine matter into alcohol. This operation, which lasts from three to four days, is overlooked by excise-men, and the sum received by the Treasury in this way comes to a daily amount of 1200*l.* The vats are twenty-seven in number, and together hold over a million gallons.

The visitor who has the curiosity to poke his nose through one of the openings made in the side may have a very good idea of the feelings the Duke of Clarence experienced when he was drowning in the butt of Malmsey, with this difference, that if he fell headlong into this seething frothy mixture, he would be asphyxiated by the carbonic acid gas it gives off, before he could arrive at the surface. It would be a very pleasant way of committing suicide. Before one has experienced it one can form no idea of the strength of the fermenting fumes of stout, nor of the delicious perfume that emanates from it—absolutely different from that of any other spirituous liquor. After a vat is emptied the washers are obliged to wait four and twenty hours before they can enter it. One second of it is enough to turn you dizzy, and two to make you

insensible, and unless you are anxious to get rid of life, it is as well that some one should hold on to your coat tails. When the fermentation is nearly complete the liquid is poured into troughs where it is cleared from the scum which rises to the surface. When it is perfectly clear the manufacture is finished. There is nothing left but to pump the beer into tuns where the clearing process is completed during a short or long period according to its quality and the market for which it is destined, the export for India remaining there the longest. The underground vaults are one of the curiosities of the brewery. There are endless galleries where by the blue light of electricity one has an indefinitely multiplied vision of the tun of Heidelberg. One hundred and fifty strongly iron-bound oak tuns standing on pedestals of masonry, hold from 200 to 1700 *hogsheads* each; there are something like eleven or twelve millions of gallons warehoused at one time in these immense cellars. It makes one's head turn to think of it. A network of subterranean lines connects these tuns with the dock at the Victoria quay, where the casks are filled by an ingenious process which prevents all waste and leakage. Ten large steam lighters belonging to the company take off the casks to the port of the Liffey, where they are embarked for their foreign destinations. Those for the Irish market are sent off by rail to the neighbouring stations, those for the town are delivered by carts, and this work alone employs 500 horses, whose stables are like palaces. The Guinness Brewery only delivers its beer in casks, it is bottled by the buyers, who receive with each cask a number of labels corresponding to the contents. A large detached building in the principal court is used for this special branch of printing, and it turns out a hundred millions a year.

There are few business establishments so large,

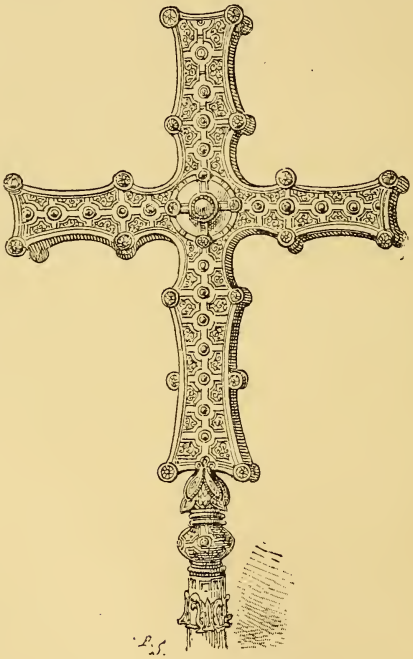
and at the same time so well and intelligently ordered as this one. Two vertical engines of 120-horse power each, set in motion a whole crowd of machines. The ice machines can produce in twenty-four hours sixty tons, but they find it more economical to use as a refrigerator a solution of chloride of calcium iced by the evaporation of ether. It is curious to see the conductors through which it passes, in the midst of the heat of the machinery, covered with a thin coating of ice. The malt leavings are made into oil cake for cattle. All the coopering is done on the premises at the rate of 1000 barrels a week, without mentioning repairs, and the cleansing of those returned by clients. A forge, plumbers' and fitters' shops, large offices where a whole army of clerks are employed, two blocks of workmen's dwellings where one hundred and eighty families are housed, dispensary, co-operative stores, baths, library, and casino, together with out-buildings and sheds, cover a superficial area of forty acres. Nearly 3000 workpeople are employed, and I may add that strikes are unknown among them.

The business streets in Dublin are like those in large English towns, and are lined with shops in imitation of the London ones. The houses of the upper classes are in the southern part, on the right bank of the river. St. Stephen's Green is more than a square, it is a large English park laid out on the ancient site where people were beheaded; and in the middle is a statue of George I. in bronze, galloping with a warlike air as if he would charge into the peaceful army of nurses and children. Lord Ardilaun presented this garden to the town, at a time when the Irish nobility still lived there, and kept up that great state which was the beginning of their ruin, now completed by agrarian difficulties. Notwithstanding the fine foliage, this immense deserted square

has a melancholy aspect. Among the large houses which surround it in monotonous symmetry, is the palace of the Protestant Archbishop; his Catholic colleague lives some way off on the other side of the water. Not far from here is the Irish Academy, a private scientific society, whose library contains old illuminated manuscripts, and a copy of the Gospels that dates back to the fifth century, which of course belonged to St. Patrick. There is also a Latin version of the Psalms, written by Saint Columba, apostle of the Scotch Picts, locked up in a case of carved silver, which was once the *cathach* of the powerful clan of O'Donnell and was carried in battle like a standard. St. Patrick is again represented by a reliquary which held one of his teeth, now lost, and by a bell beautifully worked in gold. Irish patriots who wish to show to what a height of civilization their country had attained before the barbarous pillage of the Anglo-Normans, point out with pride to strangers the famous pastoral cross of Cong and the chalice of Armagh, in gold filagree and enamel, works of the twelfth century, lately discovered in the course of excavation. A good collection of arms and implements of the bronze period, and remains from lake-villages, rejoice the heart of the antiquarian.

If Dublin is not rich in works of art, one must in justice say that the educational establishments are numerous. St. Stephen's Green and the neighbourhood are full of them—a fine Catholic University, Royal College of Medicine, Royal College of Science, Royal College of Fine Arts, Ecclesiastical College of Wesleyan Methodists, Alexandra College, where the daughters of good Catholic families are educated, while their brothers are pursuing their studies in the magnificent college—St. Vincent of Castleknock—quite at the extremity of Phœnix Park. Still, Dublin is a dead city; or, at least, asleep. It

had a brilliant epoch during the latter half of last century. The National Parliament kept the aristocracy and the gentry in the country, and the history of those times shows that they led a very jovial existence. The theatres were much frequented.



Pastoral cross of Cong (Dublin Museum).

There were two whose rivalry excited Dublin society. One was inaugurated in 1661 by a translation in verse of Corneille's *Pompeé,* by a charming woman known as "The incomparable Olinda," with prologue and epilogue written for the occasion, and interspersed

with topical allusions, with music and dancing. Later, Thomas Sheridan, the tragedian, played there, father of the celebrated dramatic author and politician, whose quarrels with the public provoked as much feeling as the Coquelin and Sarah Bernhardt question does now. As an encouraging precedent for actors who will not leave the stage when age commands it, Macklin was engaged at this theatre in his 95th year, at the then high salary of 50*l.* for each representation. No doubt it was in the hope of seeing him die on the stage, as, in fact, all but happened. The rival theatre triumphed with the handsome Barry—a young tragic actor, adored by the women—Garrick's rival in *Romeo and Juliet*, who won every heart when he appeared as Alexander the Great making his entry into Babylon on horseback. Besides Shakespeare, the plays of that time included *Blue Beard, Chinese Orphan, The outraged Husband, Recruiting Officer, The Dog of Montargis, The Forest of Bondy.* The average receipts were 60*l.* or 70*l.* a night.

If those moralists could be believed who couple a passion for the theatre with the slackening of morals, the Irish capital must have been then very wanton. Mimical French art was also to be found there. One of our compatriots, a mimic and rope dancer, answering to the name of *Mme. Volante*, led a ballet troupe in the Italian style, with the help of the clown Moreau and another man called Lalage, who easily amused the public by their comic clog dances. But the modesty of the Lord Mayor was offended by these shows, and after having gained a large sum of money in a few years, she had to pack up her things and go. But this is an old story. There is now no permanent theatre, nothing but companies on tour, and imitations of the Italian opera in London or performances by European stars like Sarah Bernhardt, whose horses were unharnessed from her carriage. No

other entertainments but the stiff official receptions at the vice-regal court. No smart people. Not one member of the Irish peerage has an establishment in Dublin. The large landed proprietors who are not entirely ruined visit their territory in the autumn, to shoot grouse, but they merely pass through the capital to and from the steamboat. The functionaries sent by the Crown regard the time spent there as so many years to the good in purgatory.

Fate decreed that I should be present at the departure of the Lord Lieutenant, whose term of office had just expired. This ceremony was conducted with great pomp. Dignified, and of a fine figure, Lord Londonderry, who looked pale and was visibly affected, passed through the streets on horseback between two lines of soldiers, surrounded by his staff, and escorted by a squadron of dragoons. Lady Londonderry followed in a carriage, and four, with postillions; she was accompanied by her children, the eldest of whom, a fine boy of twelve, bears the historic name of Lord Castlereagh. Here, as everywhere else, the people, attracted by the sight of soldiers, thronged the streets, and as a crowd is bound to shout something or other, especially in Ireland, where they are so noisy and excitable, their Excellencies were sufficiently cheered. They responded to this demonstration of public feeling in the proper way, he by lifting his hat, and she with the set smile of official life. In short, everything went off as well as possible, and Lord Londonderry might have believed from it that he is very popular, and the people thoroughly loyal. But he knows what it is all worth. It was with a deep sigh of relief that, the last farewells being said, with little grief on one side or the other, he stepped on to the steamboat, and laid down the burden of vice-royalty. Who would be foolish enough to seek a post whose honours add little or

nothing to the dignity of the great lord who accepts the burden? It is true patriotism indeed that induces people to shut themselves up in this melancholy castle of Dublin, to ruin themselves for the good of the State!

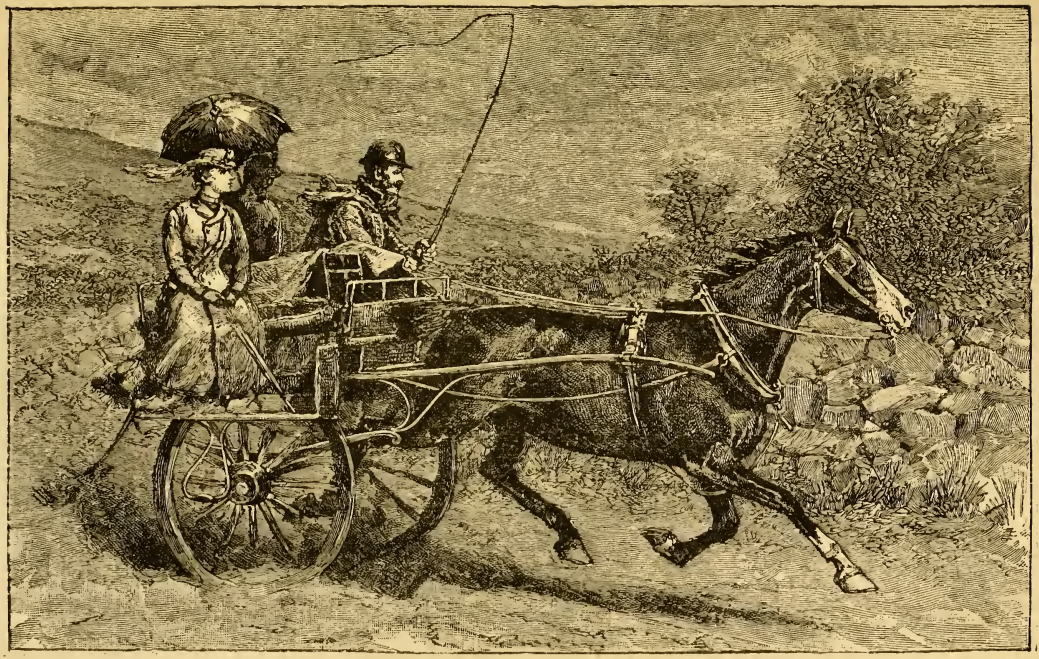
The society of Dublin is exclusively composed of the higher middle classes, well educated and intelligent, and of whose great sociability and kind hospitality one cannot say too much. Unfortunately it is so much cut up by political feuds that, from the point of view of the world, there is no society. Between Protestants and Catholics who live side by side there is peace, but no trust. The bloodshed of the past cannot be wiped out in a day. Still more curious is the division between loyal and disloyal subjects. Here the question becomes complicated by reason of the superposition of two races who in a great measure are now merged in each other. Ireland is not so united on the patriotic question as one might suppose. There are Irish and Anglo-Irish living on the soil: if the first are almost unanimously Nationalists, the second are very much divided.

Irish politics is an *olla podrida* of the most mixed sort; among members of the same family are to be found determined unionists as well as impassioned nationalists. How can a homogeneous society be formed out of all this? No attempt at conciliation will solve the difficulty. As an example I will relate the story of a young woman, independent by fortune and position, posing in Dublin as a professional beauty, who, although belonging to the Home Rule party, was received on a more or less intimate footing at the Castle, as well as at the house of Prince Edward of Saxe-Weimar, Commander-in-chief of the troops. One day she suddenly left a charity festival, at which she promised to help, because the orchestra began the performance by playing "God save the

Queen." The Nationalists were jubilant, official circles were scandalized, in fact people gave her the cold shoulder to such an extent that she had to betake herself to Paris.

Irishmen of every class have an inexhaustible fund of life and gaiety, they are neither *blasé* nor sceptical, and, like children, can amuse themselves with nothing. They have an annual feast which is as serious a matter to the people of Dublin as the "Functions" of Holy Week are to the people of Rome —I mean the races, which take place at the end of August. Chance took me to Dublin unintentionally on my return from a tour in the interior, while they were going on, and it might have been very unpleasant for me. There was not a bed to be had in the hotel, so I was almost reduced to sleeping out of doors. Kitchens were blazing from morning to night, there was a general jingle of forks and glasses, a continual popping of champagne corks, and the waiters, if not brutish or stupid, were generally drunk. In the streets were collected together, from all parts of the country, types of every variety, horse-dealers and well-to-do farmers, country gentlemen with the typical face; old men, fat and blooming, with red nose and long beard, in tight white waistcoats and black coats; young men, with pink and white faces like girls, in large breeches and leather gaiters, mustard-coloured tweed jackets, and light blue or scarlet ties. The town echoed with their exuberant shouts of glee. The women came out in their best dresses, which though in deplorable taste do not diminish their beauty.

It would not be out of place to say a word on Irish cars. Imagine two benches fastened to a kind of long and narrow box, set very high on two wheels. Each bench has two seats with a narrow moveable foot-board, and you sit at right angles to the shafts. If you are alone, the driver sits back to



A jaunting car.

back and drives sideways, in a position that would be extremely awkward, were it not that by long custom he acquits himself almost with grace. If there are three or four people on the car, then he sits on a narrow little seat in front of the box with a foot on each shaft, in the way the Neapolitans drive their *corricolo*. In this way you can go five and occasionally seven—three on each bench—not without some trouble, it is true, because of the bags and valises on the top of the box—which being hollow can also take more luggage in the "well," as it is called. Drivers who offer one their cars say jokingly, "Four good places, yer honour, and two more in the well." Laugh at the "jaunting car" if you will, but do you know of any other two-wheeled conveyance capable of carrying as much? Very light, perfectly hung, and so strong that the driver never troubles about balancing his load, carefully kept, in a country not noted for cleanliness, and drawn by one of those fiery little Irish horses gifted with rare qualities of speed and endurance, it goes like lightning, and rarely upsets. You must observe that the passenger is seated opposite space, with nothing to keep him in, so that at first at each turning he expects to be precipitated head foremost on the ground: he certainly can cling on to the thin iron rail which forms the arm of his hanging chair, but that looks as bad as for a horseman to hold on by his pommel. Driving in a car is an art for which certain physical qualities are necessary. Very stout people, for instance, find some difficulty in hoisting themselves on to it, for the step is not much broader than a stirrup, and is a good two feet from the ground. It is still more difficult to get down, which can only be done backwards, and by feeling about for this horrid step. It is no good being frightened, for since this extraordinary vehicle is in common use throughout Ireland it cannot be more

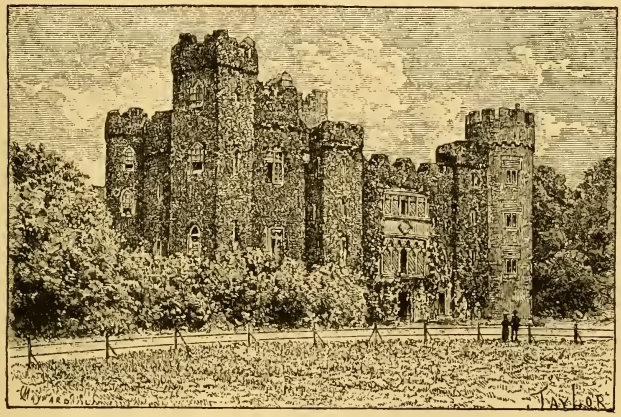
dangerous than any other. The truth is it is rather like being on horseback, and if one is used to riding and has a good seat, one soon gets used to it. To be quite comfortable you must pull out the cushion to make a back against the end of the bench, then sit sideways, with an elbow on the box, one foot swinging and the other on the step, and go with the motion of the horse. This position is rather trying for women, as their skirts are blown about by every gust of wind; but people are used to it, and no one minds. Then a talk with the driver is not the least of the attractions of a car. When it is dirty each turn of the wheel would cover you with mud if your driver did not wrap round you, as carefully as if you were a child, clean woollen rugs. If it rains—and how often it does in this Emerald Isle—if it rains, well! you get wet through, but that is of no consequence here! A mackintosh and umbrella are quite inseparable companions. Should you forget them you must have a fund of imperturbable philosophy in the matter of showers. In short, the car may be compared to those people who in spite of faults, or even vices, are beloved by every one. A good Irishman prefers it to every other conveyance. There are private cars, as there are Victorias, elsewhere, driven by a coachman well got up in top boots and plush breeches. It is a point of honour with them; and when Lord Dufferin celebrated his daughter's marriage among his Clandeboye tenantry in Ulster, the local press noted, with much satisfaction, that he and his family entered the property on a jaunting-car. Dublin possesses a certain number of close carriages for the use of invalids, nervous old ladies, and travellers with piles of luggage, but with these exceptions, if there happens to be nothing else on the rank but a "growler," as it is contemptuously called, every one feels very badly used.

For two or four wheels the fare is sixpence a mile, a price so moderate that the Dubliners are frequently tempted by it. Like all their countrymen, they like change and perpetual motion; directly they get ten days free off they go. If they have no holidays or no money they spend Sunday in the suburbs, and one of their favourite walks is to the suburban cemetery of Glasnevin. It is a very bright place, too; gravelled, turfed, planted with fine trees and pretty thickets, with numerous seats about the walks—a real pleasure-garden.

To judge of the beauty of Dublin Bay one must go as far as the little harbour of Howth, situated at the end of a steep peninsula, which shuts it in on the north. You go there by train, over the plain of Clontarf, where, on Good Friday in 1014, the good and brave ardreigh Brian Boru, son of Kennedy, fought the battle which put an end to Danish power in Ireland.

One has hardly set foot in the village of Howth before one comes upon the remains of an abbey of the thirteenth century. The lords of the neighbouring castle are buried there. They were valiant knights, courteous, wise, and brave. They were descended from Sir Amaury Tristram de Valence, a knight of the round table, and took the name of St. Lawrence because of a vow made by one of them to his patron saint on the field of battle. There has been no break in the line of direct succession in this family during 700 years, and no confiscation, and the property remains intact. The only other example in Irish history of such stability is that of the lords of Malahide, whose old ivy-covered manor-house is not far off. Still the Talbots were great warriors, as Lady Maud Plunket, who married one of them, Sir Richard, could bear witness, for her epitaph tells us she was in one day "maid, wife, and widow."

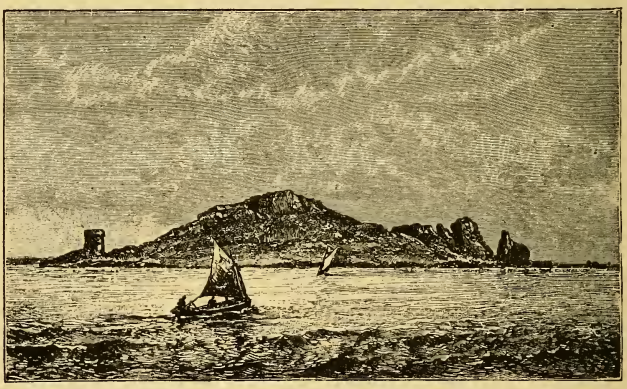
The history of Howth Harbour is a striking example of the blundering carelessness for which the government of Ireland has been always noted. They took it into their head that it might be made like Kingstown, on the opposite side of the bay, the sea terminus for communication with England. Large works were carried out, and it was only on their completion that they discovered how impossible it was for large ships to enter the harbour, so that



Malahide Chateau.

half a million pounds sterling were spent to ensure safety to a few wretched fishing boats. The thoughtlessness of the governors is only equalled by the indolence of those governed. The inhabitants of the Isle of Howth let Scotch and English fishermen take the herrings, which come in large shoals to their waters. Hundreds of foreign boats anchor in the harbour to salt their fish, and there is great excitement for some days. Then they set sail, and Howth becomes a desert until the following summer.

Dublin Bay is very fine, seen from the heather moorland, which reaches to the top of Ben Edar. At one's feet is the white tower of the lighthouse, built on an isolated rock at the extreme point of the "Nose of Howth"—on the site of an old Celtic fort, from which in olden days wreckers used to lure ships to their destruction by false signals. Opposite, near the coast, is the little island called "Ireland's Eye," which seems to keep watch like an advance guard. It has been deserted since Prince Nessan, son of the King of



"Ireland's Eye."

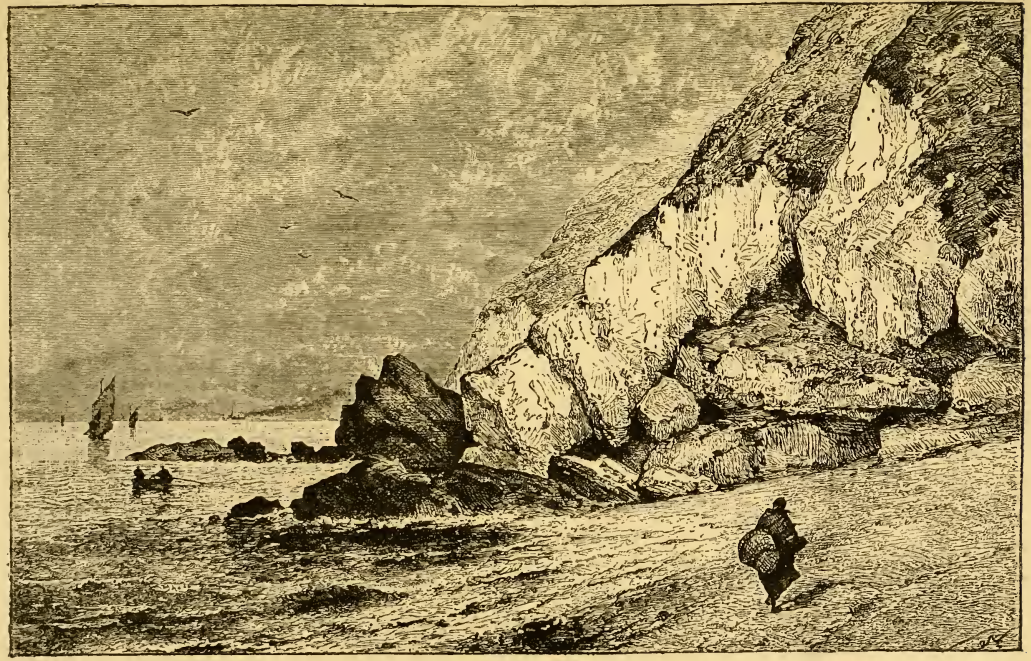
Leinster, died there in the odour of sanctity in a hermitage, whose curious ruins date back to the sixth century—thick walls of round pebbles and flint. On the right is the white-sanded bay, on which the sea gently dies, and which is barred at the end by the long breakwater. The outline of the town, with its numerous belfries, is seen in a thin haze over the dark foliage of the trees in Phœnix Park. A succession of villas rising in terraces one above the other, extends the view to Kingstown, where the large

white houses in full sunlight make a dazzling spot. On guard at the further end of the bay the Isle of Dalkey, like another eye of Ireland, watches the horizon: beyond extends the coast, lost to sight in the south, cut across by the dark mass of Bray Head. Descending precipitously to the beach the rocky cliffs of Killiney stand out like a wall of granite, whitened by the sea foam, and covered here and there with tufts of grey lichen and yellow saxifrage, and far away in the distance, and surrounding the bay like a girdle, is the soft broken outline of the mountains of Wicklow, with the Sugar-loaves rising above them, the white clouds floating round their peaks.

CHAPTER II.

THE MOUNTAINS OF WICKLOW.

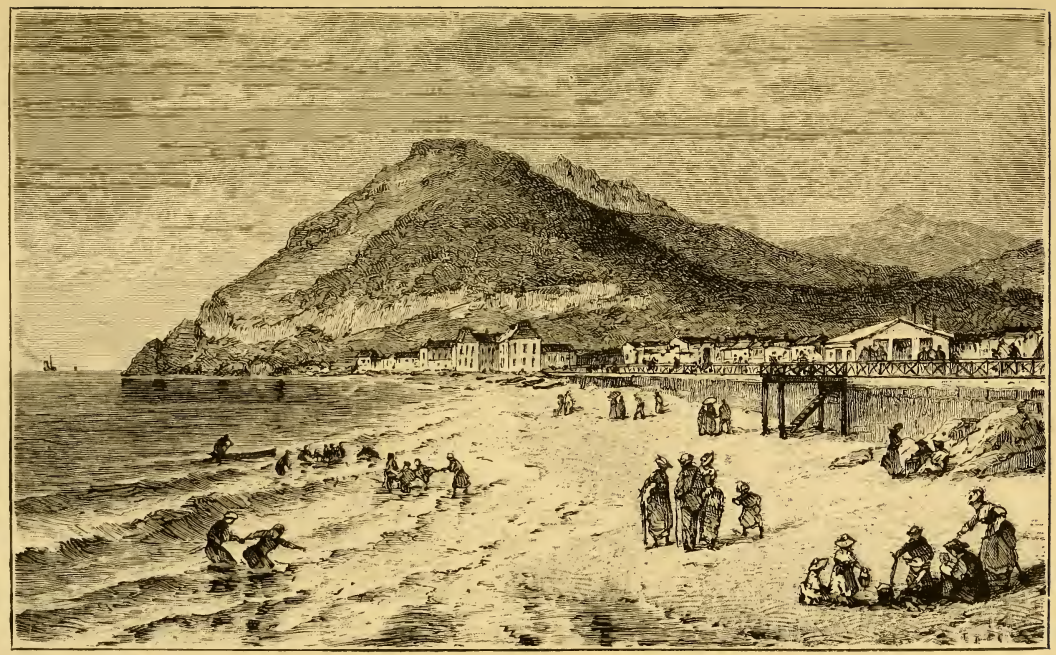
Bray, "The Brighton of Ireland," as the Dubliners call it, is a charming place; much more prettily situated than either Brighton or Trouville, though in itself much less important. Like good islanders, the Irish adore the sea, and wherever there is a bit of beach as big as a hand they congregate in crowds. They are right, for few coasts are so fine as their own, owing to the circumstance of the island being somewhat in shape like a basin, so that the mountains follow the shore in an almost unbroken line. They appear to gain height in this way first because the eye catches the vertical line more easily, and then because they spring from the level of an absolutely flat surface, and make an imposing background for the bays and creeks with which the coast is indented. The waves dash with greater violence against this bar to their progress, and the clouds which overhang their summit, mingling with those that are formed by the spray, combine to make one of those overcast and angry skies which delight the heart of the painter of sea subjects. Wonderful effects result from the combination of these three harmonies in colour—mountain, sky, and water. The road from Dublin to Bray, very much used during the bathing season, where at high tide the waves dash against the embankment, runs through



Bray Head.

a succession of villages, or rather groups of villas. The capital of Ireland differs from other large towns, in that its suburbs have a more elegant and comfortable look than the quarters in the heart of the town. The eye, so grievously distressed by the misery, neglect, and dirt of Dublin, rests joyfully on the pretty white houses surrounded by coquettish gardens which overlook the large blue bay. A little beyond Kingstown one enters the Bay of Killiney, bounded on the south by Bray Head and by the rocky island of Dalkey on the north. The most ignorant observer could not fail to notice the strategical importance of this naturally-isolated fort, and history mentions it frequently, from Pagan times to the present. It now contains one of the watch-towers, called here martello towers, which were built all round the Irish coast at the end of the last century to guard and protect them against a French invasion, which was the spectre that troubled their nights.

Dalkey owes a local celebrity to a set of merry Dubliners, who about the same period conceived the idea of turning this little patch of ground into a kingdom. Each year they elected a king, defender of his faith, and respecter of the faith of others; a high admiral; a lord chamberlain, who carried a bunch of rusty keys; an archbishop with paper mitre, and other dignitaries. The coronation was celebrated with great pomp in the ruined church, adorned with the title of cathedral; and nothing was wanting to the splendour of the court, not even the order of knighthood, which was called "the Lobster and the Periwinkle." These innocent jokes, which served only as a pretext for drinking-bouts, ended by giving umbrage to the vice-regal government. It was the period when secret revolutionary societies flourished in Ireland, and Lord Chancellor Clare set the machinery of the law in motion to suppress an association under which he was



Beach at Bray.

not at all certain some wicked design might not be concealed.

Leaving Shanganagh, which is picturesquely built in the side of a spur of the Wicklow chain, the mountains close in on the sea, and in some places descend into it precipitously. Bray is entirely composed of hotels and bathing pavilions, clustering at the foot of a promontory of granite, which resembles a gigantic and good-tempered elephant, who shelters under his huge body the "parade," a long jetty which runs the length of the beach. The secret of the poverty of Ireland may well lie in the fact that nothing is ever done in proportion to the end that is to be attained: to spend so large a sum of money on masonry only to prevent a few old ladies from wetting their feet is evidently a great waste. But it is a pleasant sight. It is Dublin's "Vanity Fair." The women display their light dresses there,—white linen frock with saffron or orange sash, cinnamon-coloured jacket, sailor hat with broad striped ribbon, black stockings and tan shoes, or else a dress of thin muslin or flowery chintz, with a fur cape on their shoulders. The taste for light dresses which prevails in all countries where it is never warm, together with the necessity for providing against the sudden changes of temperature is the reason of this wonderful combination of garments. The daughters of Erin are naturally pretty. They are distinguished from their English sisters chiefly by their free-and-easy manner, which is very anti-English. The children are delightful—made up of strawberries and cream, with large blue eyes like forget-me-nots, or like velvet, and masses of frizzly hair, fair or dark; bare-legged, strong, healthy and fresh as a dewdrop, lively and daring. It must be true that Heaven's blessing rests on large families, for nowhere else are there such lovely children as in Ireland, from the little urchins in

seatless breeches who pick seaweed off the beach, to the little well-to-do children in sailors' jerseys embroidered with gold anchors, and those babies like chubby-faced angels whose heads are lost in the depths of immense greenaways of puckered-up muslin.

The idle tourist who has no Alpine inclinations, and whose enjoyment of the beauties of Nature is proportioned to his ease in viewing them, will find plenty to satisfy him in the mountains of Wicklow. From the winding road, which goes over Bray Head and ascends by a wall of rock broken away in places by landslips, one gets such comprehensive views—they are like theatre-scenes. This mass of rock is one of the largest in Ireland, and its principal peak, Lugnaquilla, is 1100 feet high. The two unequal peaks, called Sugar-loaves, seem to dominate it, although they are not so high. The natives do not fail to point out to you that the Celtic name means "Silver Spears," and that it was the conquerors who substituted the present name in its place—a deed worthy of a nation of grocers. With all due respect for the patriotism of the Irish, and for their poetical imagination, I consider it is much more appropriate than the other. There are others who call them "Golden Spears"—a contradiction explained by the fact that they are gilded by the rays of the setting sun, and silvered in the mist of the early morning.

To penetrate the Wicklow mountains is neither difficult nor tiring. The roads are good, and conveyances are not wanting—indeed, there are too many. There is a reverse side to every coin. If the traveller wishes to please himself as to the choice of locomotion the tyranny of compulsory driving is intolerable. Throughout Ireland it is the same, in the remotest corners as well as at the gates of the capital. Irish drivers cannot bear to see you walk; they take

it as a personal affront. You have hardly left the station before they crowd round you, offering their services; and their manners are so polite, one would imagine it all done out of pure civility. They will take no denial. If you walk, they follow; if you run, they trot after you; if you sit down, they stop; when you rise, they start off again, never letting you out of their sight, and irritating you with the crack of their whip. A glance only in their direction and they are at your side, and begin worrying you with their insinuating talk. "A most illigant car, sir! a fine little horse, gentle as a lamb, and who goes like thunder, your honour. I will drive you to a beautiful waterfall which all the 'quality' go to see, and which has not its equal; and to a illigant old ruin that ladies and gentlemen come from far to see and to sketch, your honour. And I will explain all the curiosities of the place, and the old stories that will make you die of laughter, please God, yes! And I have plenty of warm rugs so that mi' lady will not catch cold, glory be to God! Very cheap, your honour. Sure, and people like yourselves would never come into our place without seeing the ravine down which the lover threw himself?—may the Holy Mother of heaven rest his soul, when he found his fine lady at the trysting-place with some one else—the bad woman, and may the curse of hell be upon her!"

This goes on for hours, with neither stop nor comma. It is no good losing patience and using bad words. The driver laughs, "Ah, well! I will wait, sir; before this evening I am sure your honours will want a drive. And I will bring you back by another roadway still finer, and you will be able to say you have seen our sweet elegant mountains that people cross the sea to visit." Indeed, the best way of ending these importunities is to say, "Very well, we will see . . . presently, after luncheon." "All right,

your honour, I will be there quite ready." Ah, yes, there he is—he is so much there that you are obliged to slip out surreptitiously by a back door, for in front of the hotel, not one driver only, but all to whom you have imprudently held out the same words of comfort are there waiting for you, and ready to seize on you as you come out, whether you will or not.

Driving is dearer in the provinces than in the capital, as the drivers make what they can out of the tourist during fine weather. There is no tariff, and you must bargain for a carriage—fourpence a mile for one traveller, sixpence for two, and eightpence for three or four being the lowest price. The difficulty is to arrive at an understanding about the distance you mean to go. The measure of the mile, like the acre, differs according to whether it is English or Irish. The English mile is 1760 yards. No one has ever yet found out the exact measure of the Irish mile. Only the first has legal value, but it is the second that is used by the natives. Still another question of Irish *amour propre*—"They take from us everything that is Irish, and only leave us our peat and our misery." Judging as near as possible, eleven Irish miles are equal to fourteen English ones, but knowing that does not help you much, as the driver with whom you bargain always exaggerates the distance. The matter ended, as they like driving fast and have excellent horses, you are astounded to find, if they are to be believed, that you have driven fifteen miles in an hour. Another complication. Arrived at the end of your journey you pay what was arranged, and add a trifle to it. "That is not right, your honour," says the man with a dignified air, and gives you back the supplementary shilling! He proceeds to explain to you that his wages were not included in the arrangement, and that it is customary to pay him twopence a mile.

I have travelled all over Ireland without having been able to make the people understand that on hiring a carriage and horse it is implied that you hire a driver as well. Moreover, after having given in once or twice, one strongly resists this extortion. You finally put an end to it by politely begging them to return the *pour boire* if they are not satisfied with it. Once taught by experience, one is careful when making a bargain to stipulate expressly that the driver is to expect nothing more but what you choose to give him. Of course you naturally have to pay a little more by this arrangement, but it saves you the worry of a dispute on your arrival.

Having enumerated the faults of the Irish driver, let us now show his good qualities. In the first place, he drives very well, which is the most important of all. During the three months that I entrusted myself to an incalculable number of conveyances—in the town, on the plain, through the mountains—I only saw one accident, and even then no one was hurt, and the only portmanteau that was broken was unluckily my own; but this personal mishap does not bias my judgment in the least.

Irish drivers combine caution with boldness, and when the load is a heavy one they have a good plan of galloping very quickly up steep places, and allowing their horses to walk on the flat. They are, with very few exceptions, sober, civil, obliging, and very thoughtful for the comfort of their fares and the safety of their luggage. As in this idle country time has no value, they will stop, as often as you like, to allow you to admire the view, or to make a little sketch—they will even show you the best point from which to take it—"of which a London gentleman made a large picture." They like you to take an interest in their country. Disposed to be familiar, but in reality quite respectful, they talk to you

willingly, but without undue loquacity. They use their eloquence to secure their clients, but once they have attained their end they will do as you like. If you allow them to smoke their pipe, and offer them a drop of whisky at the inn you stop at, they are perfectly satisfied. Add to this that the roads are in excellent condition, which is easily accounted for by the fact that there is little traffic, and that the conveyances used are usually light, so that the tourist who enjoys air and liberty can do nothing better than use this means of locomotion as much as possible.

The mountainous district of Wicklow belonged, in the days of independence, to the O'Briens, the O'Tooles, and the Kavanaghs, who, for long entrenched in these narrow passes, gave their Saxon conquerors plenty to do. The Irish were divided into pastoral and warlike tribes, resembling the Scotch clans, but called here *septs*, living on common ground, each member of the "family" possessing a private allotment. The division was made by the *brehons*, judges, and the chief, or *thanist* —compare with the Scotch title, Macbeth, Thane of Glamis—who, in exchange for services rendered in war and in council, enjoyed special immunities and privileges, and, besides his right of co-proprietorship over the undivided lands, received a larger piece than the others as his proper share. This collective form of the proprietorship of the soil is the origin of all society, for which has been substituted the feudal form, which built up the modern state, and has been transformed into individual property. But in the distant hyperborean island this primitive organization, which the Irish called the Golden Age, has lasted longer than in any other European country. Even after the Anglo-Norman invasion, whose brutal efforts to establish feudal customs were not entirely at an end in the time of Charles I., the more determined the conquerors were to abolish it by cruel means,

so much the more desperately did the conquered cling to it.

I shall have occasion to show how from this seven times secular misunderstanding has arisen the terrible agrarian question, an open wound from which Ireland suffers, and which harasses England. One can better understand it on learning that in the seventeenth century the lands above-mentioned were confiscated by Wentworth—whose tragic end under the name of Lord Strafford preceded by a short time that of the second Stuart king—on the pretext that the owners could not produce their written titles to the property, whose revenues they had enjoyed from time immemorial. This will explain how each O'Byrne and each O'Toole, poorest peasant though he may be, considers himself the legitimate owner of the glebe which once belonged to the tribe whose name he bears, and from which he is ousted by foreigners like Lord Monck and Lord Powerscourt, the two great landlords round Bray. Some have escaped the meshes of the net, like the Kavanaghs of Boriso-Kane, County Carlow, who live as peasant proprietors on the land of their fathers. They will even tell you, as an incontestable fact, that they are descended in a direct line from the Spanish Celt Bratka, great-grandfather of Milesius, who colonized Erin fourteen hundred years before Christ.

After all, one must always descend from somebody. People with such a very ancient line of descent naturally look down on the present Lord Powerscourt, whose peerage only dates from 1743. But he has a great advantage over them in possessing 26,000 acres of land. This lord exacts the payment of a shilling for passing through the picturesque gorge of the Dargle, which belongs to him. This peculiar arrangement is not rare in Ireland, and one has to accustom oneself to it. The reason of this noble lord's apparent

greed is that, while carefully keeping in good condition the ravine, the road, and the seats placed at the most interesting points of view, he has the right to forbid passage to tramps and beggars, who would soon overrun the place and do all sorts of damage. That would be a pity, for the place is charming. The "Valley of Oaks"—*Daur-glui* in Celtic—is a narrow cutting which, for nearly the length of a mile, divides the mountains to a depth of one hundred yards, where a rapid torrent dashes along over a bed of white rocks, and on both sides the wall of granite is covered with silvery lichens and rare ferns, while higher up pollard oaks and tall beeches form a roof of foliage which keeps up a perpetual freshness. The wild poetry of this ravine is very much spoilt by the numerous picnics of the Dubliners. Very cockney, too, is the fine waterfall of Powerscourt, formed four miles further on by a confluent of the Dargle, which falls perpendicularly from the mountain at a height of three hundred feet. Like all waterfalls, this one is capricious, and occasionally in summer does not equal its reputation. When George IV. visited Ireland, Lord Powerscourt, who was honoured with a visit from his Majesty, took all precautions to spare him disappointment. A large reservoir was constructed above the fall, to be emptied at a given signal. This delicate attention, which reminded one of the artificial villages sown by Potemkin along his sovereign's path in the Crimea, was useless The "First Gentleman of Europe" professed no taste for the beauties of nature, and had a marked aversion to water; he dined so well with his faithful subject in the great hall of the castle that he had neither the wish nor the power to get as far as the waterfall.

Close by is Tinnehinch House, the property offered by a grateful nation to Henry Grattan, the great agitator, and which remains in his family. It pays to serve Ireland. Far be it from me to think that in this

country they make a speculation of patriotism—even their enemies have never done this wrong to either Grattan or to O'Connell—but, anyhow, they both received more solid rewards than that of popular enthusiasm and the gratification of their conscience. As for Mr. Parnell, one knows that, two years after having offered him forty thousand pounds as a token of esteem, poor Erin again found money to pay the expenses of his interminable law-suit against the *Times*, without mentioning smaller gifts to the *Dii minores* of his party.

Wandering still further into the mountain, one comes across deliciously wild places with sonorous Celtic names ; loughs with deserted shores (pronounced *loch*, like the Scotch), basins hollowed out in the rocks, at a height varying from three to five hundred yards, whose deep waters, dark and cold, are full of trout; wild passes, once infested by brigands, now become with the dulness of time a *rendezvous* for tourists, where you run your head against a building called "Turkish Pavilion." What does this Turkish erection do here by the side of the stern-looking ruins of the ancient Eagle's Nest of O'Toole—the ruined fortress of Castle Kevin ? At Roundwood is the reservoir in which the waters of the Vartry are accumulated for the use of Dublin, a basin covering four hundred acres, dammed for the length of a quarter of a mile by a dike thirty feet thick, and holding a sufficient supply for the town for seven months at the rate of twelve million gallons a day. This river comes from the Devil's Valley, a ravine like the Dargle, but still more wild and gloomy, between enormous perpendicular rocks. The legend tells that formerly a lonely convent was situated there in the middle of the woods, where Lady Eva, Princess of Leinster, took the veil on account of her wonderful charms, which inflamed too much the youths of the four kingdoms. In vain did they implore her to

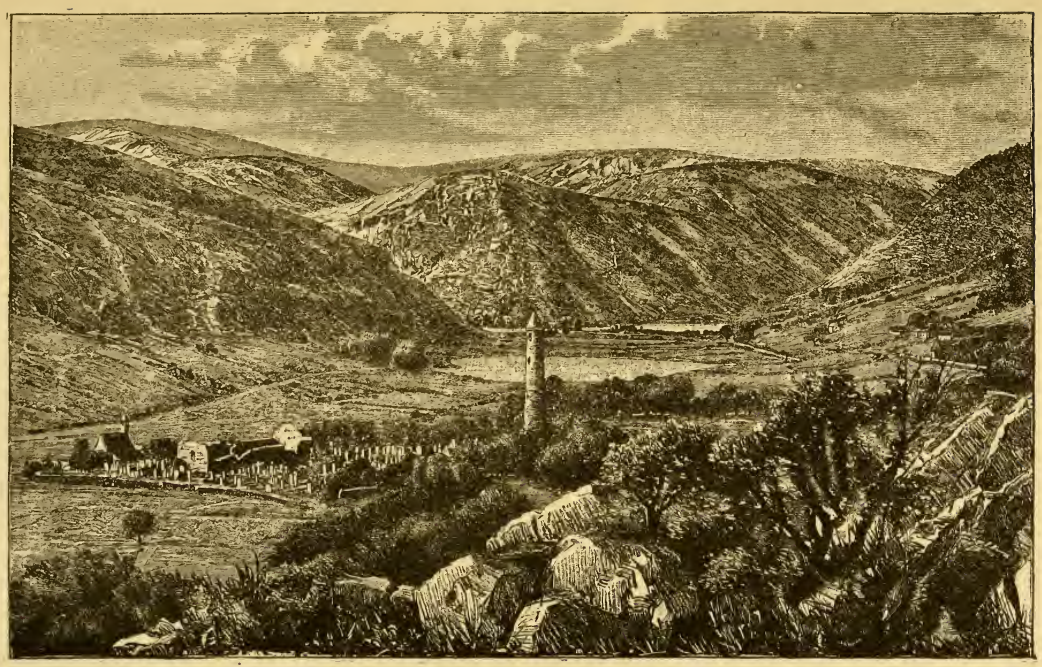
remain in the world and not to deprive Erin of its jewel. She persisted in her pious intention, and, abbess though she was, was acclaimed queen of virtue and beauty, while warriors carried her colours in battle. A strange and very magnificent knight having made a bet that he would tempt her by love, appeared at the monastery in a car drawn by two black horses, and driven by two black dwarfs in yellow satin—the infernal livery. He was brought in to the Lady Eva, and what passed between them is not known; but soon after an enormous serpent, writhing in frightful convulsions, left the palace and disappeared into the bowels of the earth, leaving behind it a precipice down which the convent disappeared. Did the lovely abbess yield to the temptations of the Evil One? History is silent on this point.

The diamond of the mountains of Wicklow is the Valley of Glendalough, the sacred valley of the seven churches of Saint Kevin, the Jerusalem of the kingdom of Leinster, the object of a pilgrimage by the devotees of the picturesque, as it used to be that of the devotees of religion. There are many other places in Ireland more grand. I know of none more full of wild majesty, softened by a mystic poetry that is curiously penetrating. The tourist in search of lively impressions will do well to arrive there at nightfall. Two hours' drive will take him there from the little station of Rathdrum, by a road that gently ascends through the lofty oak woods of Lord Meath's property on the left and Lord Fitzwilliam's on the right, and passes over the brows of Brockagh, Glendassen, and Comaderry, at the foot of which, through a deep ravine, flows the torrent of the Avonmore. In the midst of this solitude, intensified by the deepening shadows, is the wretched little village of Luragh. The thatched roofs of its huts of grey stone, covered with stonecrop

and sedums, are seen clustering round a church, a school, a mill, and a police barrack. Then the trees become fewer, and the valley gets narrower. The walls of granite are bare of vegetation, and after a sharp turn one finds oneself entering a wild and lovely gorge, whose steep rocks, like prison walls, stand out in the grey twilight in strong relief. At the end of this ravine, which might be a *cul de sac* from the lofty mountain which bounds the horizon, are two little lakes, which reflect on the surface of their still waters the first star that begins to twinkle in the dim sky. Fantastic outlines of rock rise up like phantoms from the depths of the valley, as gloomy as the grave, whose silence is unbroken save by the gurgling of a tiny stream and the melancholy croak of a frog hidden in the rushes.

Glendalough is indeed a tomb—one of those numerous tombs in which lie buried the recollections of the Holy Island, the cradle of Western Christianity. We are on the site of one of those monastic cities, founded by Celtic saints and enriched by their pious princes, whose schools—say the chroniclers of the middle ages, Bede, Alcuin, Eric D'Auxerre—were attended by French and Saxon scholars, and who sent out missionaries to the whole of Europe, particularly to Germany and France.

St. Kevin, born about the time St. Patrick died, received baptism at the hands of Cronan. Taught by Petrocus, and co-disciple of the great St. Columbkille or Columba—who must not be confused with his compatriot, contemporary, and brother in holiness, Colomban—he was ordained priest by Bishop Luigid. After having preached the word of Christ in diverse provinces of his native country, he chose this wild spot in which to pass his life as a hermit, and died, more than one hundred years old, in a grotto of the mountain above the monastery which he had founded.



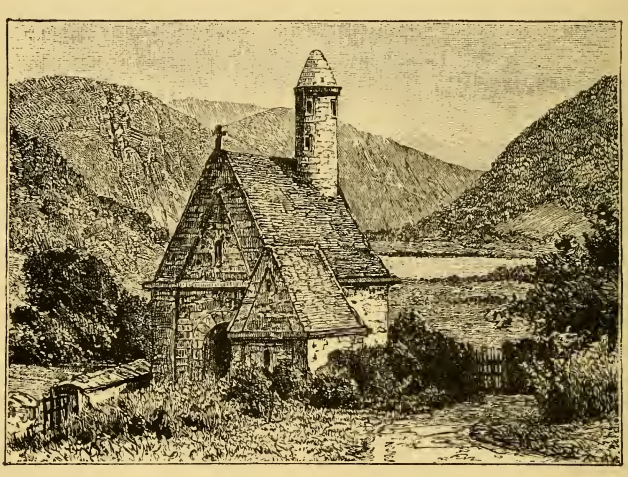
Glendalough.

Attracted by the fame of his holiness, Mochorog the Breton came to live near him, and after his death, with the help of Dymneach, chief of the land, built in his name a school, a seminary, a hospital, a hospice, a sanctuary, and several churches, which became the nucleus of a town, that was sacked on several occasions by the pagan Danes at the beginning of the ninth century, reduced to ashes in 1020, and again destroyed by a flood in 1177. It belonged to the archbishops of Dublin, and the illustrious prelate, Laurent O'Toole, a native of those parts, who was held in great veneration, often went into retreat there. In 1395, being again set on fire by the English during one of those warlike expeditions which for centuries ravaged Wicklow by fire and blood, its destruction was completed. Since then, helpless witnesses of the triumph of heretics and foreign oppression, these ancient ruins have fallen into dust in the solitude and oblivion of this wild gorge, a den of wolves and robbers. With the advance of civilization, two-footed as well as four-footed savages have disappeared along with the dense forest which covered the valley. The Protestant archiepiscopal see of Dublin naturally appropriated to itself the revenues of the Catholic Church, and it appears that these prelates must have unwisely apportioned them, for at Glendalough, towards the end of last century, 200 acres of tall oaks were felled in three cuttings. Now there is not a tree left, scarcely a few bushes, nothing but a coarse and short herbage, eaten by sheep and goats.

Following the course of the Glencolo are bits of meadow whose verdure takes a greyish tint from the rocks which penetrate through the soil, whilst in the marshy part near the lakes tufts of blue and yellow iris bloom in the midst of rushes where the curlews make their nests undisturbed. An hotel, fairly well

managed and very dear, as all Irish ones are that have any pretensions, and half a dozen wretched cottages, whose inhabitants make a better living out of the charity of tourists than out of their own poor pasture land, constitute the entire hamlet of Glendalough, clustering round a cemetery, which is its principal attraction. In Ireland all religious ruins are turned into burying places. The cemetery of Glendalough is nothing else than the site of the abbey of St. Kevin. What are called the seven churches used to be a kind of monastery, of which Saint Kevin was the Saint Bruno. There are several others in Ireland. Three of these churches are inside the cemetery—the cathedral, which is the largest, St. Kevin's oratory, which is the best preserved, and St. Sepulchre. A little way off is Notre Dame; further, the Trinity, which is believed to have been the private church of St. Mochorog; the priory of St. Saviour, and another which is called the *Ivy Church*. This primitive stonework, which has defied time, resisted fire, and survived the destructive furies of internecine wars, is built of blocks of granite, some of them enormous, joined together with very little mortar; the walls, three feet thick, have low doorways, narrowing to the top and surmounted by a rough architrave. The windows are high and narrow, of semicircular or triangular shape, with frames and tops cut out of a single stone, and resemble loop-holes reversed, that is to say, they widen towards the inside. The oratory alone has still its high roof of stone slabs cut in such a way as to fit exactly one into the other without cement. The round belfry, with its conical cap and four dormer windows, has also been preserved intact. By some curious error, the openings, which were made in the interior to let through the bell-ropes, are popularly looked upon as holes to let out smoke, and so, turning the belfry into

a chimney, the chapel was given the name of "St. Kevin's Kitchen," by which it is still known. The sexton, who accompanied me while I was looking at "his ruins," observed, with some reason, that this name is ridiculous. "For all Christians can see plainly it is a church and not a kitchen; and besides, how bad it would look that such a holy man, who lived by mortifications, should have used a kitchen



St. Kevin's Kitchen.

that resembles a church. Your ladyship can of course understand that, by God's help."

Though small for a church, twenty-one feet long by fifteen wide, it is certainly large for an anchorite's kitchen. With the exception of a few roughly done sculptures representing a wheel, over the door lintels, some traces of ornamentation on the massive stone of the high altar of Notre Dame, and, in the priory, two columns decorated with mouldings in the shape of

entwined scrolls, which are not earlier than the tenth century, these churches appear to have been almost bare. Their dimensions, moreover, are not large. Their total length does not exceed sixty-six feet by twenty-four in width.

Close by is one of those rough and massive Celtic crosses of the Greek form, with a circle inside; they are extremely ancient, and numbers of them are found in Ireland. But from the archæological as well as artistic point of view, the most interesting of Glendalough's antiquities, and the principal feature of the landscape, is a round tower, one of the best preserved in Ireland. I have already alluded to these singular monuments, that are quite peculiar to the Holy Island, and concerning which learned men exercise their wits in vain. Lord Dunraven, in his remarkable work, "Notes on Irish Architecture," mentions having found traces of 118 round towers; but out of seventy-four that still remain, twenty only are in a good state of preservation. They are uniform in structure, a few points of detail excepted, and resemble our modern lighthouses. Their height varies from seventy-two to 135 feet, their circumference from seventeen to forty-five feet at the base, they taper slightly towards the top, and have a conical roof. They are divided into several stories, each one lighted by a quadrangular or semicircular opening, placed, as a rule, with no regard to symmetry, the upper storey having four, facing the cardinal points. With only three exceptions, the door is at the height of from six to fifteen feet above the ground. The solid masonry is of perfectly cut stones of nearly equal size, set in a small quantity of the very best cement. Such is the round tower of Ireland, which rises like a huge taper, elegant and majestic at the same time, in so many wild valleys and solitary islands, defying archæologists, from whom its secret

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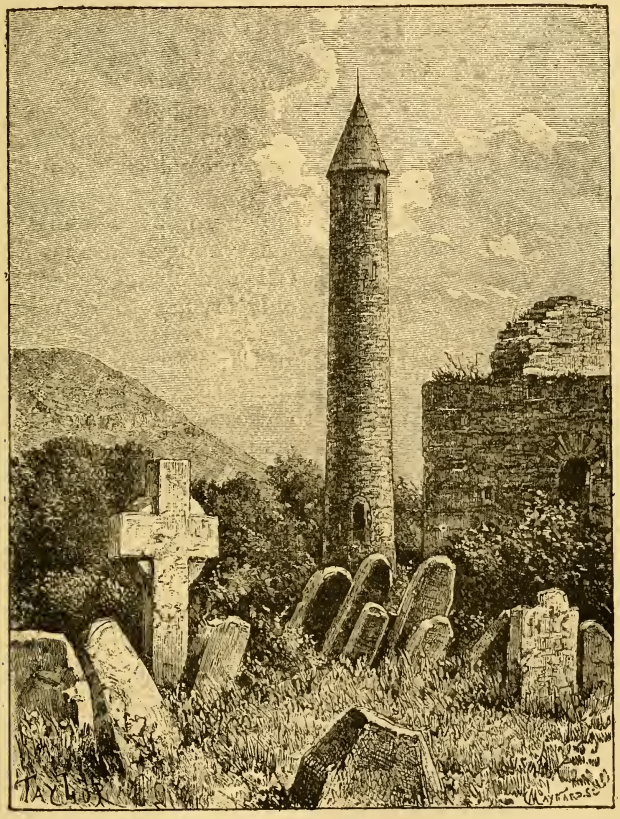
is stubbornly hid. Round towers being often found in proximity to religious ruins, they were naturally thought be the belfrys of the primitive churches and abbeys, like the Italian campaniles. Then the Christian school say that round towers were used as a place of safety from heathen pillagers for holy vessels and priestly garments. If that was so, why did not the numerous Irish missionaries who evangelized Europe build this addition to the churches they built in hundreds of places not less infested by robbers and heathen?

It is possible that they may have been utilized as belfrys, and for that purpose the four openings in the top were probably made, but that that was not the first end for which they were built is quite certain. Again, some people say they were the retreats of pious hermits: as a rule these holy people chose humbler spots, like the cell of St. Dedun at Ardmore, five feet high, eight broad, and twelve long, and the Christian emblems, which are found on three only of these towers, were certainly added as an afterthought. Even the Irish "Acta Sanctorum," which describes religious edifices founded by saints of the first Christian era, are silent concerning these round towers. It follows they were already in existence. Archæologists of the pagan school suggest they were signal stations put up by the Danes to give warning of the approach of the enemy. If this is so, why are there no traces of them in England, where, at that period, the Danes were established? Besides, these towers are found quite in the interior, where they never penetrated. But what quite destroys the theory of signals is that they are never to be found on heights, but always in low places. Were they dungeons or *oubliettes*, or monuments erected to commemorate a victory on the field of battle? This theory has something in it from the fact that they are mostly

found on plains or in valleys. Were they temples erected by the ancient heathen for the worship



Cemetery and Round Tower.

of fire? According to the Irish "Lives of the Saints," the worship of fire was practised in Ireland. Now, the temples of fire were always round, like that

of Vesta at Rome. There is a tower of this kind in Malta, and another in Minorca, to both of which is this origin attributed. Indeed, the learned Indian archæologists have been struck with the likeness of these round towers to those of Bhangoalpore, and others in Persia and the Caucasus, where the worship of fire is carried on. To each theory raised an objection is found, and that is how, like a serpent who bites his own tail, this journey into the realms of archæology ends where it began.

As one can imagine, the hero of Glendalough legends is Saint Kevin. A young peasant girl—sweet Kathleen—having fallen desperately in love with him, begged, as the only favour, to be allowed "to walk in his shadow and feed on the echo of his voice." Less merciful than Christ, perhaps because he was not so sure of himself, Kevin repulsed this second Madeline, and, to escape a persecution as intolerable to his patience as it was dangerous to his virtue, he retreated into a grotto of the mountain. But passion recognizes no defeat. Braving the rough path and the cold night air, Kathleen followed his steps; so that at dawn, on rising from his bed of stone, the saint found himself in the presence "of those lovely eyes of guilty blue," limpid with tears. Certainly here was enough to damn a saint, in every sense of the word. Kevin inclined to the side of anger, and from the overhanging height of rock he precipitated the poor girl into the lake. Hardly was this cruel deed done when the saint repented him, and, although touched too late by her love, he lamented her fate. "God keep her soul!" cried he: soft music rising from the lake, answered him, and, gliding along its surface, her "sweet spirit smiled on him."

A very old fresco in the church of Pleyhen, in Brittany, near to Chateaulin, illustrates a legend of him, which is also noticed by Ozanam, Montalembert,

and M. Renan. He had fallen asleep one day during his devotions, with his hand open; on waking, he discovered that a dove had begun to build her nest in it. That she might not be disturbed, he remained in the same position until the eggs were laid and the young ones hatched and flown away. Saint Kevin did not reserve his pity for animals only. This is how they account for the lark never singing in this gloomy valley. The workmen who were building the seven churches had made a vow to begin their day with the song of the lark, and not to end it until the hour that the lambs went to sleep. But rivalling their zeal, these birds awoke them so early that many fell victims to fatigue, which Kevin saw, and prayed to Heaven, which heard his prayer, and drove all the larks out of Glendalough, so that the unfortunate men might be able to rest without breaking their vow. It is terrible that a saint who was imbued with such kindly feeling toward man and beast should have shown so much brutality towards women. However, it is rather flattering, from one point of view, for no doubt his harshness was only in proportion to his terror lest he should yield to their charms—"and then, perhaps, the story is not quite true," said a peasant who saw I strongly disapproved of such severity. "You know, my lady, *we* don't much believe it." Even in this lost country is faith on the wane, and this village sceptic added shrewdly, "There are three things an Irishman never refuses—God bless him!—a drop of whisky, a good fight, and a pretty girl."

But, alas! here, as in every other part of Ireland, these half guides, half beggars, are the curse of the country. They wear the ancient national dress of short grey velvet breeches, black worsted stockings coarsely embroidered in green and yellow, and soft felt hat with heron's wing—more Tyrolean than national. Thus accoutred, they fasten themselves to your side, persecute

you with offers of help, and distract you with their ridiculous talk. They lie in wait at every corner, and, with nose glued to the hotel windows, they pry into all the mysteries of your private life. They are worse than the coachmen, for these at any rate have something solid to offer you in exchange for your money. But what is the use of guides for the seven churches? The women join in too, and a handsome girl thus accosts you, laughing, "I am Kathleen, your honour, Saint Kevin's true Kathleen. . . . You cannot understand the ruins without me . . . . and I will show you how I walked to the saint's grotto, and the treatment I got there, God help me." . . . Poor hermit, thought I, I can understand now why your temper got the better of you, and regret that I, too, cannot obtain peace by so radical a measure.

Glendalough peasant.

On leaving Glendalough, to take the train, you pass through a charming country. First, the Valley of Clara, well wooded, fresh, and smiling, then the Vale of Avoca, which takes its name from the river formed by the junction of the Avonmore and the Avonberg. At their confluence, above which is a curious bridge surmounted by an arch entirely covered with ivy and

forming the pedestal to a lion of granite, is the castle of the Howard family, situated on a broad terrace, and overlooking the river from a height of two hundred feet. Here you are in the midst of one of the finest forests of Ireland; not only are there thick woods of beeches and oaks, but the latter are especially fine. The wood is as much valued by carpenters as its dark foliage is prized by painters.

The Vale of Avoca is unfortunately spoilt by excavation of sulphur and copper mines. Gold is found in some of its tributaries—clear rapid mountain torrents. That this precious metal existed in some parts of Ireland was evidently known to the ancient Celts, for quantities of golden ornaments of primitive workmanship are every day being dug up—crowns, stomachers, crosses, chains, rings, bracelets, fibulas. In the second half of last century a schoolmaster of those parts, named Donaghoe, was looked upon as a madman because he dug holes in the rivers and walked about at night with a lantern. He made frequent journeys to Dublin, and gradually became rich. Though old and grey, he fell in love with a girl of the country, and told her the secret of the golden sands whence he made his fortune. The young woman—who, no doubt, had her own reason for listening to his love speeches—betrayed his secret to her lover, and, in revenge, he noised it so well abroad that the whole population turned out to seek for gold. In two months they got a quarter of a million.

The recollections of the terrible civil war of 1798 are still fresh all along the Dublin-Wicklow-Wexford line, which we regain on leaving the mountains. The large, peaceful valley where the Slaney flows lazily along, through grassy meadows, between a low chain of wooded hills and a sandy plain which falls gently towards the sea, was the theatre of many ignoble battles. At Arklow, a little sandy harbour

where they get oysters, 31,000 rebels were beaten, by 1500 of King George the Third's soldiers, a revenge for the surprise by the Irish, a century and a half before, of the same town, when the whole garrison were put to the sword. Further on, towards the south-west, at New Ross, whose name comes from the Princess Rose, daughter of Croome, the Danish king, General Johnson again defeated the insurgents, who were commanded by Bagenal Harvey. The battle lasted ten hours, and there was frightful slaughter. There was no quarter; the wounded were killed, and half the town burnt to ashes. Although entirely composed of Protestants, the Dublin Militia hesitated to march out against its compatriots. "Would you let your colonel die without avenging him?" cried Lord Mountjoy, urging on his horse to the midst of the fight. He fell wounded, and his men charged after him, while his throat was cut by a youth. A comparison of numbers will give some idea of the fury of the combatants: the royal troops, who barely numbered 1400 men, put to death more than 2000 of the enemy.

The enemy were not slow to take revenge, and it was a terrible one. They had two hundred Protestant prisoners in their power, besides several women and children, all shut up in a granary at Scullabogue. The order was given, no one knows by whom, to shoot them all, so that they might not hamper the retreat. But time was wanting, and, after shooting thirty-seven, they set the place on fire, and the remainder were burnt alive. Horrified at this execrable crime, Harvey gave up the command to Fathers Roche and Murphy; but that did not change the aspect of the war, or make it more holy. Near the picturesque little town of Enniscorthy, whose square, massive keep overhangs the river, they point out a green eminence, covered with large yellow

daisies—it is Vinegar Hill, of bloody memory. There the rebels were entrenched, and, one day, in the midst of the savage howls of a crowd of fanatics, four hundred Protestants were strangled in a windmill which has now disappeared. Reinforcements, however, arrived from England, and the insurrection was soon quelled, but not before they had wreaked vengeance a second time. The populace of Wexford got hold of all the Protestants living in the town, and, dragging them to the great bridge which crosses the narrower part of the bay, they spitted them on pikes and threw their still quivering bodies over the parapet. Ninety-seven unfortunate people perished in this way; the others owed their safety to the arrival of the royal troops. As a punishment for this massacre, Wexford was taken and sacked; the principal rebels were hanged on the same bridge, notably Bagenal Harvey and the two priests, and fire and sword spread terror through the whole country. Not far from there, on the sea-coast, is the old ruined castle of the Reochs or Roches. One of them had a grievance against his neighbour, O'Morroe, who had stolen some of his cows; he therefore fastened him to a stake, which was solidly driven into the beach, at low tide, and left him there with one arm free and a loaf within his reach. Several tides passed. At each one the water rose a little higher. One day it reached his chin, and on the next he was a corpse.

Wexford is on a lagoon, and in that respect only is it like Venice. It is a small sea-coast town, with neither industry nor commerce. With its narrow and steep streets, its wretched houses of dirty brick, its winding alleys penetrated by a ray of sunlight which makes the freshly whitewashed house-fronts stand out in strong contrast, it is like a miserable town in the canton of Languedoc. Dishevelled heads appear at the windows and look curiously at

the passer-by, idle ragged women disport themselves in the low doorways, hens peck about among the mess which covers the pavement, geese paddle in the pools of stagnant water at the corner of the streets, and near by can be heard the grunting of a pig. The old ramparts are slowly disappearing in the midst of hovels. At the side of an old arched and battlemented gateway the ruins of Selsker Abbey —corruption of St. Sepulchre—are perceived in the corner of a large triangular courtyard, where a livery stable is established. Outside the town, on high ground in the midst of large gardens, is a fine modern building of "Gothic Tudor." It is the Catholic seminary of St. Peter, nearly as magnificent as the lunatic asylum at Enniscorthy, which one sees from the railway. I do not know whether there are more mad people in Ireland than elsewhere, but certainly nowhere are they so well housed as here.

The environs of Wexford are not devoid of interest. Not far to the south is the Bay of Bannow, where tradition says a town lies buried in the sand—the "Irish Herculaneum"—of which only an old church and its cemetery remain. The promontory of Hook, which closes the bay on the south side, was the scene of a great event in Irish history. Here was first heard in May, 1169, the clanging of the golden spurs of the Norman chivalry, Richard Strongbow and Maurice Prendergast, with one hundred knights, esquires, and archers, for the most part recruited in Wales. They were assembled by the King of Leinster, Dermid Mac-Murrough, under the following circumstances. This prince having carried off, with her own consent apparently, a woman of the very inharmonious name of Dearbhorgil, was, on the complaint of her husband, O'Roirke, Prince of Breffin, dispossessed of his dignity by the supreme authority of the Ardreigh Rory O'Connor. Powerless to avenge this insult, Mac-

Murrough had recourse to his brave and turbulent neighbours from over the channel, who were always ready for mischief. After having reinstated their ally, the strangers departed, but they had taken a fancy to the country, and two years later they came back. never more to give up possession. The first fight on Irish soil was begun near Wexford, by Raymond Fitz-william of Carew, the brother-in-law of Strong-bow, and Harvey, of Montmaurice, who had been sent to reconnoitre. They took some prisoners, and, not knowing what to do with them, Raymond, brave and courteous knight, wished to spare their lives; but the other put an end to the difficulty by ordering them to be killed and then thrown into the sea. The conquest began under happy auspices!

Among the many ruins scattered about over this sea-side region, there is one that has a rather amusing history. In consequence of a vow made at sea, William of Pembroke, Earl Marshal of England, Strongbow's son-in-law, founded an abbey at Tintern. After the confiscation of church lands, Queen Elizabeth gave this domain to a knight who sent his secretary, Antony Colclough, to see the titles were all right. But the young man happened to please the queen, and he returned with a patent in his pocket transferring the concession to himself, which, to this day, is enjoyed by his direct descendants. This family is under the curse of fire and water, as are all those who have appropriated Church property; but it fares none the worse for that.

Before ending this chapter of Irish history, the traveller may be recommended to pay a visit to the village of Ferns, once the capital of the kingdom of Leinster, and seat of the archbishopric. On the site of the castle where the love-sick King Dermid held his brilliant court, are the ruins of a less ancient fortress, destroyed by Cromwell, which be-

longed to Catharine of Clare, who made it a sort of *Tour de Nesle.* Spoilt by being clumsily restored, the cathedral, now only a parish church, is a very old building founded by St. Eden in the seventh century. MacMurrough died at Ferns in 1176, while the conquest of the kingdom he had betrayed was being carried on, and he is supposed to be buried in the abbey whose ruins are close to the church. But his memory is so hated that none cares to seek the tomb of him who, according to the national poet, Thomas Moore, "set the Emerald of the West in a foreign crown."

CHAPTER III.

WATERFORD AND KILKENNY.

One has heard of the naïveté of the geographer who considered it a providential fact that rivers ran through large towns, as it gave them greater facilities for commerce. Here they need not take that trouble, as large towns are rare, and commerce almost *nil*. None of those fine Irish rivers—the Shannon, Bann, Suir, Lee, Barrow, and Blackwater—are used to turn mills, for there is nothing to grind, or to carry merchandise, which does not exist. They flow lazily along between their wide banks, along which herons, curlews, plovers and teal build their nests in the tufts of velvety-brown bulrushes, of blue iris, and yellow water-lilies. If the economist is distressed by the sight, the artist loves it, and to travel along these picturesque waterways is one of the great attractions of a tour in Ireland; but it is a pleasure not always easy to obtain, for the steamboat service, which depends upon a few tourists and their meagre luggage, is most uncertain. As for hiring a private boat, that is impossible; there are none to be had; what good would they be, except for salmon fishing, which is generally let out to a company?

Waterford enjoys the enviable privilege of being accessible by water, by going down the Barrow to New Ross, whence a little steamer leaves every morning, placing it in communication with the rich pasture lands of Wexford and Carlow. The organi-

zation of this service shows in all its beauty the practical mind of the Irish. The boat is supposed to correspond with the first train of a little branch line of the D.W.W., and the time is so exactly calculated that there are just five minutes to spare between arriving at the station and the departure of the boat. This, I imagine, is to show how Erin's lazy children can hurry themselves when it is really necessary. The noise and bustle of getting on board is succeeded by a calm, and one goes peacefully along with the current, between flowery meadows, with groves of trees, which here and there throw a green reflection on the dark surface of the river. As in Switzerland the water is blue, and in the Pyrenees green, so in Ireland it is absolutely black, although very clear, and this is not one of the least curious of the peculiarities of the country. As one approaches the sea, the Barrow enlarges itself so as to form a real lake at its junction with "the sweet Suir." There is not a boat in sight, except a pinnace, loaded with planks, stranded in the mud at the end of a little wooded creek. Having nothing better to do than to watch the water rushing under the keel of the boat, you suddenly perceive with astonishment that instead of descending you are ascending the river, since instead of following the Barrow as far as its mouth, you have turned round at right angles to enter the Suir, and go up it as far as your destination. The broad, deep estuary made by the junction of these two rivers is Waterford Harbour, and the town is situated on the Suir, twelve miles from the sea. It is a very picturesque place. Large steamers of 2000 tons, from Glasgow, Newhaven, Bristol, and Liverpool, are anchored along a fine quay, which extends as far as the wooden bridge of thirty-nine arches, connecting the town with the shady suburb on the left bank. At the corner of the Mall, a large street which abuts on the river, is a massive round

tower with a roof in the form of an extinguisher, which dates back to the Danish Prince Reginald, son of Imar. At the top is a bullet embedded in the rough stonework, a souvenir of the town having been besieged by Cromwell. Further on is a monumental brick building, the Post Office; at the side is the National Bank, a palace of dressed stone. On the quay is a certain amount of animation. They really do seem to be loading and unloading the boats, taking Norwegian pine and Scotch barley in exchange for hay and butter. Have we at last found life and prosperity? We doubt it, for we remember the Irish saying, "Much noise and little work like a Waterford merchant," and an hour's stroll through the town will dispel all further illusions on that point, for once again we see Ireland—resembling those South American churches—a worm-eaten barrack hidden by a magnificent plaster front.

Waterford, which has 30,000 inhabitants, consists of a port—where certainly, when one comes to look, commercial activity is more imaginary than real—and a few streets, with shops that give one the impression of a third-class town. The remainder is a network of dirty, narrow, badly-built, badly-paved alleys, rising towards the plateau of Ballybrocken, and in its miserable aspect yielding nothing to the "Liberties" of Dublin.

I saw a horrid sight—a ragged woman, perfectly drunk, with the leaden hue and bleary eyes of the drunkard, staggering by the side of the mouldy walls with a few-months-old child in her arms wrapped in a bundle of rags. Her brain, which was stupefied and poisoned with the fumes of bad whisky, was only capable of one idea—not to let the child drop on the pavement, and, with a convulsive squeeze in which was concentrated all the physical energy she was capable of, the unfortunate

woman clutched, first by its neck and then by its arms, the wretched little rickety object, who never cried, but seemed to be already resigned to its miserable fate. She passed thus through the midst of the grumbling crowd without attracting the least attention, and ended by disappearing into a hovel, opening into one of those infectious back courts, where live the very poorest of the poor.

They have not all fallen into this depth of degradation, for even in this miserable quarter I met a woman, about forty years old, who, with her fine and noble though worn-looking face, would have made a magnificent Madonna. Her very poor clothing, too, had the peculiarity of being almost clean. Still further, a pretty red-headed girl, who was smoking a short pipe on her doorstep, followed me with an intelligent and steady look, without any effrontery in it. Troops of half-naked children were paddling about in the putrid water of the stream, together with pigs and ducks. Of the few men some work at the harbour, the others watch them working, or help on the arrival and departure of a boat. In the midst of these hovels, which render them unapproachable, old Norman towers raise their black, cracked walls. One of these overlooks a heap which a poor woman, who was sitting on a broken-down flight of steps leading nowhere, told me had been the old workhouse. A new workhouse has been built, but neither she nor the others care to go there for shelter. She prefers dragging her rheumatic bones about from place to place in the sunshine or in the rain, talking in a friendly and prolix way with the passers-by, and affectionately shaking by the hand any one who gives her a penny, and saying, "God bless your pretty face!"

Among the antiquities of Waterford there is one particularly interesting; it is the square battle-

mented tower, the ancient keep of the castle, made later into the belfry of the Dominican abbey. The Black Brothers, as they were called in Ireland, had numerous houses there. The first was founded in Dublin in 1224; that of Waterford, the fourth, dates back to 1226. Fifty years later Brother Stephen made out a list of them. There were twenty-four connected with the province of England. It was not till 1536 that Pope Paul III. incorporated them under one special province. Judging from the remains which the commission of public roads has just brought to light, the abbey must have been of considerable size. The style is of the good Gothic period, common to a number of religious buildings in Normandy. Under the tower has been discovered the entrance to a subterranean passage, two outlets to which have been found, one in the heart of the old town and the other on the site of the old ramparts.

The preaching friars of the order of St. Dominic were held in great respect in Ireland, and those of Waterford received rich gifts from the Plantagenet kings. When the persecution of monastic orders began under Henry VIII., this abbey was confiscated, and granted to the corporation. In 1603 the population restored the Catholic religion, with great pomp, in all the churches of the town, and reinstated the Dominicans in their old house. Lord Deputy Mountjoy arrived at the same time from Dublin, and commanded James Lombard, the mayor, to open to him the gates. This latter grounded his refusal on a charter dating back to John Lackland. "The sword of King John will destroy the parchment which King John's pen signed," was the answer of the representative of the Crown. "If you do not let me in by fair means, I will enter by foul; I will burn the town; I will rase it to the ground, and sow salt in its place." The citizens of Waterford lowered their flag, and, shortly afterwards,

an edict of James I. expelled from the kingdom the Catholic bishops, the Jesuits, and monks of every denomination, tolerating the priests only.

But, from the Conquest to the present time, the English Government has encountered in Ireland the passive resistance which is the formidable weapon of the weak. The royal order was so little respected that, in 1617, the Lord President of the Province of Munster, Donough O'Brien, Earl of Thomond, punished the town of Waterford by abolishing its privileges and confiscating its revenues. The monastery of the Black Brothers was turned into a court of justice, and was used for this purpose until it fell into ruins. However, it was impossible to completely root all monastic orders out of Ireland, and when, half through weariness, half through tolerance, the English Government ended by allowing them a legal existence, they simply reinstalled themselves openly in new edifices built at the expense of the faithful. Unfortunately, that was no compensation for the destruction of so many ancient monuments. Waterford is a more historical town than any in Ireland. It was here that Strongbow landed in 1171 with his band of Anglo-Norman and French adventurers. He secured his victory by the very simple proceeding of exterminating the entire population. Then, to establish his rights over the country of Leinster, he married Princess Eva, daughter of King Dermot Mac-Murrough. This time the conquest was serious and definite. The neighbouring island had for some time aroused the cupidity and turbulence of the Anglo-Norman chivalry. In 1155, King Henry II. obtained from Pope Adrian IV. a bull authorizing him "to go and re-establish the authority of the Holy See on Irish territory, where it is unknown and little respected." One knows how Richard I. of Clare, Earl of Pembroke, attempted it. Besides his brother-in-law, Raymond

the Fat, his principal companions were Robert Fitz-Stephen and Maurice FitzGerald, grandsons of Nesta, Princess of South Wales, allied morganatically to the Plantagenets, and chiefs of the great house of the Geraldines, which held such a high position in Anglo-Irish feudalism. These intrepid adventurers cared less for the discipline of the Church of Rome than for their own interests. It was in vain, too, that the Irish clergy met together in synod at Armagh to proffer their submission to the Sovereign Pontiff; the conquest went merrily on. The following year Henry II., in person, also landed at Waterford, to confirm his vassals in their new possessions, and to improve the feudal system in Ireland. The five kingdoms were distributed as follows: Strongbow had that of Leinster, divided after his death between his five granddaughters; that of Munster, called also Cork, fell to the Geraldines; Ulster to John de Courcy (it reverted to the Crown under Edward IV.); that of Connaught, first to Fitz-Aldelen, then to William de Burgo; lastly, that of Meath, the domain of the supreme monarch, was given to Hugh de Lacy, and eventually it also reverted to the Crown. From having been Danish, the town of Waterford became Norman, and for a long time nothing was spoken there but French. The steady attachment of Waterford to the Catholic faith was the cause of Cromwell's besieging it in person when he came with his Ironsides, sword in one hand, Bible in the other, to put the Papist island to the sword. Thirty musketeers surprised the town under cover of the smoke proceeding from a fire in the suburbs, and opened the gates to the Protector, who, on the pommel of his saddle, signed the letters patent conveying to their captain, named Croker, the confiscated lands of a rich Catholic squire, Sir Walter Coppinger, of Lisnaboin. But the heart of these austere Puritans was not hardened against love. On taking possession of his

castle, Croker saw and fell in love with Sir Walter's daughter, and by their marriage the new conquerors were amalgamated with the old.

The history of the three castles belonging to the De la Poërs will give some idea of the way war was carried on in Cromwell's time. Dun Isle, on the sea-shore, the ruins of which lead one to believe that it must have been a formidable stronghold, was so vigorously defended by the countess in person that the Parliamentary troops were on the point of raising the siege when it was surrendered by treachery. The powder magazine was fired, and the countess, with the whole garrison, perished in the ruins. Kilmeaden was levelled to the ground, the châtelain hung to a tree, and the property divided between Puritan soldiers. Curraghmore was only spared by the cleverness of the knight's daughter, who locked up her father in a tower, gave the keys to the Protector, and understood so well how to cajole him that he continued his journey without molesting them in any way. This castle is now the principal residence of the Marquis of Waterford, who has a park there of 5000 acres.

This is not the only occasion on which the redoubtable Oliver was intimidated by a woman. Shortly afterwards he entered the small neighbouring sea-port town of Dungannon, which he had ordered to be sacked. Consternation reigned there, when a bold Irishwoman, forcing her way through the ranks of the guard of Ironsides, came up to the General with a bottle of wine and a cup in her hands, stopped his horse, and drank to his health, begging him to grant her a hearing. No Puritan, however stern, could refuse such a demand. He drank after her, and recalled his orders. One does not pillage the house in which one has received hospitality.

The old tower of Reginald has seen many princes pass under its massive walls. In 1394 the young

King Richard II. landed there with a considerable army to receive homage from five Irish families exceptionally admitted to the benefits of the British law. He had hardly re-embarked before these chiefs raised the standard of revolt. The Lord-Lieutenant, Roger Mortimer, heir presumptive to the English crown, was killed in an engagement with the rebels, and the king had to return to put them down. He wandered about at the head of his troops between Waterford and Dublin without finding any one to fight, until the news of an insurrection in his own kingdom obliged him to return and defend a throne which he was not long in losing.

Three centuries later, the day after the battle of the Boyne, James II. embarked at Waterford on a French ship, which awaited him there in case of his defeat; he rode post haste from Dublin without stopping. As he arrived on the quay, at the present landing-place for the steamers, at the foot of the tower, the wind blew off his hat; an officer presented his own to him. "Come," said he half bitterly, half ironically, "I have lost a kingdom in Ireland, but I have gained a hat." Three weeks later William of Orange subdued the town, and embarked for England on the 5th September, having finally achieved the conquest of Erin, which was begun at the same place a little more than five centuries previously. I am only speaking of a military conquest, for, from a political point of view, the English Government to-day is probably not much more advanced than in the time of Strongbow.

Waterford is a charming halting-place for tourists. On the left bank of the Suir, covered with wooded hills and pleasant villas, are lovely shady walks. There are also plenty of excursions on the sea-coast. There is first the port of Dunmore, at the entrance to the bay, where a huge deserted jetty

shelters empty docks. The cost was 100,000*l.* sterling to protect a few pleasure boats and bathing machines. A large cromlech and Merlin's grotto constitute all the wealth of Dunmore. Opposite it, at the furthest point which shuts in the bay on the east, is the very ancient lighthouse of Hook, perched on a rock 150 feet above the sea. It is an old Danish tower whose venerable walls the Admiralty have disfigured by an abominable chess-board pattern in black and white. At the end of the little Bay of Tramore, to the south of Waterford, stretches a pretty beach, a small family Brighton, very unpretentious, where there are a few bathing machines for the women, while the men simply undress in a cleft of the rock.

As in most Irish towns, the capital included, life for the inhabitants of Waterford is dull enough—no aristocracy, no upper middle class, little money, the horizon bounded by local politics. The county, of which it is the principal town, possesses no fewer than eleven newspapers.

I was lucky enough to be present at one of those grand popular out-of-door meetings which constantly keep alive the spirit of rebellion in Ireland. These "monster meetings," as they are called here, are announced weeks beforehand in all the villages of the adjacent counties, by placards headed with the three cabalistic letters, I.N.L.—Irish National League, with the war-cry of the Nationalists at the foot, "God save Ireland!" At two o'clock the ceremony began with a carnival procession. First a squadron of farmers on horseback with green scarves; then trade unions, football clubs in striped jerseys of many colours, temperance societies, rural branches of the League, with flying banners embroidered with sacred subjects on a green ground, preceded by trumpets blowing with more spirit than accuracy, and a big drum overpowered by sharp fifes whose grating sound is not really so very

disagreeable; then came a car on which was enthroned a very pretty girl, dressed entirely in green, leaning on a harp, and personifying Erin; lastly, in several landaus, the Mayor and Corporation of Waterford accompanied the orators, of whom the principal were T. D. Sullivan, the poet member, and William O'Brien, a hero of the Nationalist party. This procession, accompanied by the noise of crackers and deafening hurrahs, made the circuit of the town, which was decorated with Irish, French and American flags—without an English one, of course—and with transparencies of Mr. Gladstone and Mr. Parnell swinging from the top of be-ribanded and garlanded poles.

On the hill of Ballybrocken was erected a rough wooden platform, decorated with evergreens and furnished with benches and chairs for the distinguished part of the audience—notables of the town with their wives, priests, journalists, a group of Liberal politicians of both sexes from England, come to see "what sort of animals we look like at close quarters," as an Irish member said to me, laughing. In the centre a massive table served as a rostrum. Half-a-dozen ragged men armed with long sticks prevented ordinary mortals from invading the reserved enclosure; proud of their office, they acquitted themselves bravely, and turned out intruders with rough blows and vehement oaths. Over this vast space, crowded together round the platform, were 20,000 eager listeners, mostly peasants, men, women and children.

By how many of those present could the orators hope to be heard? I have heard them put at one quarter, and I can easily believe it, at least as far as concerns Mr. O'Brien, one of the most singular speakers I have ever heard. But all paid the most profound attention. A responsive crowd, if ever there was one, easily moved, inflammable, quick-witted and keen, understanding every hint, warm in its demonstrations, and interrupt-

ing frequently with the savage vociferation which here takes the place of applause, or with furious groans for some detested name, that, for example, of Mr. Balfour, universally designated in the comic papers by the sobriquet of Clara. A mark of enthusiasm much in use here is a frantic twirling of handkerchiefs, generally dirty, held by one corner; when thousands of hands are simultaneously engaged in this manœuvre the effect is most exhilarating. For three hours gushed the interminable Irish eloquence, William O'Brien first and foremost, with a vehemence of manner and a violence of expression contrasting curiously with the softness of his voice and the courtesy of his language off the platform. These passionate crowds require the eloquence of a tribune, and the Irish are past masters of the art. They smart for it sometimes. Absolute freedom of meeting is the corner-stone of British liberty, nevertheless the special repressive laws which the Government is obliged to enact in Ireland, allow it to prosecute the authors of speeches outrageously seditious. This time no consequence of the kind troubled the orators, but Mr. O'Brien was just released from a gaol in which he had been confined for four months, and was about to be imprisoned anew for a similar offence. Out of a hundred Irish Members of Parliament, there are generally half-a-dozen under lock and key. They find, it is true, some compensation in the intoxication of popularity and the sense of power. It is wonderful with what precision and dexterity they work the agitation, maintaining discipline among a people so excitable and so continually excited. In the course of this day, charged with the electricity of faction, I never saw the helmet of a constable; a reinforcement of 250 men arrived the previous evening, but at the instance of the mayor, who undertook to preserve order if the police did not interfere, the

sheriff kept them carefully concealed. In the evening, at a public dinner in the town-hall, two hundred persons assembled, and the speeches recommenced in the form of toasts, amid cheers and hurrahs without end, varied by national songs sung by some of the guests,—a sort of ballad more sentimental than heroic, the words trivial and the music worthless. At midnight they were still haranguing, but I had given it up, and long afterwards the noise of their acclamations kept me awake in my room at the Imperial Hotel. Waterford, however, does not often enjoy a fête like this. Ordinarily it shows deserted and silent streets, illuminated at nightfall by the electric lamps, provided by an enterprising municipality. There is no society, and amusements are scarce.

The town of Kilkenny—Cill-Cainnech, Church of Canice—is one of the most interesting in Ireland, from the archæological and historical point of view. It, rather than Dublin, was the capital of the Pale, and numerous Parliaments of English barons were held there in the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries, notably that of 1367, presided over by Lionel, Duke of Clarence, author of the famous statute of Kilkenny. The town is a heap of ruins, and one might spend days in unearthing columns with Roman capitals, Gothic portals serving as the entrance to pig-sties, ancient fortified houses transformed into tumble-down inns, and remains of ramparts fitted into hovels to which their ditches serve as cesspools. The black marble with which the town is entirely paved and partly built gives it the air of a necropolis. Some ancient monuments are in a good state of preservation, notably the Cathedral of St. Canice, consecrated to the founder of the neighbouring abbey of Aghavoe, who died in the year 600. It dates from the end of the twelfth century, and its three naves, separated by pillars of black marble, are of fairly rich Gothic, while in the apse the round arch reigns

supreme. Its square tower, unfinished doubtless, since it is much too low for an edifice eighty yards in length by forty across the transepts, appears massive by the side of the elegant round tower of the south transept, which is 100 feet high and in good preservation, with the exception of the roof. This venerable piece of Pagan masonry gives a modern look to the old seventh-century walls of the Christian edifice. Besides interesting tombs, St. Canice possesses a miraculous well, and an ancient stone pulpit bearing the name of St. Kyran; but as this pious personage flourished in the fifth century, while the pulpit evidently belongs to the thirteenth, it may be feared that local tradition is not in strict accord with archæology.

The preceptory of St. John was founded in 1220 by the Earl of Pembroke. Long used as a barrack, this church underwent at the beginning of the century an unintelligent restoration, in which it was thought proper to wall-up the numerous pointed windows, which gave to the building the name of the "Lantern of Ireland." It is now a Protestant church: the Dominican Abbey serves Catholic uses; and of the Franciscan abbey transformed into a brewery, nothing remains but a very elegant clock-tower.

Upon a rock overlooking the river, and dominating the town, stand the bastions and turrets of one of the finest feudal castles in Ireland, the lordly seat of the House of Ormond, who bought it in the sixteenth century, with the whole barony of Kilkenny, from Hugh le Spencer, heir of the Earl of Pembroke. This great family is the most considerable of the old Irish aristocracy, and has survived, not without vicissitudes, the troubles in which its great rival the House of Desmond was engulphed. At the beginning of the conquest a knight, named Theobald Fitz-Walter, received from Henry II. a vast domain in Ossory, with the title of hereditary butler of the kingdom of Ireland, whence his

descendants took the name of Le Botillier, Anglicized later into Butler. His son Edmond was created Earl of Carrick, and his son, in turn, having married a cousin of King Edward III., received the title of Earl of Ormond. The family attained to ducal dignity in 1632, as a reward for faithful service to the Stuarts.

A few miles from Kilkenny there is an historic cavern in the side of a hill. In the time of the Danes, a thousand of the inhabitants had sought refuge in its interior, and on the pirates discovering their retreat they lit a great fire at the entrance and smothered the unfortunates like foxes in their earths. The curious explorer, who does not dread crawling over slippery rocks ceaselessly wetted by ice-cold drippings, is rewarded for his trouble when he reaches the great central chamber, where the regular stalactites resemble gothic architecture, and in the midst of which a petrified mass presents the shape of an Irish cross. To right and left extend galleries, through which flows a stream rolling about the bleached bones with hollow and sinister reverberations. I must add that I speak from hearsay, not having had the enterprise to verify this story. But the eminent antiquary, W. F. Wakeman, says that he found a tibia of unusual length; and I take it on his word.

When archæologically inclined it is natural to push on to Cashel, the holy city of Ireland *par excellence*, situated in the county of Tipperary, not far from Kilkenny. Its aspect is strange. In the midst of the vast plain, called the Golden Valley—where the pasturage, say the Gascons of Erin, is so rich that a stick thrown into a meadow in the evening will be covered before morning by the springing herbage—stands an isolated rocky mass, covered with towers and spires, which are visible from afar, in relief, against the sky. On approaching one discovers hundreds of houses nestling among the irregularities of this singular

eminence, and almost indistinguishable from its calcareous ledges. According to legend, the mass has a diabolic origin. To the north, at a considerable distance, one sees a chain of mountains with a rounded gap in the middle; that is the Devil's Bite. One day, Satan, travelling in these parts and feeling hungry, bit out this stony mouthful, but finding it somewhat hard and indigestible, he dropped it a little farther on, and formed the rock of Cashel. The kings of Munster established their capital on the crag, guided no doubt by strategic considerations, but they sanctified their proceedings by constructing religious edifices.

The best argument for the Pagan character of the round towers is that they have survived in great numbers, while the monuments of the earlier Christian period have been destroyed. One is driven to conclude that they were of independent origin, and that they were built in a more solid manner, and with more durable material. There is one in very good condition on the rock of Cashel, built of sandstone, while the neighbouring ruins are of limestone; it is ninety feet high, and the entrance is placed twenty feet above the ground.

From a remote antiquity, Cashel has been an archiepiscopal see. At the beginning of the eighteenth century Cormac Mac Cullinan, who then occupied it, was called to reign over Munster in his seventy-fifth year. The reign of the mitred monarch was not peaceful, and he perished in a fight with a neighbouring prince rejoicing in the singular name of Flan. It is to him that tradition ascribes the fine chapel, which is the gem of the ruins of Cashel. Its remarkable preservation must be ascribed to the fact that the groined roof has resisted the ravages of time. The arch of the principal doorway is decorated with extreme richness in the Celtic manner, the groined roof rests upon dwarf pillars, the capitals of which represent curiously-

grotesque heads of men and animals ; the walls are decorated with voluted pilasters and arabesques of rare elegance, and divided into elliptical arcades. Over a door may be seen the most interesting scrap of primitive sculpture in Ireland—an archer aiming at a mythical animal. We are, indeed, in a royal chapel ; and the princes who reigned in Munster must have known a magnificence, the very memory of which has vanished amid the numberless vicissitudes through which the country has passed. From such a history there remain on the unchanging crag only some solitary ruins, where the wild fowl nest, and under the shadow of these remains a labyrinth of wretched streets, where three thousand inhabitants live in dirty and dilapidated hovels roofed with thatch. Providence has not been prodigal of his benefits to a people so pious that it has consecrated more churches than it possesses ears of wheat. Eight miles to the north of Cashel, another once magnificent abbey is slowly sinking to ruin in the midst of the plain. It was founded in the thirteenth century in honour of a fragment of the true cross sent by Pope Pascal II. to the grandson of Brian Boru. Its abbot was a peer of the realm, and vicar-general of the Order of Bernardines in Ireland. After the Reformation the property of the Abbey of Holy Cross was given to the Earl of Ormond, who saved the precious relic from sacrilegious destruction. What became of it afterwards none can tell.

A thing of which the traveller in Ireland soon gets as weary as of looking at ruined abbeys, is hearing about Cromwell. One cannot move a step without coming in contact with some tradition of his exploits ; hence it is not wonderful that after two and a half centuries, his detested memory still lives in the hearts of Irishmen, and their favourite expletive is, "The curse of Cromwell be upon you!" Another refrain

eternally sounding in one's ears is the decay of industries formerly flourishing. Is it a question of woollen cloth which seems proper to a country favourable to the breeding of sheep? They will tell you that at the end of the seventeenth century, the Duke of Ormond brought to Clonmell five hundred families of Flemish weavers to teach their trade to the people of the country, and that fifty years later prohibitive laws, passed in the reign of Queen Anne, destroyed an industry which was displeasing to English commerce. Forty years ago important cotton mills, founded by some Quakers, prospered on the banks of the Suir, where motive-power costs nothing and labour very little. The virtues of industry and perseverance by which the austere Society of Friends flourishes everywhere else could not save their enterprise from decay, which, in the unlucky climate of Ireland, struck it down in its prime.

CHAPTER IV.

THE KINGDOM OF CORK.

The beauties of the Blackwater, sung by the national poets, have not been exaggerated; but why do they call it the Moselle of Ireland? I am afraid they have never seen the river of Lorraine, otherwise they would never have hit upon a comparison not at all favourable to their own. It is best seen from the little town of Cappoquin, situated in the sharp bend formed by the river, where it turns almost directly south in order to discharge into St. George's Channel by Youghal Bay. If one is lucky enough to be favoured with one of the fine days, which are less rare in Ireland than her traducers pretend, the spectacle is magnificent. On the right are the hills of Monavullagh, in front the rocks of Commeragh, to the left the chain of the Knockmeildown mountains, the harmonious outlines of which are traced against a deep blue sky, laced with silver, while the gloom of the ravines is lighted by the purple-brown of the heather which carpets the soil. Confined within a double line of wooded heights, the river runs black over white stones, and meadows, freshened by the morning shower, sweep in large undulations to the foot of the mountains. These seem higher than they really are, owing to the steepness of their sides, and one can scarcely believe the geographers who put them only at 2600 feet.

Is it only to see these fine things that a crowd of natives, of all ranks and both sexes, including several

Catholic priests, has accompanied us in the slow train that drops us at Cappoquin? Although the Irish are not indifferent to the beauties of Nature, so great a concourse of lovers of the picturesque seems incredible. The station-master of Cappoquin is pleased to explain to us that these travellers are bound for the Trappist monastery, which he shows us perched on the hillside; the object of an excursion, partly of devotion and partly of pleasure. He presses us so hard to follow the crowd, that we are obliged to recall the fact that we have more than once visited the Grande Chartreuse. Now, to use the expression dear to the Irish, Mont Melleray is the "Grande Chartreuse of Ireland."

We were wrong not to oblige the courteous station-master by visiting the pious hermits. In these parts to trace in advance a plan of travel is to build on the sand. There was no steamer to take us down the river to Youghal according to our intention. There, indeed, was the vessel, moored to the deserted quay, but not a puff of smoke escaped from its idle chimney. They explained to us that the enterprise, having had the misfortune to displease the League, is boycotted—that is to say, submitted to the quarantine, which the ingenious and malicious Swift was the first to invent in his *Drapier's Letters*, and which for the last dozen years has been applied with implacable severity. In the case of a steamship company, boycotting signifies no crew, no coal, no freight, and no passengers. For some time the company struggled with the help of imported labourers and coal; but a handful of courageous tourists did not suffice to cover the expenses, and they ended by putting out the fires and awaiting the dawn of a better day. Numerous cars, however, dispute the honour of conveying us to our destination; indeed, there is every reason to believe that the drivers are the most active enforcers of the boycott which compels us to employ them.

A volume would be necessary to describe, as they deserve, the residences along the Blackwater. The most important is Lismore, a few miles west of Cappoquin, which, placed upon a high perpendicular cliff, dominates with its imposing mass the course of the river and a clean little town, the aspect of which is refreshing to eyes wearied with poverty and rags. If, as some would have us believe, the ills of Ireland are to be entirely ascribed to the negligence or rapacity of the landlords, the comfortable appearance of Lismore does honour to the Duke of Devonshire. Neat low houses, mostly of one storey, stand in well-kept streets, their fronts white-washed, and embowered in clematis, laurels, myrtles, and fuchsias. The windows have curtains of red calico, and, seen through the open doors, are dressers well polished and furnished with store of pottery. The people are comfortably clad, not too ragged, and almost clean. Beggars are comparatively rare; and if the children go barefoot that is an affair of fashion rather than of necessity, many of them being dressed in gaudy tartans and cashmeres, the boys wearing caps and the girls adorned with ribbons tied round tresses that really appear to be combed daily.

The castle is an ancient fortress of the twelfth century, constructed by John Lackland, which, although restored and enlarged at different times, retains one of the original façades, and a great tower in which that prince held the first Irish Parliament. Other towers and turrets, more or less ancient, flank the principal building, and the restoration of this princely dwelling has been carried out with so much taste that an ancient ruined keep, covered with ivy, remains to give that air of antiquity which lends at once prestige and beauty. The actual proprietor of Lismore is the father of the Marquis of Hartington, the leader of the Liberal Unionists in the

House of Commons. Though residing but little at Lismore—where, however, some of his family come every year for shooting or change of air—he is popular in the county. He owns more than 60,000 acres in the counties of Cork and Waterford. The magnificent park of Lismore is hospitably open to the public; and one may there pass delicious hours in the shadow of gigantic beeches, or wandering by the swift-flowing river.

Upon picturesque elevations, covered with trees, villas succeed one another all the length of the river. Taurin, the ancient walls of which have been abandoned by Sir Richard Musgrave in favour of a white modern residence; Dromana, belonging to Mr. Villiers-Stuart, and nestling at the foot of a ruined keep of the Fitzgeralds; Strancally, where the new castle and the old face one another; Temple Michael, which I hardly venture to say was blown up by Cromwell; Rincrew, an ancient commandery of the Templars; and Mogeely, which a Desmond is said to have set on fire to conceal his inability to feed his guests.

But the trees that grow by the Blackwater arrest attention even more than the old buildings, and their histories; immemorial elms, beeches whose smooth white trunks rise to a prodigious height, copper beeches of more compact shape, their dark foliage forming a dome; silver pines with their fine blue spires, pyramidal piceas with their lower branches sweeping the ground—all display extraordinary vegetative vigour. Ireland ought to be covered with forests as she once assuredly was; the numerous half-petrified trunks found in the peat are evidence of the fact. But it is no small affair to create anew that which civil and religious wars; fire, pillage, and improvidence have destroyed. Whatever is planted grows, but the planting costs money. Even if the half-ruined proprietors had the money, it is an invest-

ment for the future, demanding a peace and security which this unhappy country is still far from possessing. Besides, re-afforesting would have to encounter the recklessness, if not the ill-will, of the peasants, who allow their goats to devour the young shoots, and cut down a small tree when they want a pole; at least, this is the contention of the landlords, whose keepers are as much concerned with trees as with pheasants. On the other hand, the democratic party charge them with egotism and indifference to the interests of the country, putting themselves to no expense save for their ornamental woods, and never making a sacrifice for the public good.

A short distance above Youghal, the Blackwater, already invaded by the sea-sand, and rather a bay than a river, is crossed by an iron bridge nearly a mile long, which joins the county of Waterford to that of Cork. The industry of the town consists, besides a considerable export of salmon—the Duke of Devonshire's fishery alone bringing 700*l.* a year—in a pottery and a manufacture of tinned sardines. The dismal little port of Youghal, which is rendered inaccessible to vessels of deep draught by a bar at the mouth of the river, is so well sheltered from the sea-wind that one might fancy oneself on the shores of the Adriatic. Its name comes from a Gaelic word, meaning "the yew-wood," whence we may conclude that the sandy hills which surround it were once covered with these funereal trees. To-day they are only found in the gardens, of which the most picturesque assuredly is the cemetery.

Constant vicissitudes have caused successive reconstructions that detract from the unity of style, but not from the artistic interest of Saint Mary of Youghal. By the side of the old dismantled tower, green with moss, certain portions are of flamboyant Gothic. It is only forty years since the choir was

made fit for worship, and the latest restoration dates from 1873. Needless to say that the Protestants had taken possession of this church, as of all others of antiquity and value. The principal monument is that of the great Earl of Cork, sleeping in his armour, his two wives and eleven children kneeling around him.

Close beside the church stands buried in vegetation an old house with high pointed gables, whose thick gray walls are covered with ivy, yellow jasmine, and climbing roses; around it is a garden laid out in the old fashion, in little regular squares bordered with box, broken by clumps of green shrubs, among which are pomegranates in flower, and myrtles of extraordinary size, to which this curious dwelling owes its name of Myrtle Grove. Its historical interest is equal to its picturesqueness. It once belonged to Sir Walter Raleigh, and is now the property of Sir John Pope Hennessey, who has scrupulously preserved both the interior and exterior characteristics, in particular, the massive carved oak, as black as ebony, and an old sculptured chimney piece. It was in this garden that Sir Walter Raleigh planted his first potatoes, and in the shade of four enormous yews he smoked, to the great astonishment of his neighbours, pipes filled with the newly-imported herb of Virginia.

It is a much-debated question whether Sir Walter Raleigh conferred a benefit upon Ireland in acclimatising what has now become the national food. "Accursed lazy root" Cobbett called it. Its easy culture, calling for little manure and little labour, endears it to the Irish peasant, who, finding in it the satisfaction of his pressing needs, abandons himself all the more readily to his natural carelessness, want of industry, invention and initiative, improvidence and mental sluggishness. At the beginning of the century the population in the West of Ireland had forgotten the use of bread; and to-day the starchy tuber is

Paddy's principal food. While the potatoes hold out he lives, or, at least, he does not die ; and so long as no accident happens to the pig, fed in the same way as its master, he is able to pay his rent on "gale-day," as he calls the half-yearly term.

The best way of getting to Cork is by sea, crossing the wide roadstead at the mouth of the Lee. This inland sea is curiously cut up into bays, creeks, and straits by its islands and promontories, and might give shelter to all the navies of Europe. Soon after passing the safe and wide channel, known as the White Bay, we reach the estuary of the Owenboy, which widens out so greatly behind a point of land that the fleet of Francis Drake concealed itself there when chased by the Armada. During several days the Spanish ships searched in vain ; and many a sign of the cross was made by crews convinced that nothing but magic could thus have snatched away their enemy before their eyes. A little higher we come to Spike Island, the formidable batteries of which defend the entrance to the harbour proper. Of the two islands which flank it, one contains the arsenal and a reservoir containing five thousand tons of water, while in the other, large powder magazines are excavated in the rock.

It is not Cork, the approaches to which are thus defended, but Queenstown, formerly the Cove of Cork, which owes its present name to the visit of Queen Victoria in 1849. The town, which is modern, shows its white houses built in terraces upon the slope of a hill ; when the sun shines, when the sky is clear and the sea blue it gives the impression of a port in the Levant. As everywhere in Ireland, poverty and squalor hide themselves behind this pretty exterior, a point which, at any rate, strengthens the resemblance to the East ; but seen from the harbour the place looks gay and prosperous, and the natives say that its climate rivals that of Madeira.

It is also very picturesque. Queenstown is built on a large green island facing an undulating and broken coast, covered with trees and with numerous residences and churches. As to the harbour, it is almost deserted. Twice a week a Transatlantic liner calls there on the way from Liverpool to New York, and again on the way back; a few large merchantmen, an admiralty dispatch boat, and two or three yachts swing at anchor; a dozen racing yawls—regattas are as dear to the Irish as steeplechases—are moored to the quay, about as many fishing-boats are stranded in the mud, and that is all.

Continuing his journey to Cork, the tourist enters a passage which separates the mainland from the great island—it has no other name—picturesque fishing and bathing villages dot the smiling shores. The most interesting of them is Monkstown, the ruined castle of which has a curious history. In the seventeenth century the lord of this district was one of those English colonists "more Irish than the Irish themselves," who had changed into MacOdo his name of Arch-Deken. While he fought in the service of Spain his wife, Anastasia Goold, had the idea of giving him, on his return, a surprise in the shape of a new castle. To provide herself with the necessary funds she organized general stores, where her vassals were compelled to supply themselves, and out of the profits she constructed her castle. When the accounts were made up the expenses were found to exceed by one penny the total of the gains, whence the name of Penny Castle which was given to the fruit of her industry. Her ashes repose beside those of her husband, in the neighbouring and now-ruined church of Temple Aubryn, with a long Latin epitaph celebrating her domestic virtues and her talent for business. The property so laboriously acquired was confiscated fifty years later under William of Orange.

Not far from there, on the same side, a caprice of Nature has carved out about sixty enormous steps in the side of a rocky, sea-washed cliff. The popular imagination sees in it the hand of man, and they will tell you that it was the staircase by which the giant O'Mahony descended to take his bath. At about six miles from Cork you find yourself in a second inland sea, a kind of back water, which bears the name of Lake Mahon—and, in fact, you must be there at low tide to understand that it is the sea which reaches so far. Leaving on the right two pretty islets, brightened with residences nestling in foliage, you enter the estuary of the Lee, on the flat shores of which extend fashionable suburbs with white villas and green lawns, one of which is dignified with the name of Tivoli, about as appropriate as that of Rialto given to a melancholy canal in Dublin. Presently you reach St. Patrick's bridge in the middle of Cork. It would be tiresome to enumerate all the sieges, battles, pillages, and executions of which Cork has been the scene. It is enough to quote the description given by an English chronicler of 1577 : "All the country is so infested by rogues that the citizens are obliged to maintain continually a guard at the gates, which they keep closed, not only all night, but also during meal hours; they allow no armed strangers to enter; and they never venture outside except under protection. They so distrust their neighbours, that they do not intermarry with them, consequently the population of the town forms, so to speak, a single family." Cork is a town absolutely devoid of character and consequently of interest. There are no remains of antiquity except a tower of the Red Abbey, and some fragments of the ancient ramparts. There are plenty of brand new religious establishments and churches of the present century, of bastard Greek, or of a very modern gothic, richly ornamented. People who admire modern archi-

tecture find satisfaction in gazing at the cathedral of Saint Finn-Barr, the first stone of which was laid in 1868. It is very handsome, and perfectly uninteresting.

Old Cork was a network of narrow and tortuous alleys, two of which remain—Bridewell Lane, four feet wide, where is the corn market; and another, which, because it is twelve feet wide, is called the Great Alley. To-day the principal streets are very wide, but very ill kept; the poorer streets are squalid in proportion. The moderately busy quays are neither sufficiently spacious to satisfy the man of business, nor picturesque enough to please the artist. The promenade, called by the Flemish-sounding name of Mardyke, is very fine, with its big elms, which, for the length of a mile, interlace their lofty branches in a dome of verdure. But it is deserted, and serves for nothing but the Sunday walks of a few shopkeepers and their families. Queen's College, situated on one of the heights on the southern arm of the Lee, is a magnificent modern building, in the elegant style called Tudor-Gothic, and is surrounded by a well-planted park and a botanical garden, which contains immense greenhouses. But it only half consoles one for the destruction of the Abbey of Gill, on the site of which it has been erected—a venerable edifice which suddenly collapsed in 1738. Cork is all the less attractive, because there, as everywhere, you cannot stop for a moment without being pestered by the lamentations of "poor widows" in rags, and the importunities of children in tatters. In order to escape them you must be always on the move, like the Wandering Jew, and think yourself lucky even then if they do not pursue you. As for yielding, that is out of the question, especially when one has read in a Dublin paper of that morning that an old beggar-woman, having been arrested, they

found in bags fastened under her petticoats—what petticoats! heroic must have been the constable who carried out this investigation—a total of about 500*l.*, twenty boiled potatoes, half a pound of peas, and other similar articles.

Here they follow begging as a trade; they call it "taking the road." Besides the extreme distress always prevailing in Ireland, and justifying this calling to some extent, the Protestants accuse the Catholics of encouraging it by making charity the first of virtues. I must explain myself. There is no nation more charitable than Protestant England, where all the hospitals and refuges, which are very numerous and very magnificent, are founded and maintained by private donations and subscriptions. But the charity is exercised methodically, administratively, and collectively; indiscriminate almsgiving is little practised, and justly regarded as immoral. Begging is also sternly forbidden. It is equally forbidden in Ireland, at least, nominally; but it passes through the meshes of the net; and if in the towns it is thinly disguised by the offer of impossible articles for sale, in the country there is no disguise attempted. It would seem that in a country so unfortunate the vocation ought not to be very lucrative, but the poor are the best givers, and, with the aid of the exhortations of the clergy, the honourable corporation of beggars lives almost as well as the average of the rural population, without the work and the worry of rent and taxes. And then, begging is in the blood. Besides the professional beggars, there are women who beg occasionally, when they have nothing else to do; when the passer-by looks good-natured, and the policeman on his beat has his back turned. But worst of all are the children, who almost universally (and they are legion in prolific Ireland) devote themselves to the quest of the penny till they

are old enough to get their living in some other way.

Cork is proud of being the birthplace of a host of celebrities—literary, artistic, and theological—but too exclusively local to be worth mentioning. I will name only the painters, Barry and Maclise; the sculptors, Hogan and Foley; not forgetting a sultana, Miss Thomson, who married the Emperor of Morocco, Muley Mohamed. Only one of these more or less glorious citizens has been deemed worthy of the honour of a statue, which worthily replaces that of George II., whose disastrous end I have mentioned elsewhere.

At the end of Saint Patrick Street, near the bridge, stands the effigy in bronze of Father Mathew, the "apostle of temperance." To understand the scope of the benefits which this monument commemorates, we must recollect what formerly were the drinking-customs of Ireland, even yet only too general. More even than in England, and that is not saying little, the example of intemperance has always been set by the upper classes. The story of that great lady at the court of George I., who excused herself for not having been able to receive the poet Pope by saying that she had been drunk, is ancient history. But even at the beginning of this century Irish drinking-habits were scarcely improved. The beer need scarcely count, although stout and even pale ale are far more potent than wine drinkers may imagine; it was whisky that did the mischief, and it is whisky that does it still. This grain spirit is far more intoxicating than that of the grape, and it is so cheap that for a few pence a man can easily get drunk. It is usually consumed mixed with water, but Bacchus loses nothing by that arrangement, which only enables the drinker to imbibe a larger quantity. Drunkenness still prevails among the lower classes to a deplorable extent, but it has

all but disappeared from the higher classes, and it is to the temperance societies that the change is due. It is only in England that they are really taken seriously and that one sees men of the world strictly "teetotal," that is to say, abstaining entirely from all fermented liquors. But even in Ireland the labours of Father Mathew and his followers have accomplished a reform, upon which the country cannot congratulate itself too highly. The scandal of an intoxicated priest is now unknown. As to Paddy and his wife, if they still too frequently brutalize themselves with drink, at least they know that they are doing wrong, which is the first step towards reformation; and in their simple though fatalist piety, they pray that the Lord may save them from evil.

There is in English a word, which though strictly slang has established its place in the language; that is *blarney*, which signifies cajolery or specious eloquence, with sometimes an added sense of trickery or false pretences; it had its origin in the vicinity of Cork. A steam tramway, which ascends the Lee by a pretty route running between wooded heights, takes you in twenty minutes to Castle Blarney. Scarcely has the tourist left the station when he encounters a barrier, to pass which he has to pay sixpence. I have already mentioned why these taxes are levied on tourists by rich proprietors. The old fortress, dismantled by William of Orange, and of which only a keep 120 feet high remains, was built in the middle of the fifteenth century by Cormac MacCarthy the Strong, descended from the ancient kings of Munster, and one of the most powerful of the Irish chiefs that the conquest had left. Having one day saved an old woman who was drowning, she offered him by way of reward a golden tongue, which should have power to persuade and seduce men and women, friends and foes. She told him to rise at daybreak,

to mount the keep, and to kiss a triangular stone in the wall five feet below the gallery running round the top. He followed her directions, and acquired a formidable power of speech. The story of its origin became known, the blarney-stone was resorted to by pilgrims, and the word passed into the language.

Naturally all the innumerable MacCarthys who swarm in the barony are more or less descended from Cormac the Strong, and even the meanest day-labourer of that name considers himself as the rightful owner of the domain of Blarney, bought by General Jeffreys, in 1702, for three thousand pounds. The Irish have long memories, and are tenacious of their nationality. This anecdote is told of a certain O'Neill of Tyrone, who, at the beginning of the seventeenth century, asked to whom belonged the castle he had passed on the road. "To an English gentleman," was the reply; "but a good Catholic, and settled here for 400 years." "That makes no difference," said the other in gaelic, "I hate the settled Saxon as much as if he had only arrived yesterday;" and he set the castle on fire. The fusion between the two races is slow and laborious. There is a story of a peasant who was sobbing at the foot of one of the lime trees of Blarney. Questioned as to the cause of his woe, he replied, "I am a MacCarthy. When these lands belonged to me I planted these trees; to-morrow I emigrate, and I have come to water them for the last time with my tears." These Irish are all born poets and comedians. Tradition says that the treasures of the MacCarthy family are sunk under the waters of the Lake of Blarney. The secret hiding-place is supposed to be known to only three MacCarthys in each generation, and the treasure will be recovered the day that one of them enters into possession of the ancestral domain. That sort of thing amuses Paddy's Gascon imagination. It

is with such traditions and such hopes that he soothes his misery, and during the long idle evenings of winter at the fireside, the blue smoke of the peat fire is gilded by the light of his past grandeur and his coming fortune.

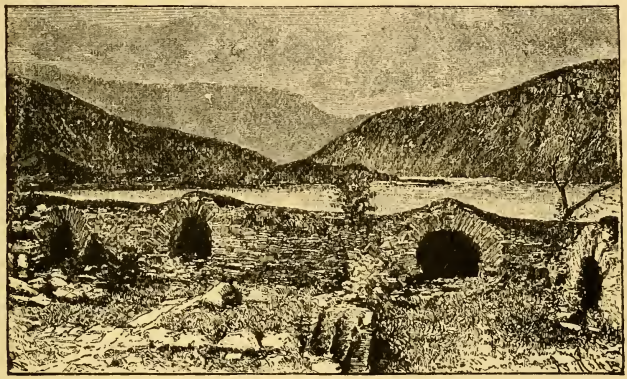
CHAPTER V.

THE LAKES OF KILLARNEY AND THE COUNTY OF KERRY.

Although a fairly good train takes one to Killarney from Dublin right across the island, it is usually by way of Cork that the tourist approaches the lakes. He has the choice of two routes, of which the longer is the more used, not on account of superior interest, but because it was the one followed by the Prince of Wales in 1884. Out of a spirit of contradiction a few choose the shorter, and they lose nothing thereby. As far as Macroom, the terminus of the line, about twenty-four miles from Cork, the landscape is that of all the central region of Ireland. Here the ground begins to rise abruptly at the foot of the mountain. You mount a car and begin to climb steep ascents, only to descend with equal abruptness on the other side, crossing narrow valleys, now marshy and full of frogs and water-hens, again arid and stony, with grouse nesting in the juniper-bushes. At intervals, perched on the summits of almost inaccessible rocks, are the ruined keeps of the MacCarthys, formerly lords of the district. At Ballingeary is a ruined church, its origin forgotten, and a circular fort, more ancient still, with crypts and subterranean galleries.

By a detour we reach the little lake of Gougane Barra, occupying the crater of an extinct volcano, and receiving numerous rivulets from the granite slopes. In the middle is an island studded with ruins, one of

the holiest places in Ireland. In the sixth century Saint Finn Barr, patron of the town of Cork, of which he was the first bishop, retired to this spot and built a chapel, to which was attached a primitive cloister, consisting of eight vaulted cells, for himself and his companions in penitence. Pilgrims still swarm on the 12th June to drink the miraculous waters, which cure various intractable diseases. At the beginning of the last century a priest, who had constituted himself



The cells of Gougane Barra.

guardian of the ruins, spent on the island the last thirty years of his life.

Returning to the road, we enter a little further on the gorge of Keim-an-Eigh, about two miles long, the grandest of the mountain passes of Ireland. The sun scarcely penetrates its abyss, and animals avoid it, except the golden eagles, which build their eyry on the loftiest crag. The almost-perpendicular walls are covered with mosses and grey lichens, with green ferns, pale yellow or pink saxifrages, and wild violets. Though now deserted, the pass of Keim-an-Eigh was

not very long ago the refuge of outlaws. There the last representatives of the O'Sullivans during many years defied the victorious Saxons. Even at the end of last century the penal laws forbade a Catholic to possess a horse worth more than five guineas. A member of the ancient family of O'Leary had returned from serving in the Austrian army, bringing with him a splendid Hungarian stallion, which one day gained an important race. The proprietor of the beaten horse, a Protestant from Cork, insolently threw five gold pieces to the fortunate winner, saying, "Papist, take that for your horse." Arthur O'Leary answered by blowing out his brains; then bestriding the cause of quarrel he galloped, without drawing rein, to Keim-an-Eigh, "took to the mountain," and baffled for a long time all the efforts of justice. At the present day the caverns and recesses of Keim-an-Eigh, inaccessible to the excise, are used for the illicit distillation of the whisky called *potheen*, which, notwithstanding its flavour of methylated spirit mixed with peat smoke, the Irish declare superior to any that pays duty.

On issuing from the pass, the road rapidly descends upon Bantry Bay, where it joins the so-called Prince of Wales's route. Travellers who have come this way have been carried by rail up the valley of the Bandon, the well-wooded and fertile domain formerly belonging to the O'Learys. The town of Bandon, almost wholly Protestant and counted among the few loyal burghs in Ireland, is better built, cleaner, and more prosperous than most towns peopled by native Catholics. The ancient prosperity of the town, now much decayed, was chiefly due to the manufacture of cloth and cotton velvet. Nowadays they produce little but whisky, which, being a remedy for all ills, is consumed in increasing quantity as prosperity disappears.

The deeply-indented coast-line, that stretches from

The Pass of Keim-an-Eigh.

the harbour of Cork to Bantry Bay, is not less remarkable for the savage beauty of its scenery than for historical associations. Kinsale, whose natural harbour, the seat of rather important fisheries, is formed by the estuary of the Bandon and protected by a long narrow promontory of sand, was the scene of many engagements by land and water between the English and the French or Spanish allies of the Irish. It was there that James II. disembarked in 1689, with the troops he had borrowed from Louis XIV., to begin the campaign which ended sixteen months later in the Battle of the Boyne.

Kinsale gives its name to the premier baron of Ireland, a title conferred by King John upon Miles de Courcy, son of the Earl of Ulster, with the privilege, claimed by some Spanish nobles, of remaining covered in the presence of royalty. This innovation did not fare well at the court of the Plantaganets; when this peer tried to assert his right, he was told that however willing the king might be to tolerate such a liberty, it was inadmissible in the presence of ladies. Nevertheless, at the visit of George IV. to Ireland, the holder of the Kinsale peerage asserted his traditional privilege by remaining covered for a time in the king's presence. We remark, in passing, that the parish church of Kinsale is dedicated to Multosia, a rarely-mentioned Celtic saint.

From Drimoleague, where the scenery becomes more wild, a branch line leads to Skibbereen, the principal town in the barony of Carbery and the see of a Catholic archbishop. This little town was absolutely depopulated during the great famine, but, thanks to the intelligent help of the Baroness Burdett-Coutts, it has recovered with a rapidity almost unexampled in this indolent country. The miracle has been wrought by salmon-fishing. Boats and nets have been provided for the people, and a school of

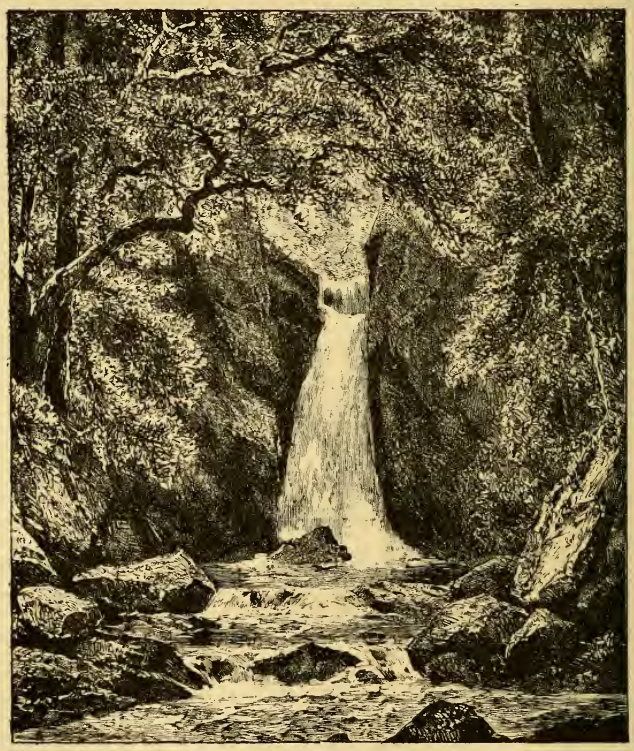
fishing for a hundred boys is in operation at Baltimore, a humble village which gave its name to the great American city. Opposite are two picturesque islands, whose inhabitants scarcely speak a word of English.

Skibbereen and Bantry are separated by a promontory of singular wildness, indented by the bays of Dun Manus and of Roaringwater, and having in its centre the isolated peak of Mount Gabriel. There we find several delightfully romantic lakes, haunted by Banshees. Lough Drine is full of fairy islets, which every summer, on a certain magical night, dance a wild saraband, and being surprised by the sun in the midst of their exercises, never regain their proper positions.

Bantry, a miserable little port, which in summer is daily galvanized into transient animation by the arrival of the tourist train, followed by the departure of the coach for Killarney, is marvellously situated at the head of a bay of the same name, deep and calm, strewn with islets of every size, and set in a circle of hills. In the island of Whiddy, three modern forts present an insignificant appearance beside the lofty walls of the ruined castle of Cushla-na-Whidda, one of the ancient strongholds of the O'Sullivans. Walking round the bay, one stumbles at every step upon remains of Druid civilization, cairns, cromlechs and other megalithic monuments, generally accompanied by curious subterranean works. Near the waterfall of Dunamarc they show the inprint of the first human foot that ever trod the soil of Ireland, forty days before the Deluge. This intrepid traveller was called Ladra; it was really not worth his while to come so far only to perish in a general cataclysm.

The cars which convey tourists between Bantry and Killarney are large brakes, with parallel seats fixed high above the wheels, which hold twenty-three

passengers, and are always full, the natives being much given to excursions. Beneath and behind is stowed the luggage, and four horses drag the heavy machine;



A Waterfall at Glengariff.

add on days when it threatens rain, that is to say six days out of seven, a bundle of straw under each seat to keep the feet dry and a leathern apron for the knees. One wonders at first why in this rainy

climate there is no such thing as a covered public conveyance. To that the Irish reply—Why do you travel if not to see the country? After all, they are quite right. Who has any business to do? Not we, assuredly, who are here solely for pleasure.

Rounding the bay by a wood that winds among terraced heights, we reach Glengariff. It is not a village, but a site. The name comes from a ravine, down which a stream precipitates itself into the bay. The old ruined bridge is a memorial of Cromwell. When he passed here during the terrible campaign of 1649, he found so much difficulty in crossing the Canrooska that he ordered the inhabitants to build a bridge against his return, threatening to hang one of them for each hour of delay. They obeyed, for, say the country people, "they knew the old rascal was good at keeping his word." In a little amphitheatre formed by the lowest spurs of the hills at the foot of Cob Dhur, an oasis of luxuriant verdure lies sheltered from every wind. Two rival hotels, two rival churches, some boatmen's houses, and two or three modest private dwellings have been built in this favoured spot.

But I despair of describing a place of which the picturesque grace and the penetrating charm take possession of one's being, melting the soul into a delicious torpor. Glengariff has something to gratify every taste. Botanists collect many rare varieties of fern; anglers find excellent trout-fishing; artists have an embarrassing choice of subjects; consumptives come in search of health, or at least of alleviation of their troubles to this sheltered corner where they breathe the salt air without exposure to the wind. Everyone finds at Glengariff endless artistic delights, together with a satisfying repose. Why leave it on pretext that we have the tour of Ireland to make? We shall see nothing more lovely: why not stay?

That is what we asked ourselves in the evening, standing in the porch of the hotel looking at the bay silvered by the moon. To soften our regrets, we promised ourselves a renewal of the visit. But even whilst we thus solaced ourselves, a cloud darkened the heavens, the wind freshened, and almost immediately the first drops of a shower compelled us to seek shelter. In the morning it rained in torrents; should we go or should we not? Seeing the natives preparing without hesitation for departure, we suppose that they have reasons for expecting the weather to clear, and we take our places in the car, which presently fills so completely that they turn out a second. Wrapped in their mackintoshes and rugs, and tightly packed together, the twenty-three tourists open their twenty-three umbrellas, and wait patiently while the driver makes his final preparations. He does not hurry: but why should he, when everyone is there to amuse himself? He would only shorten the pleasure. "Take your time, ladies and gentlemen," say the natives, gently, to those nervous travellers who dance about devoured by the fever of departure, whenever a pause occurs. The habit is one to be got rid of in Ireland by anyone who wishes to survive a three months' tour. At first one frets and growls and storms. After three weeks one learns patience, and after all, the journey always gets done somehow.

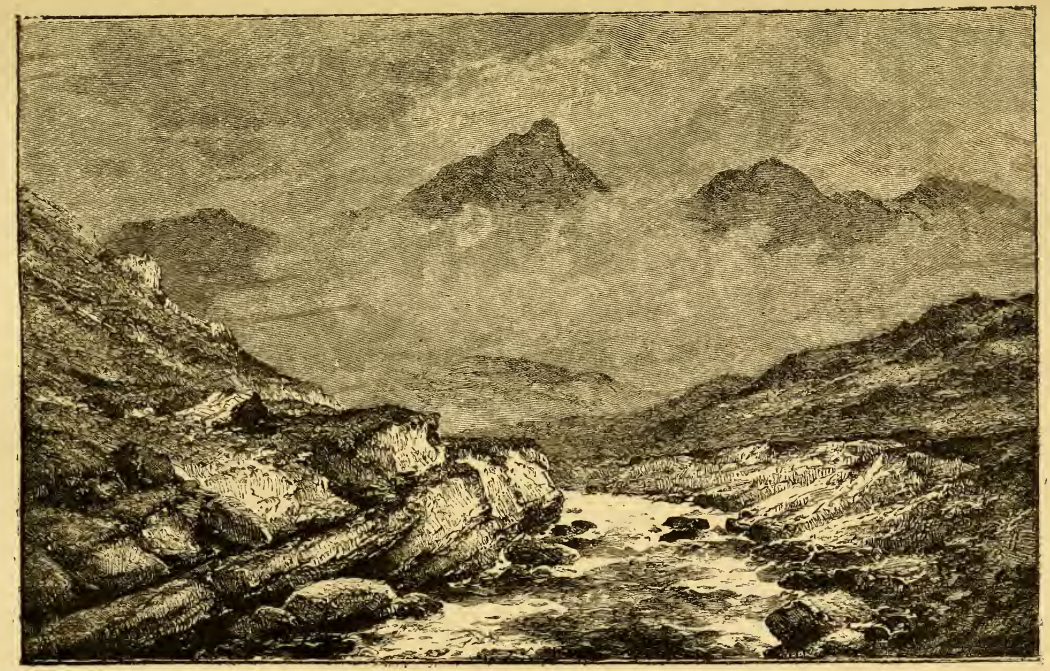
To go from Glengariff to Kenmare, situated at the head of the bay of the same name, a long inlet parallel to Bantry Bay, we have to cross the mountains of Caha, rising to as much as 2,200 feet, and bearing unpronounceable names. How did these frowning and sterile wastes support the chiefs who held their barbarous courts in the still imposing fortresses of Dunkerron, Dunboy, and Cappanacuss? Destructive as the Irish hold the English conquests to have been to their prosperity, they cannot pretend that these

mountains have ever produced anything but ferns and heather, offering the scantiest of pasturage. In the twenty-one miles between Glengariff and Kenmare one does not see a score of dwellings. How do the inhabitants of these wretched huts make a living? During the season they live by the mendicity of their children. You cannot go half a mile without an escort of both sexes and all ages, indescribably ragged, trotting barefoot in the mud around the vehicle, and offering you bouquets of heather, bunches of moss, and sprays of bog-myrtle. This goes on the whole way. For a quarter of an hour there may be a respite, then a new band emerges from some ditch, and you are thus handed over from brigade to brigade until you reach your destination. It may be guessed that this persecution detracts greatly from the pleasure of the journey. But how is it to be avoided? To give, encourages them; to refuse, does not drive them away, and one hardly likes to abuse them. There is nothing for it but to put up with the nuisance, as one does with the rain. The worst of it is that a moment comes when you have to laugh, and then you are disarmed and despoiled of your last coppers. After all, one can afford to laugh when it is only an affair of children; but steel the heart as one may, it is distressing to see an old woman—wrinkled and shrivelled like an Easter apple, wan, emaciated, and nearly blind, covered with rags that a *chiffonnier* would not put in his basket—running behind the vehicle, with swollen and bleeding feet wrapped in filthy linen. What can a few pence avail against such degradation? The penny, by the way, is throughout Ireland the monetary standard of the begging fraternity; they will take a half-penny, but with a grimace, and you will never pass for a "real gentleman" or a "great lady" if you are stingy to this degree.

The Irish are wise not to allow the weather to

interfere with their movements. It is no paradox to say that it is much less disagreeable to be out in the rain than to watch it fall from behind the window of an inn. At least there is the scenery to divert one, though it is not seen at its best; and when one is obliged to make the best of things, the mountains and the sea are not wanting in interest under the alternation of sun and shower. As soon as the rain ceases the twenty-three umbrellas are closed, and the owners congratulate one another. The umbrella is a barbarous invention; with good waterproofs it is useless, and indeed troublesome. In this climate one learns to appreciate the tam-o'-shanter, the Scotch cap so generally worn by English tourists of both sexes. The climate of Ireland is vexatious rather than absolutely bad, and it has consolations the more delightful because they come unexpectedly. Thus, arriving at the top of the pass, where a tunnel two hundred yards long pierces the rock at the confines of the counties of Cork and Kerry, a puff of wind suddenly clears the sky, and a wonderful view extorts a cry of admiration from the least enthusiastic. The eye ranges over the whole Caha chain with its numerous lakes, which, lit up by a gleam of sun, look like masses of molten silver. In all directions streams great and small, swollen with the rain, rush down the granite crags, and wind foaming through the deep ravines at our feet. The new-bathed vegetation brightens the savage landscape with the finnite variety of its tones, from the gray green of the lichens to the sombre hues of the stunted firs which cling in the fissures of the rocks. To right and left are the two bays of Bantry and Kenmare, outlined with sand, and in front roll the blue waves of the broad Atlantic.

Now we descend upon Kenmare at a headlong speed, which grinds the skid in a most disquieting manner. But there is no reason for apprehension with these



Summits of the Macgillycuddies.

wonderful horses—strong of limb and sure of foot, hardly needing the whip, and managed by guttural exclamations. From incline to incline, from turning to turning, we arrive at Kenmare by a suspension bridge crossing the river, the estuary of which forms the head of the bay. It is a gala day in the town, a place of 1,200 souls. We have hit upon the regatta, and the whole population for ten miles round about is massed upon the pier in their Sunday clothes to follow the movements of half-a-dozen yawls. The streets, decorated with the national colours, are crowded with people, and the taverns are full to overflowing. Having nothing to do, the Irish think they may as well amuse themselves. While we lunch they change horses, and presently we are off again with a fresh escort of urchins. We lose sight of the sea, going straight north across the base of the promontory which separates Kenmare from Dingle Bay. At first the road traverses for several miles a flat and marshy country, covered with immense flights of crows. I never saw so many anywhere else; they seem particularly fond of the peat bogs. Afterwards the path rises in zig-zag to scale the steep heights of Derrygariff to the Windy Gap. From there can be seen the whole mass of the Killarney mountains, composed of several distinct groups. To the west are the oddly-cut crests of the Macgillicuddies, dominated by the Carran Tual, the highest peak in Ireland; to the east Mangerton, its conical top capped with cloud; and further on the Paps, of the form indicated by their name; to the north the Tomies, the Purple Mountain, and Mount Torc, behind which are hidden the lakes we seek. The old road passes between Torc and Mangerton, along a narrow valley containing ancient but now abandoned mines of copper and lead. A new road, longer and finer, has been made on the opposite side of the hill across a magnificent forest belonging

to Lord Lansdowne. A sudden turn brings us out above the lakes, which we coast for the rest of the way to Killarney. On a fine day this descent is marvellous; one is intoxicated with beauty, and the eyes ache with the effort to take it all in. The pen cannot pretend to describe what the pencil is powerless to render; the wisest thing is to be silent, like the twenty-three tourists on the car.

The Lakes of Killarney are three in number. The upper lake, two and a half miles long by one and a half broad, is the reservoir of the mountain streams. To the east is Lake Torc, or Mukross, of more regular form than the upper lake, which it equals in area, and communicating by two narrow straits with the lower lake, or Lough Leane, which extends westwards. This lake is five and a half miles long by three at the widest part; it receives numerous streams, and empties itself into the River Laune, which falls into Dingle Bay. The town of Killarney is situated about a mile from the northern shore of Lough Leane. These lakes owe their rare beauty as much to the mountains that enclose them as to the luxuriant vegetation that covers their shores and their numerous islands. In order to see them at their best, the tourist ought to begin at the upper end. The scenery would be enchanting were it not marred by mendicity in all its forms, which never leaves the unfortunate traveller a moment's peace. From Killarney he is followed by the inevitable troop of children; but he is used to that, and thinks nothing of it. At the Bridge of Beaufort, however, he finds ambushed a squadron of ill-looking and ragged horsemen, who at once pursue him. They are not exactly brigands, but owners of horses, who offer you their beasts for the part of the road impracticable for carriages. Once everybody has chosen his horse, the rest retire and await new victims. But if any one preferring

to walk persists in his refusal, the whole band pursues him with assurances that the pass is very long and difficult, that he is sure to be ill, that he can never reach his journey's end, and so forth. Then come merchants, who try to force you to buy horn cups, objects cut out of bog-oak, or mosaic, made of different stones from the mountain. Again there are fellows armed with a horn or a gun to awaken the echoes, and an old blind fiddler, who plays national airs in a style that makes you gnash your teeth. Nor are the women behindhand. For a couple of hours they will follow you, trying to sell woollen stockings or mittens, or perhaps goat's milk mixed with whisky. They pay particular attention to the men, whom they pursue with gross flatteries. "My word, Mary O'Sullivan, *avourneen*," says one of them, "I never saw in our hills such a handsome and amiable gentleman: the blessing of God be on him!"—"My faith, it is true, Kitty O'Flanagan, *acushla machree*," responds her accomplice, "Sure he is a well-born and liberal gentleman: the Holy Virgin help him!" "A drop of mountain-dew, sweet gentleman, just to bring the sunshine into your heart!" "A pair of fine soft mittens, of a beautiful colour, sweet, darling gentleman; and may Heaven help you!"

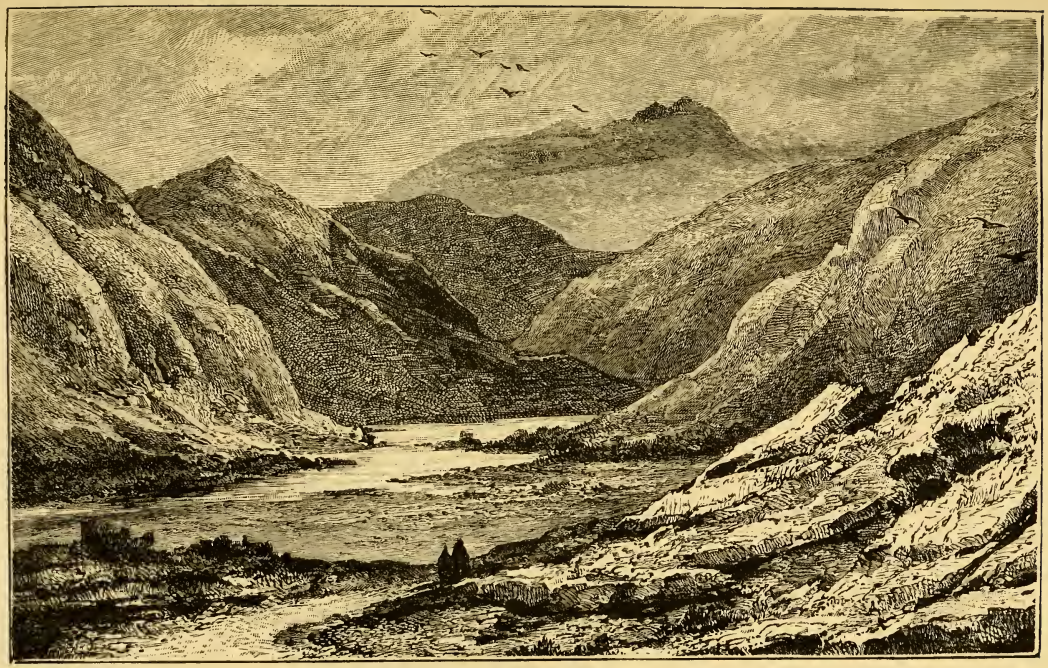
This Pass of Dunloe would be very lovely if we could only be alone with Nature. It is a long deep valley, which divides the Macgillicuddies on the west from the Tomies and the Purple Mountain on the east, the latter taking its name from the mantle of heather that covers it from base to summit. The road, which is very good for driving, follows the course of the River Loe, an affluent of the Laune, a stream fed by many rivulets, and passing through five lakes. Of these the first has its legend: it was there that St. Patrick drowned the last snake found in Ireland. From the highest point of the pass there

The Pass of Dunloe.

is an extensive view over the Kenmare Mountains, while to the right lies the Black Valley, arid, desolate, and forbidding. This valley is, they say, the infernal cauldron where are brewed all the storms of Ireland. From this point we descend upon the upper lake, following the course of a beautiful silvery stream. Then begins a cruise which one is tempted to wish eternal. Shut in between Cromerglan and the Purple Mountain, the upper lake is incontestably the most picturesque of the three. It is so curiously indented that the boatmen are accustomed to take the traveller into one of its creeks, and to make bets, invariably won by themselves, that he will fail to discover the way out.

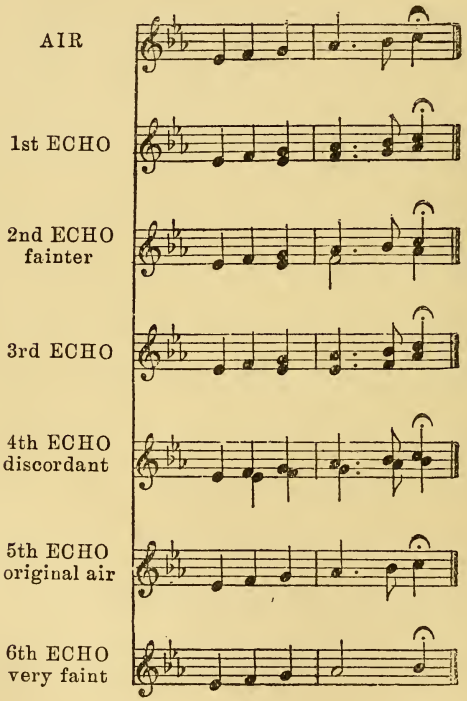
About halfway along the Long Range, a narrow and sluggish channel bordered with waterlilies, the boatmen stop at the foot of a pyramidal mountain, rising sheer out of the water to a height of 2000 feet, and densely covered for two-thirds of the distance with hollies, junipers, and arbutus. The summit is absolutely bare, and in the clefts of the gray granite the golden eagles make their eyries, whence its name of Eagle's Nest. This mountain has an echo, which the boatmen are very skilful in awakening. They produce upon a cornet a few notes, which are repeated over and over again at irregular intervals by echoes, which seem to come from all quarters, modulating and changing the original air, and dying away gradually into a vague murmur. The notation of these repetitions is curious.

I have mentioned that the lakes are crowded with islands. It is useless to ask their number, the natives reply that nobody has ever succeeded in counting them. Many are mere islets or rocks, generally covered with a dense vegetation. A few are of considerable size, such as Brickeen and Dinis, which guard the entrance to Lake Mukross. At the southern



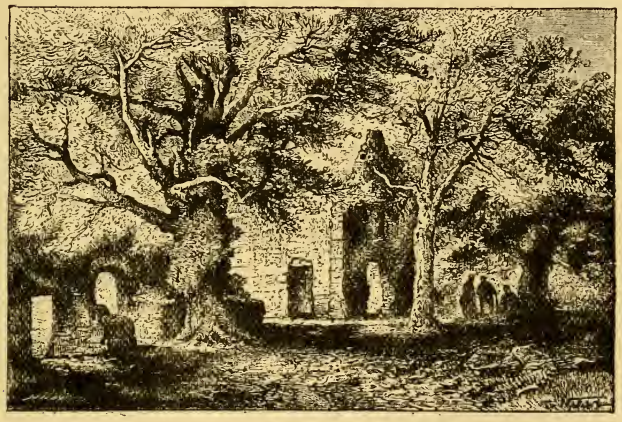
The Black Valley.

point of the latter, the Long Range, hitherto flowing so gently, pours swiftly through the two unequal arches which connect the island with the mainland. The boatmen pass these rapids very cleverly, shipping their oars and guiding the boat with a pole. In time



of flood there are occasionally accidents, hence nervous people who get excited just when calm is most necessary are advised to go ashore and rejoin the boat lower down. It is, however, a pleasant sensation to be whirled along by a torrent with which it is idle to contend.

Asked to give an opinion upon the comparative merits of the Lakes of Killarney, Thackeray, the only English traveller who has understood Ireland, replied, "The finest is the one on which you find yourself." He added, "As to pretending to see the lakes in a day, after the fashion of cheap-trippers, it is to write yourself an ass." Unfortunately, one is often obliged to be an ass in one's own despite when pressed for time; the great English satirist himself has not



Oratory of St. Finian.

wholly escaped the reproach. One may pass a whole summer in this wonderful country, finding a new charm every day, were it only in changes of aspect. To-day a stormy sky darkens the raging waters, heavy masses of vapour drag along the hillsides, and everything looks black. To-morrow the scene will change, everything will be bathed in light and peace and beauty. Though the shores of the Lower Lake are somewhat flat at the western end, its attractions are

not on that account less considerable. Among its innumerable islets is one that calls for special notice. Ireland is the jewel of the West, Killarney is the jewel of Ireland, and Innisfallen—isle of saints—is the jewel of Killarney. There is no sweeter spot in the world—to see it alone is reward for the journey. A monk of the sixth century, Saint Finian the Leper, son of a king of Munster, made choice of this place for a monastery, which became famous in Irish history. There were written, partly in Latin and partly in Celtic, these *Annals*, the MS. of which is now in the Bodleian, and which profess to be nothing less than a history of the world down to the time of St. Patrick, followed by a history of Ireland to the fourteenth century. Its reputation for learning and sanctity did not aways secure respect for the Abbey of Innisfallen in the turbulent Irish Middle Ages. Under date of 1180 the *Annals* relate the following: "The monastery, having become a venerated sanctuary, all the treasure and valuables of the surrounding country were entrusted to its care. This year it was pillaged by Maoldiun, son of Daniel O'Donoghue. Many priests and monks were slain, but God immediately punished this sacrilegious act by bringing many of their assailants to a premature end." To-day the abbey is nothing but a mass of ruins covered with vegetation. Four distinct buildings may, however, still be distinguished. It is to be regretted that an intelligent restoration should not have preserved these primitive monuments from total decay. Lord Kenmare, the proprietor of the island, allows to repose in peace under the ruins the ashes of the pious and learned monks, and perhaps he is right. In any case the island is a gem; adopting Irish exaggeration, I might say a diamond set in emeralds. The wonderful vegetation of Killarney is seen here in all its exuberance. Those who only know yew trees mutilated, clipped, and deformed as in the

Under the trees at Innisfallen.

park of Versailles, ought to come here. They will see venerable trees robust, twisted, and fantastic, solidly bound to the rocks, of which their trunks seem almost a part, and resembling in their ordered ranks the columns of some vast gothic church.

The Lakes of Killarney have their legends. In old days this basin was a fertile and smiling valley, where lived a prosperous tribe under the mild rule of the O'Donoghues. In the mountain was an enchanted spring closed by a stone, which was removed once a day to release the quantity of water required to irrigate the valley, and carefully replaced. It is always by woman that evil comes! They were imprudent enough to entrust this duty to a young and pretty girl; she forgot it one evening while listening to her lover, and the morning broke upon a sheet of water in which everything was engulfed. The great O'Donoghue, notwithstanding his reputation with posterity, was on familiar terms with the Devil, in whose honour he once filled with whisky the lake on the top of Mangerton, since called the Devil's Punch-bowl. It lies in a deep oval basin, from which, on three sides, perpendicular walls of granite rise sheer. Its water is icy-cold, contains no fish, and has the peculiarity of being always in a state of agitation, which adds to its diabolic aspect. Fox, who was as proud of his swimming as of his oratory, swam round its 28 acres in 1772. They still talk of his feat, adding that he got gloriously drunk in the evening to drive out the cold.

These O'Donoghues—from whom all the inhabitants of Killarney are of course descended—claimed the title of king of Lough Leane, Mukross, and Aghadoe; the two latter being centres of the culture of the Middle Ages. They were a war-like race; between 1024 and 1238, according to the *Annals of Innisfallen*, nineteen princes of this name out of twenty who held

the title perished by a violent death; one of them in particular, Jeoffrey, handed over by the treachery of one of his foresters to his enemy Finin McDonnell Gud, was burned alive in the house where he was surprised with his brother, his three sons and his wife. The old Irish chronicles are full of pretty stories of this kind—belonging to the Golden Age of Ireland.

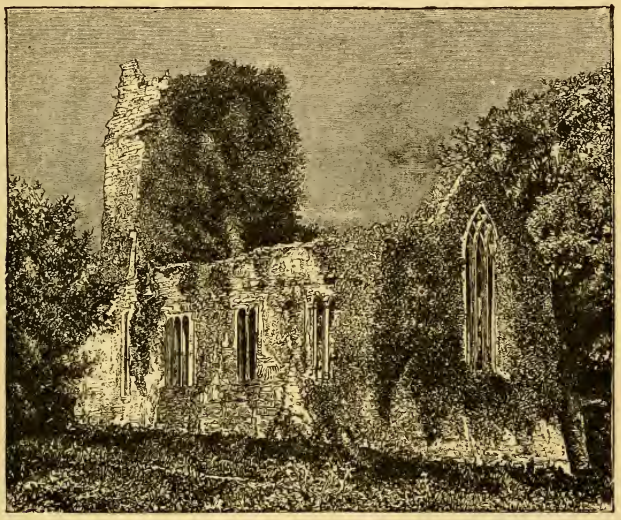
As a result of the chronic feud between landlord and tenant the sumptuous castle, in red sandstone, built by Lord Kenmare on the northern shore of the lake, remains uninhabited for three-quarters of the year. The absenteeism of the great proprietors is one of the grievances, of which capital is made most freely by the national party; but it is only fair to say that life is not made pleasant for a proprietor on his own domains. Besides, when his castle was finished, Lord Kenmare found that his revenues, reduced by the general strike against rents, did not enable him to maintain his rank, and he accordingly had to close the house. They reproach the Irish landlords with draining the country of money, which they spend abroad, and when one of them spends six times his revenue upon the estate they abuse him for his prodigality. Lord Kenmare, however, does sometimes come to Killarney, where, thanks to the improved condition of the country, he can shoot grouse in peace. The island, or rather the peninsula of Ross, forms part of the park which he generously opens to the public. There are eighty acres of plantations, with thickets where you may lose yourself, and clumps of azaleas and rhododendrons grown into trees, lawns covered with asphodel, and little coves on the beach offering splendid views of the lake. The woods that cover the opposite shore belong to the domains of Mukross, which extend to the south. Less hospitable than his neighbour, Captain Herbert demands payment for permission to enter his grounds.

At first, one is angry at having to pay his shillings to a man who owns 50,000 acres, but is mollified on learning that the proceeds are entirely devoted to the maintenance of the pleasure grounds and buildings, and becomes positively sympathetic on being informed that the proprietor of this charming place is in America, trying to repair his fallen fortunes. Difficulties began with his father, who, forty years ago, entertained Queen Victoria. He did it upon a grand scale, but his resources were crippled; and the tenants paying nothing, we see how an Irish landlord may be reduced to beggary with an estate as large as a German Principality.

Mukross possesses a ruined Franciscan abbey founded in 1240. The chapel remains, with a tower at the junction of nave and transept resting upon four gothic arches, which belong to the fourteenth century. There is a well-preserved cloister of twenty-two arches, ten Roman and twelve gothic. In the middle stands a yew, measuring nearly five yards in circumference which covers the whole cloister like a roof. Whoever takes a twig from this venerable tree is bound to die within the year. Like every self-respecting abbey, Mukross has its ghosts and its mystery. In the middle of last century a stranger in the prime of life, with white hands and haughty mien, arrived one day with no other luggage than a pilgrim's staff, and took up his abode in the great fire-place of the refectory, where for ten years he slept upon straw: he called himself John Drake. Though asking nothing, he accepted alms, bought potatoes and fish, grew a few vegetables in a corner of the cemetery, and sometimes gave a half-penny to the poor. One day he vanished as he came. Some years later a lady, speaking with a foreign accent, arrived at Mukross with two servants who could not speak English. She asked many questions about the

hermit, passed some weeks in praying and weeping upon his stony couch, then, after distributing alms, went away never to return. Surely our sentimental novelist could make something of that!

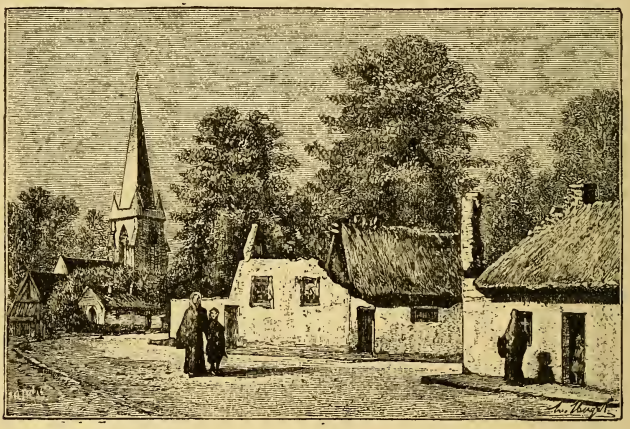
Killarney had a period of prosperity when charcoal smelting was carried on in the vicinity, but iron and fuel have both been exhausted. Although the



Mukross Abbey.

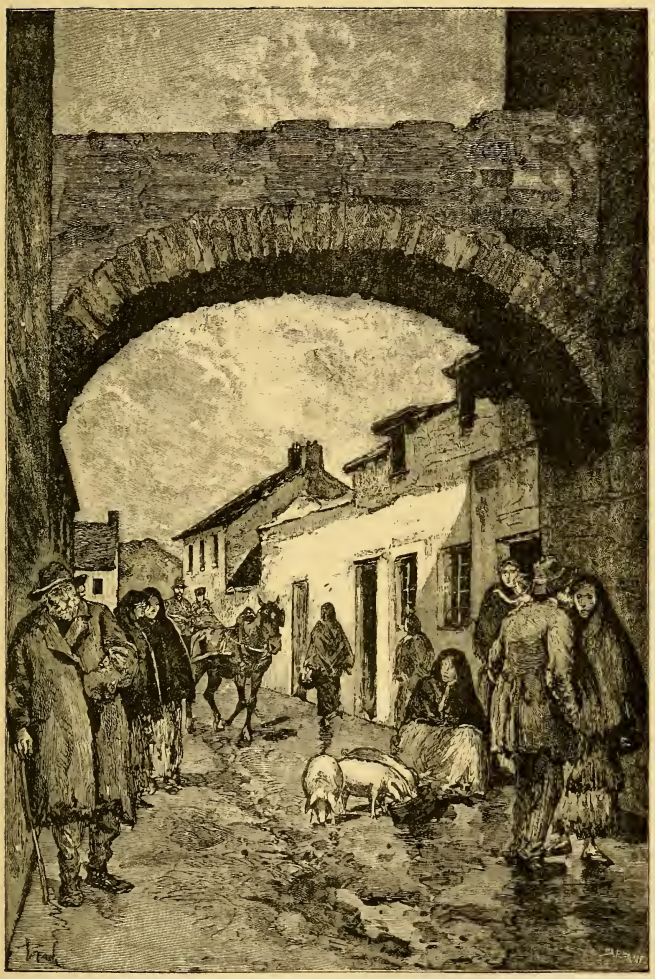
residence of the Bishop of Kerry, it is nothing more than a big village, inhabited almost exclusively by poor people, whose numbers decrease steadily in spite of a high birth-rate. It forms part of the Kenmare estate, and was entirely rebuilt a hundred years ago by the lord of the soil. He was careful to leave garden-space behind each house, but a prohibitive clause having been omitted from the leases, the

tenants hastened to sub-let, and to fill the gardens with hovels for their relatives and descendants. Landlords fight in vain against this mischievous subdivision of holdings. A classical case is that of a farm of Lord Palmerston's, containing 200 acres, and let to a single tenant, upon which were installed at the expiration of the lease 150 starving families. This practice, aided by dirt and laziness, speedily transforms the neatest village into a rookery. This is



A street in Killarney.

what has happened at Killarney. The bank and the post-office are the only decent buildings in the squalid and filthy streets. There are two large convents, one of which is the boarding-school for all the girls of the county. Killarney can boast, in addition, a modern gothic cathedral with an episcopal palace, and a large seminary attached. On the shore of the lake are two or three good hotels, which exist in virtue of the scenery. During the season tourists lend a a little animation to the place; but none of the

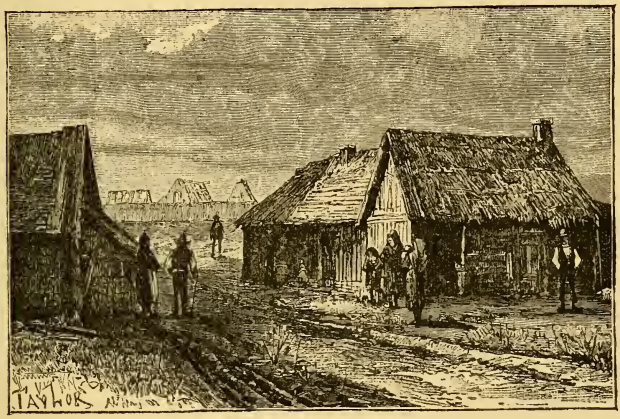


A corner in Killarney.

natives seem to work except the car-drivers and boatmen. The rest of the population lounge, the men smoking with their hands in their pockets, or the holes that replace them, the women carrying babies and showing bare legs beneath woollen skirts often red and always dirty. The police put down begging, and the shops are full of people bent on gossip rather than business.

When after a walk by the lake or among the hills you examine the agricultural environs of Killarney, the glamour quickly vanishes. By the wayside is a cabin, built of stones without mortar, and thatched with turf. The door is wide open day and night, because there is no window and nothing to steal; a small peat-fire burns under a conical opening in the roof, which does not prevent the atmosphere from being dense with smoke; for floor, there is nothing but trodden earth; a bench, a broken chair, a bed of moss and rushes, half-a-dozen pots and pans, and a few unrecognizable wrecks of garments hung on the walls, make up the furniture. This den is the dwelling of an old woman, who receives you with pious ejaculations and effusive blessings, delivered with great volubility and in a strong brogue. She is a widow, and how she lives is a mystery; but we are assured that she does very well in the tourist season, and her expenses cannot be great in the matter either of food or dress. Pursuing our melancholy way, we arrive in the open country, and are struck with the fact that half the houses are apparently in ruins. We are looking upon evicted farms, and they are barricaded or demolished to prevent the inmates from returning as soon as the police have gone. All around, the uncultivated soil is covered with thistles and weeds, to the extent of many square miles. We are on the land of Lord Kenmare, desolated by the agrarian war which the Land League encourages and maintains with all its might.

It is the same upon the neighbouring lands of Mukross, and still the same upon the estate of Lord Lansdowne; that is to say, over two-thirds of the county. The smaller proprietors are in no better case than the large ones. The more energetic part of the population has emigrated; many have gone to the towns to swell the ranks of poverty, and some remain as a Land League garrison. By the side of the ruined farms stand groups of the huts erected by the League



Land League huts.

for the accommodation of evicted tenants. The chief difficulty is to find sites, but there are frequently common lands available, or deserted roads. These wooden barracks are relatively comfortable, the outer walls being covered with felt or rush mats, and the interior decorated with pious images, caricatures of Mr. Balfour, and portraits of the Nationalist leaders—Mr. Gladstone holding the place of honour—cut out of popular journals. It is said that the evicted tenants make a better living out of the contributions of

the League than they did by honest labour. Their cattle are in suspiciously good condition, but as they are never housed by day or night their owners naturally cannot hinder them from straying upon the meadows of the absent landlord; and though the police are not far off, they have plenty to do without running after cows. These evicted tenants laugh till the tears run down their cheeks at the tricks they play upon the landlords and the authorities. They make a living which, though poor enough, costs them no labour, and they complacently watch the thistles overspreading the fields, and the land going back to waste, so long as they can read the papers, attend meetings, and anticipate the time when they shall return to the houses now slowly falling into ruin.

Ordinary evictions are commonplace affairs, but those which are carried out at the price of a regular battle are worth going to see. The whole apparatus of the law is brought into play—police, infantry, and cavalry. Barricading themselves in their houses, the inhabitants launch from the windows stones, broken pots, hot oil, and boiling water. To break in the doors a sort of battering-ram is employed, the walls are demolished stone by stone, men, women and children are dragged forth by main force, the movables are turned out, the doors and windows closed with planks, and sometimes the roof itself taken off to render the tenement uninhabitable. All this goes on amid the execrations of a yelling crowd, which an agitator or the priest of the parish inflames with well understood exhortations to abstain from violence. Nothing can be more distressing than these scenes, though my pity cannot be entirely withheld from the officers and soldiers, who frequently suffer severely in the discharge of their unpleasant duty. It is related that Lord Kenmare once found himself by accident present at an eviction of this kind. Seizing a hatchet which

An eviction.

lay among the miserable furniture on the road-side, he knocked away the planks with which they had closed the doorway, gave the evicted family a handful of money, and told them to re-enter. It was a natural movement of compassion; but after all he cannot allow hundreds of such families to appropriate his land without payment. It may be asked why these unfortunates allow things to proceed to such extremities? They had some excuse in the old days, when the mad competition for land forced rents up to an impossible figure; but these rents have been reduced again and again by legislation, which has placed the Irish tenant in a better position than any other in the world. But the old grudges remain, and are sedulously fostered by the League for political purposes, while the peasants cherish the ineradicable belief that the soil is theirs and not the landlords.

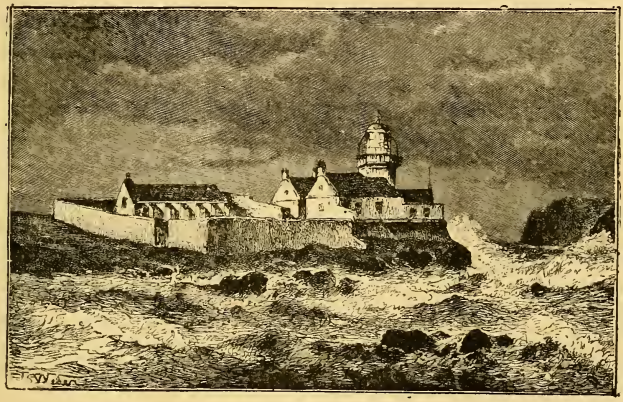
This excursion into the country is instructive, perhaps, but certainly not exhilarating. At every step one awakens some tragic memory. Here, on the highway, a land-grabber was beaten to death on his way home from mass; there, a bailiff was shot from behind the hedge; his son is proscribed and guarded by police to save him, if possible, from the same fate. The old peasant who accompanied me related such things with all possible serenity, as if nothing could be more natural and proper. In exchange for his explanations he asked me many questions about my country, and compelled me to enter into circumstantial details about vineyards and wine-making. France, "beautiful France," as they say here, is for them Eden, El Dorado, Arcady—the blessed land where there are neither landlords, nor policemen, nor bailiffs; where none pays rent, and taxes are a bagatelle. Why undeceive them? My guide has been evicted several times, but has recently entered into possession of his old farm. I was shown the deserted hut, where

he lived for two years with his family and that of a neighbour—in all, seventeen persons, besides several pigs. It is in a marshy bottom, a wretched barrack made of gaping planks covered with reeds, and about fifteen feet by ten. Night fell as I regained Kilkenny, and a great sadness fell upon me when I thought of so much suffering. But in Ireland one has no time to be sorry, there are so many amusing things to distract one's attention. That very evening I made the acquaintance of a local genius, Daniel McSweeney, a draper by trade, and a poet by profession. He is no common man, but has much of the natural distinction which is often found here even among the lowest classes, and seems to justify the claim of all good Irishmen to be descended from kings. With his soft musical voice, his polished manners, and his poetical diction, Daniel McSweeney might hold his own anywhere. Like most of his class, he has the defect of speaking rather too much about himself, but with a candour and simplicity that disarm criticism. He thinks himself a physiognomist, and says that a very small chink suffices to enable him to see into a soul. He boasts of having the French *esprit*, and he might indeed be compared to the Gascons with their high-flown language and lively imagination. Fond of music, he has taught himself the violin and the flute. I had no opportunity to test his execution, but his musical ideas, though narrow, are not unsound. He hates the itinerant Germans, who infest Ireland as well as England, because they do not understand rhythm, which is essential to music. All very good: but I am sorry to have to add that waltzes, galops, and jigs, with the old Irish ballads, constitute his repertory. When Sara Bernhardt was in Dublin she saw a portrait of the bard, and thought his head striking. He is immensely proud of the verdict, and cuts out of the papers everything relating to its

author, to whom he charged me to carry his compliments.

One might pass weeks on the savage and lonely coast of the bay of Dingle, with its curious legends and sanguinary histories. In a rocky chasm, open only to the sea, is found one of the most curious monuments in Ireland of the prehistoric age. The Staigue-an-ar, staircase of massacre, is an amphitheatre of stone steps, the circumference of which is divided into ten sections, like a Roman circus. It is encircled by a ditch eight yards broad by two deep. A place of human sacrifice, no doubt; the site is certainly appropriate to such lugubrious rites. In the vicinity are found innumerable monuments that would rejoice an antiquary; primitive tumuli, Druidical cromlechs, oratories and cells of anchorites, built beehive-shape of stones, so exactly fitted, that fourteen centuries have failed to displace them. In the creek of Gallerus is a stone, bearing an inscription that dates from the early days of Christianity. Not far off, at Kilmakedar, upon a large flat stone, is engraven the complete alphabet of the sixth century. The church and the ruined cells, beside which this curious monument is found in an ancient cemetery, seem to indicate the site of a considerable monastic establishment. To-day nothing breaks the silence of this desolate shore but the shrill cries of the seagulls. Natural curiosities are also abundant. From Cape Sybil to Brandon Point, a distance of ten miles, extends one of those formidable ramparts of granite, rising perpendicularly out of the sea, which protect Ireland from the fury of the Atlantic. Its average height is 300 yards, but in one place it rises to 1000. It was upon this and similar precipices that the invincible Armada was dashed to pieces. In the opposite direction to the south of the bay is the island of Valentia, well-known by the part it plays in

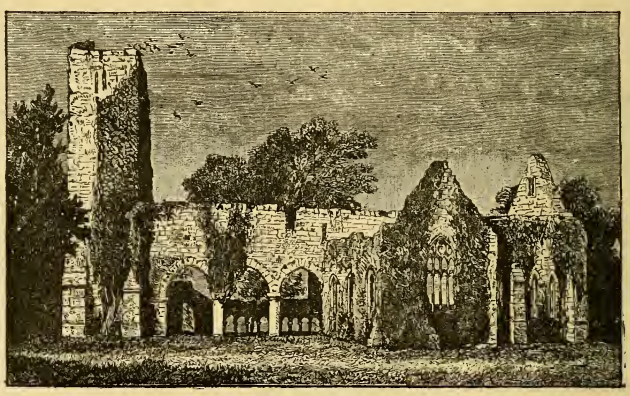
the weather reports. It is one of the wettest places in the country, but that does not exclude a high average temperature, frost and snow being hardly known. Valentia is reached by a ferry-boat from Cahirciveen, a poor and melancholy little town, which has the glory of being the birth-place of Dan O'Connell. A dozen miles off, at Derrynane, is the family seat, situated upon a crag, so steep that the house cannot be reached by carriages.



Island of Valentia.

Valentia possesses, besides, a decent inn and some fishing cottages, a lighthouse, situated beside the ruins of a Cromwellian fort, and the station of the Atlantic cable. Slate quarries give occupation to the inhabitants. The slates are of great size, and are much sought after in England for dairies, fishmongers' shops, and billiard tables. The island belongs to the Knight of Kerry, and the capital is called Knightstown. Dingle Bay ought not to be left before paying a visit to the Skelligs, two rocks of pyramidal form,

fifteen miles out at sea. The smaller one, of red marble, polished by the waves, is a breeding-ground for various species of sea-fowl. The larger, which rises more than 200 yards above the sea, is divided into two unequal peaks, between which the four houses, inhabited by the keepers of the two lighthouses, seek shelter from the fury of wind and waves. They lead a strange existence on this rock, which has to be provisioned for several months, owing to the extreme



Ardfert Abbey.

uncertainty of communication. A few daring tourists visit the island, at the risk of being compelled to stay there for weeks; but most people are content with the view from the coast.

Columbus has too long enjoyed the credit of discovering America. The real discoverer was Brandon, an Irish saint, who visited the new world in the sixth century. Tradition says so: and if tradition is not to be believed in Ireland there is an end to everything. On his return, the intrepid voyager consecrated himself to the service of God, and built

at Ardfert, near Tralee, a monastery, of which considerable ruins remain. The lower portions are said to be of great antiquity; the upper are, as usual in Ireland, a mixture of eleventh-century Roman and poor Gothic. The cathedral of Saint Brandon is converted in the usual way into a graveyard, where rest no fewer than ten bishops, whose effigies are still to be seen on the headstones. Built on a sterile plateau, it is said to communicate by underground passages with the ruins of the abbey, now enclosed in private grounds some 500 yards away. It is delightful to have under one's window, amid thick shrubberies and flowery lawns, a fine ruin with a high square tower and ivied cloisters. An instructive light is thrown upon Irish manners by the spiral staircase and iron door that convert the tower into a place of refuge. Similar precautions were taken in 1848 to provide an escape for every isolated Protestant family from the Fenian fury. When we reflect how this sort of thing has gone on from age to age, we cease to wonder that Ireland is a mass of ruins.

CHAPTER VI.

LIMERICK AND THE COAST OF CLARE.

Cuimn-nigidh ar Luimneach agus ar fheil na Sacsannach—"Remember Limerick and Saxon treachery!" This was the war-cry of the Irish brigade, celebrated in French military annals and records, when fighting against the British troops. The violation of the Treaty of Limerick is an indelible blot on the memory of William of Orange, and one wonders whether it is owing to candour or cynicism—unless, indeed, it be to a feeling of repentance—that the stone on which it was signed is proudly placed on the top of a pedestal, at the head of the bridge of Thomond, as if to commemorate the perjury. Every one knows that the defeat at the Boyne and the flight of James II. did not end the struggle between the Irish Catholics and the Defender of the Protestant faith. For a whole year afterwards the Jacobites kept the field in the western counties. The French brigadier Boisselot defended the town of Limerick, which Lauzun and Tyrconnel had declared to be untenable; and a bold stroke of Colonel Patrick Sarsfield resulted in the total destruction of the artillery of King William, whereupon the latter was compelled to raise the siege, and shortly afterwards quitted Ireland. The following year, 7000 Irishmen fell on the field of battle at Aughrim, and among them their chief, the Marquis of Saint Ruth; the survivors took refuge in Galway. Baron Ginkel

offered honourable conditions to the town, and the garrison, with General d'Usson, retired to Limerick. A strange war, in which Dutchmen commanded the English army, which was partly composed of French Huguenots, whilst the Irish forces were led by officers of the King of France. The fight was hopeless, and Tyrconnel entered into negotiations which a fatal stroke of apoplexy prevented him from bringing to a satisfactory conclusion, so that the duty of delivering over to the lieutenants of the usurper the last Jacobite citadel fell to the brave Sarsfield. He proposed, as conditions of the capitulation, equality of civil rights for Catholics and liberty for the exercise of their religion. The first point was passed over in an equivocal way; the second was granted. Five years later, penal laws, of odious memory, were enacted, which enforced the most cruel religious tyranny that in modern times has ever weighed a nation down. Let us be just; they were almost contemporaneous with the *dragonnades!*

It was after the capitulation of Limerick that 1800 Irishmen took arms in France, under their intrepid chief Sarsfield, made Earl of Lucan by James II. Other names than his have gained glory under the banner of the Fleur-de-lis: Viscounts Clare and Mount Cashel, an O'Brien and a MacCarthy, Dillon, Lacy, Lee, Bourke, Comerford, Nugent, Galway, Fitz-Gerald and Fitz-James, O'Donnell, O'Connor, O'Carroll, O'Kelly, O'Mahony, O'Neill, MacDonnell and MacMahon, besides others, many of whom have remained French. Persecuted Ireland has also given citizens to Austria: the Hamiltons, Wallaces, O'Dwyers, Taaffes, Browns—one of the latter became marshal; to Russia, Field-Marshal Lacy; to Sardinia, a Roche, Viscount Fermoy, chief of the Piedmontese family of the Counts de la Roche, whose name is often wrongly supposed to be Savoyard.

Forty years previously Limerick had sustained a much more cruel siege at the hands of the Parliamentary General Ireton, Cromwell's son-in-law. Famine reigned in the town, and the inhabitants were reduced to skeletons; they no longer had strength to bury their dead, hence a pestilence broke out; the place was surrendered by treachery. Twenty-four chiefs, excluded from the terms of capitulation, were put to the sword, but the Governor O'Neill had his life spared on account of the heroism of his defence—rare magnanimity! which did not prevent Puritan soldiers from suffocating Catholic prisoners in the cellars like vermin. It must be said, that only ten years before, Limerick was the theatre of a general massacre of the Protestants. Before his death, the Bishop of Emly solemnly cursed Ireton, who a few days later succumbed to the epidemic.

"Limerick is without a rival in the regularity of the streets and sameness of the houses," says a little guide-book found in the hotels. This is exaggerated; but so far true that this new part of the town, called Newtown-Perry, from the name of a rich citizen who built it at the end of last century, is devoid of all interest. Large streets straight and broad, geometrical, dusty and dirty, lined with buildings of no architectural merit; private houses, banks and shops, among which, as everywhere about here, shoe-makers predominate—a funny thing in a country where three-fourths of the population go barefoot—tobacconists and public-houses; hardly any carriages, a few passers-by in no hurry, and numberless idlers of both sexes in rags, the men with a pipe in their mouth, the women, too, sometimes, and with a child in their arms, watching the rain fall, the sun shine, and the time fly—it is the picture of profound stagnation, moral and material. There is, however, a certain amount of trade in this town of 30,000 souls, which

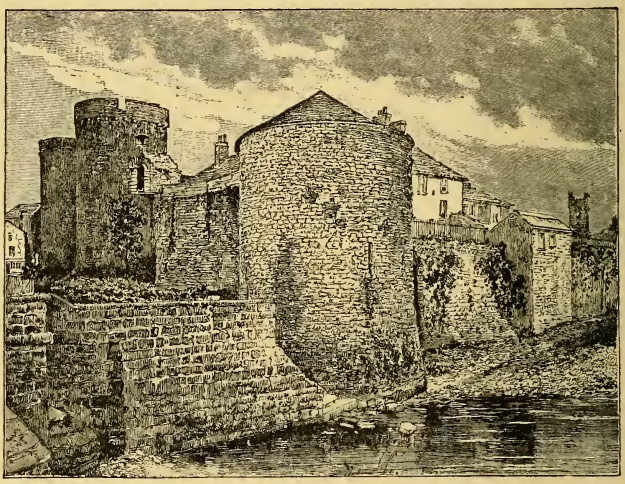
might be a magnificent port if there were ships to navigate the lazy waters of the Shannon.

Books tell one of considerable dealings in corn, and large bakeries which supply half the county with bread. Limerick is, above all, an immense slaughter-house for pigs, 35,000 of these innocent creatures being annually killed there, and transformed into bacon and hams of first-rate quality. The Irish are quite justified in complaining of their Saxon masters; nothing but the York ham has ever interfered with the well-deserved reputation of the Limerick ham. On the other hand, one hears of Limerick gloves, which are made at Cork, and, moreover, once put on the market, receive the name of "French gloves." Nor must I forget the lace—fine guipure and silk point lace, like the Venetian—of which the convents of Limerick make a speciality. The town being equally celebrated for its pretty girls, there is a traditional *jeu de mots* on *The Limerick laces and the Limerick lasses.*

If from the "English town" one crosses to the "Irish town," on the other side of the river, there is a change of scene; but not for the better. It is the ancient *ghetto,* to which King John Lackland relegated the natives, and it has remained ever since the poor quarter of the town. One wanders there in the midst of ruins—ancient and modern—without style, covered with dirt and vermin; squalid houses of faded red bricks built into pieces of old black walls, which, notwithstanding their great age, are in a less crumbling condition than the hovels they support; and at intervals one gets glimpses of the East in the side streets, with their low house fronts roughly daubed over with fresh whitewash. The children of Erin pride themselves on being descended from the fishermen of Tyre and Sidon. It is to be regretted that while traces of their Tyrian origin are to be seen in their

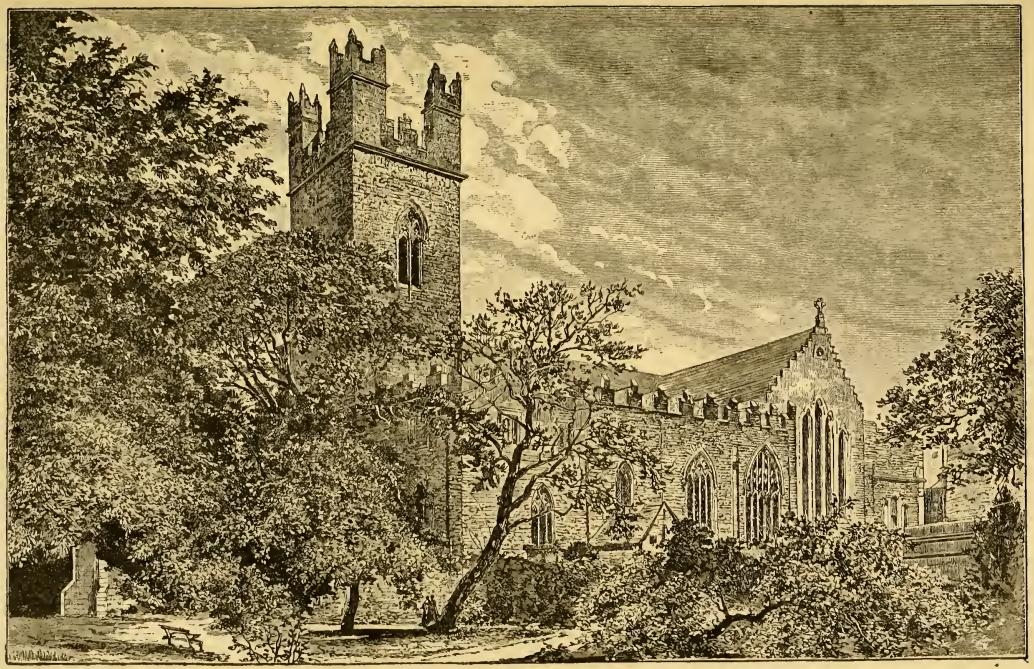
temperament, they should have lost the industry and the commercial instinct which made their ancestors prosperous.

If war were only fatal to men, humanity could deplore their loss at its leisure, and there would be consolation for the antiquary, for men can easily be replaced. Unfortunately, wars are also very destructive



King John's Castle.

to monuments. When Limerick was dismantled in 1760 the old walls had seventeen fortified gates, and the ramparts, of which there are a few fragments left standing, attained in some places a thickness of thirty-six feet; nothing remains but the site of the "Black Battery," obstinately held by women of the town against the Orange troops. A modern construction now replaces the old and vanished bridge of Thomond, which joined the counties of Limerick and



St. Mary's Cathedral, Limerick.

Clare, and which only a few years ago was so much admired by travellers for its picturesque beauty. King John's castle happily was built in a way to defy the violence of the time, ravages by fire, and cannon balls. Its five large round towers, grim and heavy, bear marks of projectiles, which have merely grazed the outside. The picturesque effect is very much spoilt by the modern barracks, which are daubed over with a yellow wash, and project beyond the massive outline; but the "red-coats" form a bright contrast to these black walls. Not far from the castle is seen the high battlemented tower of the Cathedral of Saint Mary. It dates from the time of the Anglo-Norman conquest, and was built by Donald Mor O'Brien on the site of his palace—"desirous of rendering to God the best of what he had received from Him." Shortly after, the invaders despoiled him of the site of his property. Saint Mary's bells have their legend. They were cast in Italy by a founder, who was so much in love with his work, that he took lodging under the walls of the convent that contained them that he might hear them ringing. One day they were stolen. The inconsolable artist set out to seek his bells, and wandered all over Europe for many years. Fate led him to an Irish port. Hardly had he landed before a joyous peal echoed through the evening mist; his face lit up with a smile, and he stretched out his arms towards his dearly loved daughters; but the emotion was too great for him, and he fell dead on the ground. His tomb is among the ancient monuments with which the cathedral is paved. A story, of a different order, is connected with the belfry of Saint Mary. During the first siege in 1690, a cannon that was hoisted on to the top, and worked by the best gunners in the town, made great havoc in the army of the Orangemen. King William barely escaped being hit by one of these projectiles; and the besiegers aimed their

fire at the church, until the gun was silenced. It suffered a good deal from this; but it has been carefully restored, and is in perfect condition. As usual, the Episcopal Church took for itself the finest religious edifice in Limerick, while those dedicated to the national religion are of recent construction, notably the Catholic Cathedral of Saint John.

The monastic establishments are numerous and prosperous; among others, the convents of the Sacred Heart and of the Good Shepherd, the houses of the Jesuits, and the brothers of the Christian Doctrine. Here, as elsewhere in Ireland, they are very devout, and it is only by keeping apart from each other that the different religions can get on peaceably together. The double poison of political hatred and religious dislike ruins all sociability—in a country where the people are the most amiable of any in the world. Needless to add, neither social nor business relations are easy here: it is necessary to maintain an attitude of strict reserve, and avoid giving offence, while still holding your own opinions. Strangers benefit by it; nothing can equal the kindness and cordiality of Irish hospitality.

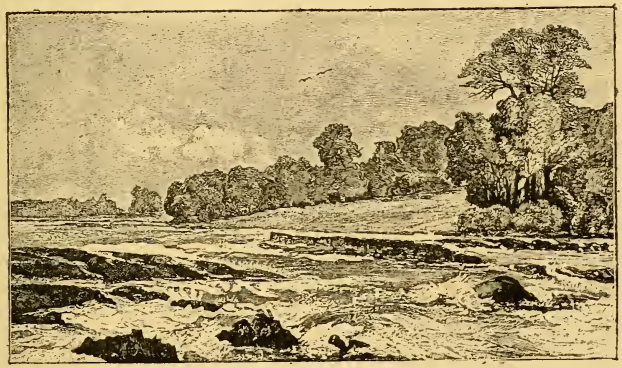
"The city of the blue river" has the peculiarity that you have to search for the water, for the fine quarter of the town persistently turns its back on it. Every one knows that story of Flaubert, who, from among those outlandish names that take possession of the imagination, was altogether haunted by that of Benares. It was his mania to see Benares, and then die; he only performed the second half of the programme. More fortunate than he, I have lived long enough to satisfy the absurd fancy which possessed me from the time I first learnt geography—to wander on the banks of the Shannon and sail on its blue waters. Pardon! the Shannon is not blue, whatever poets may say about it; it is simply less

black than other Irish rivers, more nearly grey, very clear grey, shaded with the reflected green of the meadows, and rarely troubled by the passing of a boat. The country people say that salmon are to be seen leaping in the stream. I have only seen numerous herons, perched, on their tall legs, along the rocky shore, watching their prey, patient and solemn. The country has a happy and peaceful look, with this broad river flowing slowly along, between rich pasture-lands, with groups of trees undulating as far as the chain of low wooded hills, behind which appear the mountains of Clare through a light silver mist. Nine miles from Limerick the bed of the Shannon bristles with rocks, piled one on the top of the other, which for nearly a quarter of a mile break the current and form the rapids of Doonass, of which the Irish are not a little proud, though their heated imagination has not yet discovered in them the rival of Niagara.

The County of Limerick is one of the most fertile in the island, particularly in pasturage, which constitutes the only true wealth of the country. There is less misery there than in many other parts, but that does not prevent the "plan of campaign" from being carried on with vigour. The big landlords in the vicinity of the town are the Marquis of Lansdowne, who is a non-resident, Lady Fitz-Gibbon, and Lord Dunraven. The last earl of this name was a learned antiquary, whose fine work on national architecture is an authority. He has done wonders with his property at Adare, which is a thriving little village picturesquely placed on a tributary of the Shannon, peopled in the last century by a colony of Protestant emigrants from the Palatinate, who have remained German in type and character. Besides the fine modern castle, in Tudor style, the property contains the admirably-restored ruins, a portion of which is devoted to the use of the Catholic religion, of the Black Abbey, which was founded

in the thirteenth century by the first Earl of Kildare, and dedicated to the Holy Trinity; its revenues were devoted to the ransom of captives from the hands of the Moors. The White Abbey, which dates from the fourteenth century, was turned into a Protestant Episcopal Church; the Earls of Dunraven are buried there.

According to the people of Limerick, one ought to go up the Shannon as far as the holy town of Killaloe, celebrated in the ecclesiastical history of the Middle



Doonass Rapids.

Ages, of which there remains a cathedral and several very ancient buildings, notably, in a little wooded island, the oratory of St. Molua, grandson of King Cocha Bailderg. One may catch salmon and eels in the red lake, made by a sudden broadening of the river, twenty-three miles long, and from two to three wide, in the midst of the beautiful mountains of Arragh and Bernagh; or visit the site of Rincorra Castle, ancient residence of the ard-reighs, of whose magnificence bards have sung, and of which nothing now is

left but the large grass-grown entrenchments. In Inis Cealtra, the holy isle, are to be seen the ruins of the seven churches of St. Camin, which date from the seventh century, together with a round tower and a cemetery, whose very ancient tombs rejoice the heart of the decipherer of Celtic inscriptions.

If wearied of seeing ruined abbeys, the tourist may stop at Portumna and visit the property of the Marquis of Clanricarde, celebrated in Ireland for the fury with which the strife between landlord and tenants has been carried on. The property consists of 52,900 acres, of which the rental is valued at 20,000*l.* sterling, being eight shillings an acre. More heather grows there than corn. Lord Clanricarde is said to have never appeared on his property except on the day of his father's funeral, and administers it from a distance with a vigour that makes him the bug-bear of Ireland; he also keeps magistrates and police well employed, without mentioning his agents who are shot at at corners of the woods, and the horrors of evictions on one side and boycotting on the other. Higher up the river are to be found the ruins of the Castle of Garry, where died, not a hundred years ago, the last of the Thanists, a MacCoghlan, still proprietor of a large part of the district, of which, from time immemorial, his ancestors had been the chiefs. Contemptuous of modern customs, and caring nothing about laws, he governed his clan according to the Brehon manner, receiving his rents part in kind, part in money, collecting tithes and rights of mortmain, having no written contracts with his tenants, who held the land at will, and settling points of law with a cudgel. It appears they liked these primitive manners and summary proceedings, for his memory is held in veneration in the county. However, we would not be turned from our plan, which, instead of going up the Shannon, consisted in descending it from Limerick as

far as its mouth. So, towards this end, one grey rainy morning we took our passage on board a steamer, which, without hurrying, did the journey in a few hours. Here the river divides the counties of Limerick and Clare. Its banks are not very picturesque, and its beauty consists in its great breadth. At its confluence with the Tergus and the Dale it is fairly entitled to the name of lake—one might call it a vast inland sea. Lighthouses and watch-towers indicate the channel, and on its banks are beautiful places and old ruins.

Carrig-o-Gunnell, dismantled by William of Orange, is haunted by the ghost of an heiress of Adare. "Gentle creature, who harms no one," says the front passenger, who is explaining the country to us in all its details. In Ireland most of the legends are pleasing, and the ghosts inoffensive; it is rarely that even *banshees* and pixies amuse themselves by tormenting people. Askeaton is "the cascade of a hundred fires," where, in former days, the heathen sacrificed to and worshipped the sun. Another passenger shrugs his shoulders at this explanation of my amateur guide, and tells me that *Eas-Gephtine* simply means the Cascade of Gephtine, from the name of a small waterfall close by. Apropos of the neighbouring Castle of Shannid, my other travelling companion put me through a very interesting, though rather stodgy, course of ancient Celtic fortifications.

In the precincts of this old stronghold of the Desmonds is a *rath*, in a very good state of preservation. Mud forts are called by this name, surrounded by very deep ditches, under which are wooden galleries, which branch out in every direction like those in our mines, and which were used alike as casemates, stores, and warehouses for valuable objects. It is remarkable that modern fortification has returned to the ideas of primitive times—to

earth-works and entrenched camps. The *Cashels* were of the same shape as the *raths*, but were of stone. The Normans brought feudal architecture into Ireland. As for the palaces of the Celtic princes, everything leads one to believe they were made of wood.

We landed at Kilrush, on the Clare shore, a small fishing and trading port, whence one sees the Shannon, broad, majestic, peaceful and deserted, lose itself in the ocean. A car was in waiting to take us to our halting-place, nine miles across a marshy country, marked with turf cuttings, peopled by crows, herons and frogs, with a few smoky hovels at long intervals. The vegetation consisted of tufts of rushes, furze-bushes, and an abundance of those violet and yellow wild flowers which here give a little cheerfulness to barren and uncultivated parts. Soon the sight of ruins, with which this melancholy desert is strewn, shows us that once more we are in the presence of "the Irish difficulty," as it is called in English politics: we are on the Vandeleur property, whence people have recently been "evicted" *en masse*. By the roadside is a house turned inside out, the thatched roof all staved in, which has undergone one of those regular sieges which I have already described. In an outhouse, in a state of indifferent repair, a whole family live, in company with the pigs and the geese. These are the evicted tenants who have been allowed to go in as "caretakers," not only because the others are tired of war, but also because, even with the law on their side, human beings cannot be allowed to rot in a ditch. Caretakers of what? As long as no arrangement can be come to with regard to the rent they have nothing to cultivate but two acres of potatoes—except the rushes that, twisted, dried or cut up, are used for roofing, litter and food for the cows. The traveller in Ireland must harden his heart, or else he would suffer

too much at these spectacles of misery and desolation.

The County of Clare is a peninsula, bounded on the north by the Bay of Galway, and on the south by the estuary of the Shannon. The furthest promontory is made by a huge rocky tongue, which overhangs the sea for a length of twenty miles, and goes on narrowing as far as Cape Loop Head; this coast is one of the most beautiful in a country rich in fine coast-scenery. The little bathing-place of Kilkee, situated close to the place where this promontory begins to dip boldly into the sea, might be named "the Biarritz of Ireland," though certainly not from the point of view of luxury; which is not regretted by tourists, who are glad to escape the vulgarity of the casinos, the American hotels, and the pretentious villas, which spoil so many pretty seaside places. Indeed, there is nothing more primitive than this little village, built on the side of a naked cliff, hollowed out by a semi-circular bay with sparkling sand, and facing the broad Atlantic. Its amphitheatre of low, whitewashed houses gives it the look of an Arab village under a blue sky and bright sun—which is occasionally seen in Ireland, whatever unkind people may say to the contrary. The population of Kilkee exists a little by fishing and a great deal by the bathers. Like every other place, it is given up to pleasant indolence: at seven in the morning there is no trace of life in the one street, which follows the scarped side of the rock; donkey boys, astride on their donkeys, move about leisurely, groups of boatmen on the beach wait for a customer while smoking their pipes and talking to the drivers, who, with their whips round their necks, lean idly against the wall of the terrace; tall and well-made women, with bare legs under their short frayed-out petticoats, baskets on their heads, which they cover with a corner of their

black shawl, sell their wares from door to door—gooseberries and plums so green it sets one's teeth on edge merely to look at them, little white mushrooms, big crabs, and chickens like pigeons. There are a few machines drawn up on the beach for the use of bathers. Men are forbidden to bathe after an hour so early that most prefer to go out some way along the coast, where they can enjoy themselves without infringing the regulations.

The inhabitants of Kilkee try hard to make tourists row along by the cliffs, saying that they cannot know what the celebrated coast of Clare is like if they only see it from the land. The boats they offer for these excursions are not calculated to inspire one with much confidence. They are the primitive coracles, of plaited willow-work covered with tarpaulin, which has taken the place of the cow-hide used by the ancient Celts; long, narrow, turned up in front like a gondola; they are so light that a man can easily carry them on his back, and when pulled up on shore and overturned, like large shell-fish, they have to be held down by stones lest the wind should carry them away. They behave well at sea, and are easy to manage, scudding over the waves like nutshells,—but they are of use only to those who have a brave heart and a sailor's stomach.

Eaten away for ages by the encroachments of the sea, these schistous cliffs are gradually disappearing, and geologists may foresee the time when this formidable barrier will give way under one supreme push, and the estuary of the Shannon, which it now shelters, will be invaded by the Atlantic. But it is not imminent. Meanwhile one can walk in safety on the tableland forming the crest, which descends in gentle undulations towards the side of the river, while towards the sea the rock falls precipitously. Neither tree nor bush—nothing but short grass, salted with

A coracle.

spray, and a little thick-leaved sedum, bright green, and slippery; at one's feet are huge clefts and formidable breaches, natural arches, crevices, passages, and caverns, where the swell of the rising sea sounds like thunder through the mist of clouds of foam. If one had strength to climb up as far as Loop Head, to the top of the cliff, one would meet with a fresh delight at each step; but it is impossible, and the carriage-way there across the plateau is not nearly so interesting. It is worth doing, however, merely for the view one gets of the lighthouse at the mouth of the Shannon, which at this extreme point is eleven miles broad. The Mountains of Kerry are to the south, and to the north, on the very horizon, wrapped in violet haze, are those of Connemara.

At a short distance from Kilkee is a wonderful amphitheatre, carved in the side of a rock, of successive terraces of white and black stones, polished like marble, and which might be the colossal stairs of some fantastic palace of the sea fairies. From above, it appears inaccessible, but it is as easy to descend as a staircase, and one can go as far down as the last stone slab, covered with pale seaweed, while always before one is the great Atlantic, whose violet waves, streaked with green, roll onwards to the shores of the New World.

If one is not very particular where he sleeps, travelling in Ireland is easy, for in the smallest hole one is always able to find a lodging; and from my long and often sad experience of Irish hotels I am convinced that one is best off in the inns of remote villages. In the big towns you arrive at the door of a huge caravansera of imposing appearance. You enter, and at first there is no one to receive you; however, as half dozen servants take possession of your luggage and umbrellas, you conclude that they do not mean to shut the door in your face. At last, a very smiling woman

appears ; when you have made her understand, not without some trouble, that you refuse absolutely to be all put into the same bedroom, you are shown to your different numbers, generally huge rooms, containing two or three beds, which you look at with some uneasiness, till assured that you exclusively will have the enjoyment of them. Besides, the beds make up for deficient furniture, for, excepting a chest of drawers, which can never be made to open, a dressing-

Amphitheatre of Kilkee.

table to each bed, and a couple of hard chairs, these vast rooms are bare. With this superabundance of beds the traveller, who is new to it, sees the advantage of being able to change if the first choice does not please him. It is useless. The English bed, whose bad reputation is fully justified, is a paradise by the side of an Irish bed. What the under-mattress is made of I have never been able to make out. One thing is certain—that it contains nothing even

approaching to elasticity. On this hard basis are one or two thin mattresses, very tightly stuffed with something that resembles peach stones; over this are two calico sheets, then a huge white woollen blanket, no bolster, a large pillow, hard and flat; lastly, covering the whole, is a cotton or crochet counterpane, so heavy that it requires the arms of a Hercules to carry it. You can understand what sort of sleep one gets in such a bed. As far as softness goes, it is like a billiard-table; if you move, the pillow, which has nothing to keep it in its place, falls on to the floor, and the bedclothes get out of place, so that you find yourself in the morning sleeping outside on the mattress; in fact, you are both suffocated by the fearful weight of the clothes, and frozen by the cold air which penetrates on every side of this always-open bed. As for cleanliness, one must not look too closely. Here, as in England, polished floors are unknown, and the boards are invariably covered with carpets whose equivocal colour I will leave to the imagination, and not for anything in the world would I walk on one with bare feet. The linen is fairly clean. There are never curtains to the beds, only, occasionally, to the windows; they are of white guipure or embroidered muslin, stiff with starch. The sash-windows, like those in England, rarely have shutters; if by chance there are any, it is better not to risk shutting them, for behind them will be found heaps of dust, plaster, and the dirt of ages, which the servants religiously respect. "It is not seen; why touch it? It serves curious people right"; and they will find just as much in the fireplaces, in the drawers, in the cupboards, and in dark corners.

If it is wise not to look behind things, it is equally prudent to avoid moving them. If, for example, you insist on pulling out a shutter which won't move, as is usually the case, you run a great risk of bringing the

whole thing down; and unless it is absolutely necessary, don't try and open your window: you will probably be obliged to call up the whole staff of the establishment to shut it again; without mentioning that if it is past ten at night you might as well ring your bell in the desert. In the second-class hotels, like those of Kilkee, there is no longer any question about cleanliness; they are decidedly dirty, to say nothing of towels in rags, and sheets with holes big enough to put your fist through. One peculiarity of this country is that they obstinately refuse to give you the *serviette* for dinner that you used at breakfast, which would be in better taste than giving you your neighbour's, or even that of the traveller who left the day before. In the same way, they give you a profusion of knives and forks, but never a clean table-cloth. Their manner of waiting is very pretentious, too. It was at this very place, Kilkee, that I remember a certain waiter, with huge red whiskers, whom we made wretched by our careless behaviour and complete want of dignity. If we helped ourselves to anything to drink he was miserable, and if we stretched out our hand to reach a plate off a table close by he rushed at it with an offended air, and looked on us as if we were not people of much account. Heaven knows the anxiety his bustling about caused us, for the antiquity of his black coat surpassed our most vivid imagination, and as for his trousers, they were rusty, threadbare, and frayed out, and seemed to be on the point of giving way: they curtailed our stay there—we fled before a certain catastrophe. But if you hurt the professional feelings of Irish servants by refusing services of which you have no need, you must not expect from them the punctual performance of those you ask for. Ten times you ask for your trunk to be corded. *All right!* they cheerfully answer; and the eleventh time . . . .

you do it yourself. It is most difficult to get them to awaken you at the hour you wish; more often you have to awaken the landlord to get your bill made out. You order your warm water at seven o'clock; at a quarter to eight no one has come, you ring and re-ring, a lazy step is heard in the passage; you call, and vehemently express your displeasure. "It does not matter," says the maid, good temperedly; "there is no bell." And when, in a fresh access of rage, you say, "Then one might die in this room without any means of making oneself heard?" your mouth is shut by the girl's sublime answer, "Oh! that has *never* happened!" You are obliged to laugh, your anger disappears, and you get into bed again, and wait there till the water is hot. You are fortunate if you have not to put up at a boycotted hotel, as happened to us at Miltown Malbay, another little seaside place, twelve miles north of Kilkee. The establishment belonged to a *distressed landlady*, that is to say, a landlady ruined by agricultural troubles. As the consequence of disputes with her tenants she was subjected to a strict quarantine, mingled with constant spite and worries, which occasionally degenerated into serious personal violence. She had the greatest trouble in getting servants; and those came from afar, and rarely showed outside the hotel. The few travellers were foreigners, like ourselves; and to fill her house, Mistress Moroni lodged her whole family in it. People from Limerick, rich and of good position, who were living a little distance off for change of air, came to see us at the *Atlantic*, but they would not leave their horses by the door for fear of compromising themselves. Our *table d'hôte* was supplied by their kindness with delicacies from Dublin, bread included, for no one in the country would furnish the excommunicated house with the smallest thing. But the day we left we had a per-

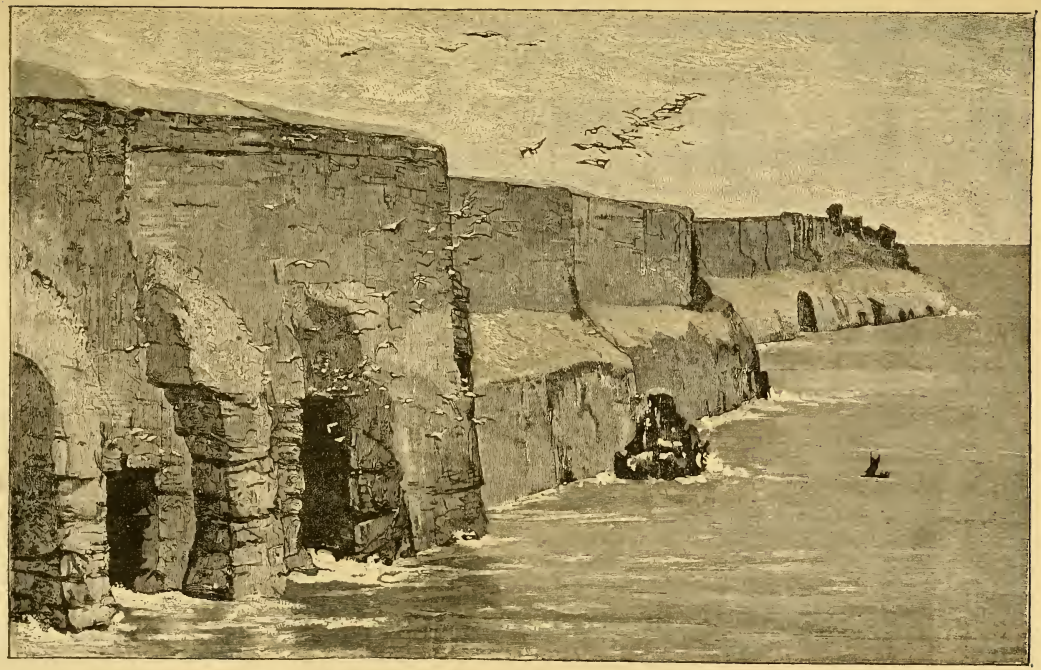
sonal experience by ricochet of boycotting. There was no driver, and, consequently no omnibus to take us to the station; and our luggage was put on a rickety cart, drawn by a broken-winded mule, harnessed with ropes, and driven by a youth who was almost an idiot. We followed behind, and had to walk like this for two miles, taking short cuts through the mud to avoid the village, and our unhappy conductor, perpetually looking about him as if he was afraid of falling into some ambush; needless to say, we arrived half an hour too late. Nor were we surprised, for, on leaving the hotel, flurried, angry, and breathless, begging them to hurry, lest we should miss the train, they said, with that everlasting good-humoured smile, "Oh! you have already missed it!" I much doubt if Mme. Moroni, who bravely defies popular dislike, will be able to hold her own for long in this struggle, which is not only severe, but is not without danger to herself.

Notwithstanding this slight drawback, it is worth going to Miltown Malbay to see the cliffs of Moher, which, in their wild beauty, surpass all else on this marvellous coast of Clare. Imagine, for a length of several miles, a black stone wall, green in places with lycopodiums and sedums, that raises itself perpendicularly 600 feet above the ocean, with corners and projections like the bastions of a rampart, the base hollowed out by dark caverns, and in the clefts thousands of sea birds flapping the air with their white wings, and deafening one with their piercing cries! When the wind blows, as it did the day I was there, and the sea dashes furiously against the cliffs, the sight is so supremely grand that the contemplation of it turns one dizzy in reality, as well as figuratively. On the top of these cliffs the proprietor has built a tower like a lighthouse, and there we devoured, with the appetite of an ogre, the provisions we brought

with us. He has protected, by mud parapets, some small natural terraces, from which one can see the perpendicular wall disappear under one's feet into space. Below, the sea is a greenish-black, but so clear that one can distinguish the large round white pebbles lying at the bottom. A portion of the Armada was destroyed on this coast. There is a cape that bears the name of *Spanish Point,* and the country people for three centuries have dreamt of galleons buried beneath its waves.

There are no hours more peaceful than those of twilight after a stormy day. I have an exquisite recollection of a two hours' drive at nightfall from the cliffs of Moher to Lisdoonvarna. We drove over lonely moors, gently undulating and sloping towards the shore, along which our drive extended. There were no houses except a few poor huts of dry stone, sheltered from the spray by a pyramid of turf sods, the thatched roof being held in its place by a net to which huge pebbles were fastened. Thin lines of smoke rose in the now-darkening sky. On the other side of the road cows, donkeys—numerous here—and geese in rows, gravely watched us pass. Presently the moon rose, bathing the quiet sea in its silver light, and the islets in the horizon faded away in a purple mist. It was not sadness, but an infinite sweet melancholy which pervaded all things, together with the caressing warmth of an August night.

Lisdoonvarna is a watering-place—a *spa* they call it here—much frequented by the country people for its iron and sulphur waters. It is not wildly gay. A ravine, carpeted with short grass, without a bush, and from which one gets glimpses of the sea, only four miles distant, has been formed by a little stream, which flows from the top of a sandy plateau. All around are moors, where occasional cows browse among the heather. For amusements, the hotel sitting-



The cliffs of Moher.

room, and sometimes a company of comedians, bringing from Galway or Limerick a varied *répertoire*, "arranged so as to meet all tastes without offending the most delicate susceptibilities." So says the programme, carried about at the end of a pole by a hopelessly drunken youth.

Catholic priests, very plentiful in all seaside and watering places, seem to abound here. The *table d'hôte* is like the refectory of a seminary. It is none the less lively for that. Every one agrees that the Irish priest is irreproachable in his morals and in the performance of his religious duties. His weight is considerable in this country, where the threat of being excluded from the Holy Table would make a peasant pass through the eye of a needle. Independent of all government, the priests have placed themselves with impunity at the head of the Nationalist movement, which they make a matter of Christian Socialism; and it is nearly always the parish priest who presides over the local committee of the League. More often than not a son of the people, he thoroughly understands the character as well as the wants of his flock. Being comparatively well educated, he is their lawyer and doctor, as well as their confessor. He takes the lead in all things temporal as well as spiritual; he is the chief speaker at clubs and meetings, and presides over their athletic sports. Formerly he could get drunk with his parishioners without compromising himself; that day is over, but he still mixes so much with the laity that there is nothing clerical about his manner. Liberally supported by the piety of the faithful in the way of tithes paid in kind, money offerings, and fees for mass, marriage and burial, the priests live well, and are extremely fond of travelling, in which they employ all the leisure moments of their busy life. Everywhere one meets them, cheery and flourishing, genial and sociable,

kind and fatherly—objects of the affectionate respect of all.

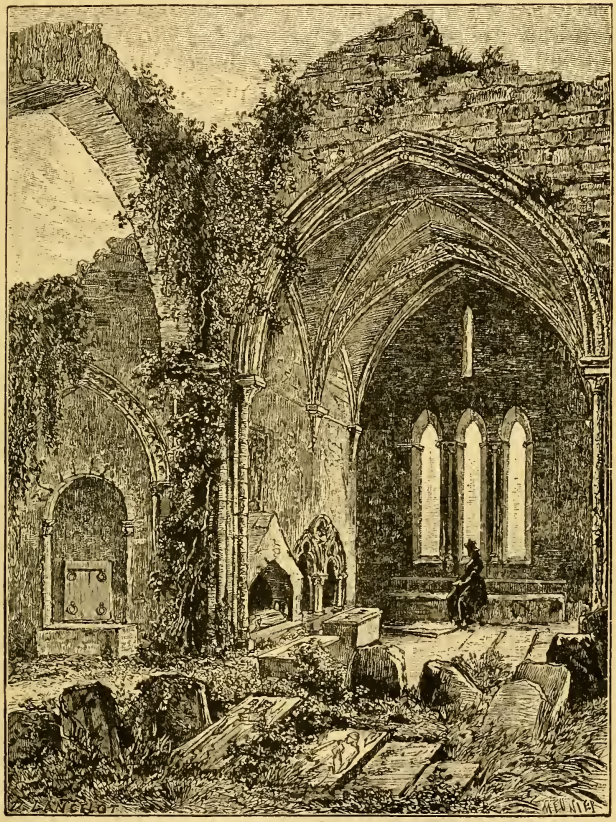
The plateau on which Lisdoonvarna is built crowns a huge schistous rock, which reaches to Galway Bay. This barony of Burren, which comprises the whole northern part of the county, is one of the most remarkable natural curiosities of Ireland. It is a large amphitheatre, rising by a succession of terraces from the sea, and attaining a height of 1100 feet. One might call them huge Babylonian fortifications, cut out of carboniferous sandstone of a delicate and luminous grey, with purple shadows. The descent over this stone desert by a path of the significant name of *Corkscrew* would delight the eyes of the impressionist painter. One is literally bathed in an atmosphere of that lilac-tint dear to our young artists, and which one could no longer refuse to believe in after seeing the Burren of Clare.

Still descending towards Galway Bay, which lies at your feet in a stretch of blue, between two high isolated masses like huge citadels, you come upon sheltered corners, which are the oases of this desert. A few stunted trees, bent by the sea wind, and guarled trunks of large thick-set thorns shade the streams, near which are built cottages, which at a little distance cannot be distinguished from the soil, like those in the valley of the Durance. The presence of human beings is shown only by the smoke; and then, in a hollow, is seen a bit of meadow, a field of turnips or barley, or even wheat—very rare in Ireland. There are stones, always stones; fields of stones, carefully enclosed by stone walls, through which one sees daylight. Their height is according to the wealth of the inhabitants, and one must sometimes stand on tiptoe to see, inside a rocky enclosure, a donkey and two goats browsing. With the exception of the picturesque and very clean little port of Ballyvaughan,

whose inn was better than any we stayed at in the whole country, Dublin not excepted, the hamlets are made up of houses, two-thirds of which are in a state of dilapidation, chapels unfit for use, old bare towers, and disused cemeteries. The people are like the nomads of the desert, only, that instead of pitching a tent, they build a house, which is not difficult or expensive—they have but to stoop to pick the stones, and mortar is superfluous. Nor do they trouble themselves with repairs; it is easier to build a new house. But all these crumbling walls give a miserable look to the country.

Nine miles from Ballyvaughan, beyond the little creek of Anginish, is the desolate valley of Corcomroe. It is the site of one of the finest ruined abbeys in Ireland, founded in the twelfth century by the princely house of O'Brien. In the choir, which has retained its roof, archæologists admire the delicately-wrought corbels and tracery of the groins. The beautiful Gothic arches of the nave, the exquisite trefoil windows, the richly-sculptured capitals, the curious foliage of the pendants, the strange Egyptian heads at the springing of the arches, the high square tower, and the crenellated exterior walls, are all of considerable interest. In a niche, at the side of the well-preserved high altar, is buried King Connor O'Brien, whose stone effigy is unique of its kind in Ireland. If the artist has not exaggerated the height of the Celtic prince, he must have been a fine man—six-feet-two at the least without heels, for he has brogues on his feet, which rest on an heraldic dog. Connor was beardless, but he had a wealth of hair, dressed after the fashion of the Assyrian kings, and his features, finely sculptured, would be very handsome had not his nose suffered from the vandalism of some tourist. He is dressed in full-pleated tunic and crowned with the national shamrock, which strongly resembles the

fleur-de-lis, and which also forms the end of his sceptre.

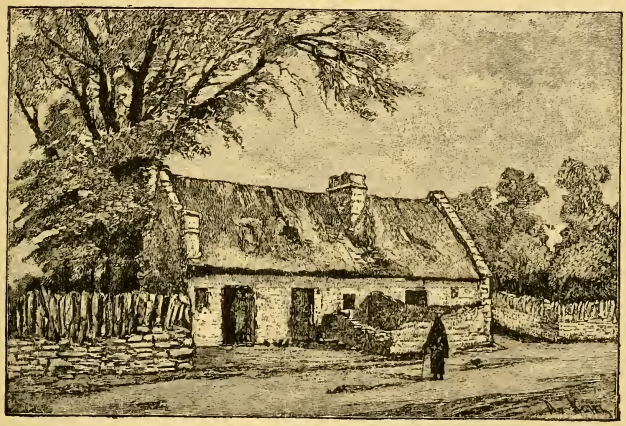


Corcomroe Abbey.

It is worthy of remark, that in this rough and bare part of the country, of which it is said that,

for want of water and trees, no one can be either drowned or hanged, people are less ragged, less dirty, and appear infinitely less poor than in other districts. At first sight it seems as if nothing grew here but stones; but between these stones is a fine and delicious grass, which fattens cows, sheep, and huge black pigs—those poor pigs whose grave is Limerick; and then, every little sheltered ravine, every valley where the winds have deposited the thinnest layer of mould, is cultivated for some purpose or other. Latterly the population of the Burren of Clare has been much reduced by emigration, as a number of deserted villages can testify. Three conclusions can be drawn from this: first, that Paddy would be less poor if he were as industrious in all other parts as he is here; secondly, that Ireland's true profit consists in the breeding and fattening of cattle; and lastly, that the principal reason of her poverty is overpopulation, which neither Home Rule nor any agricultural reform would be able to keep in check. At the top of the arid valley of Corcomroe are a few miserable trees. They mark the site of a farm, with whose owner I had the pleasure of making an acquaintance. He was walking about the ruins at the same time as myself. He is very proud of them, and considers himself, in a small way, their proprietor. He was delighted, too, at the interest I took in them, and we talked together in a friendly way, whilst his numerous family formed a circle round the artist who was taking a sketch of the abbey. The man had eighty acres of land (they call this land!), for which he paid 1*l.* sterling the acre. He was well satisfied with his landlord, who was a true Irishman, judging from his very Irish name of Fitzgerald. "There are good and bad landlords, and it is unfortunate if one lights on a bad one," said he, philosophically; "but, anyhow, one cannot expect to get the land for nothing." Wise words; which I commend

to the notice of certain agitators, who brag a little too much about the advance of Socialism. On the other side, one cannot ignore the fact that a great part of the blame in this lamentable crisis of Irish economy rests with the landlords, for, when they are just and reasonable, the situation is much less strained, and relative prosperity reigns, unless outsiders interfere, whose interest it is to fish in troubled waters.



Court-house at Ballyvaughan.

The Irish question has so many sides and points that it is impossible to be an impartial judge. All the peasants of Burren are not as content with their fate as the farmer of Corcomroe, for agrarian crimes are not unknown there. There has been a stir in the peaceful village of Ballyvaughan lately, for judgment was given against the murderer of a policeman in a little cottage, which since then has been jokingly named "The Court of Justice of Her Majesty the Queen.'

An Irishman has the peculiar art of concealing the truth without telling a lie. I remember, at the Parnell Commission, a certain dairyman, who bore the high-sounding name of David Fitzmaurice O'Connor—descendant of some Irish king, no doubt! During the two hours he was in the box, the Attorney-General could get nothing more out of him than "Perhaps—It might have been—I think so —I don't quite remember—It has gone out of my head—I can't exactly say"—&c., &c.

In the western part, and in County Clare especially, the difficulty is heightened by the national idiom, still spoken entirely by the greater part of the old people, without counting those young ones, who pretend not to understand English when they find it convenient. There is a story of a dying woman, who began her confession in Gaelic. The priest, who did not understand the language, told her to speak in English, as she was able to do so. She angrily replied, "Does your Reverence think that I will say my last words to Almighty God in the language of the Sacsannachs"? The story does not say whether she received absolution or not.

CHAPTER VII.

GALWAY AND THE HIGHLANDS OF CONNEMARA.

Of the numerous bays which fringe the Irish coast, especially on the west, that of Galway is, without exception, the finest; tradition says, that it is the site of a lake known in the old chronicles by the name of Lough Lurgan. The encroachments of the ocean must have, at one time, broken down the coast, from the Witches Head to Travor Bay, for a length of twenty miles, only leaving a few fragments, which are now the Isles of Arran; and the salt water must have invaded the lake, and penetrated thirty miles inland, measuring from the middle of the North Channel to Kilcrogan Point.

From the pretty beach of Salthill, which is a suburb of Galway, the eye takes in this vast watery plain, indented with the inland bays of Oranmore, Kinvarra, Dunbellaun, and Ballyvaughan. In the south, the horizon is bounded by the strange amphitheatre of the Burren of Clare, which, bathed in purple mist, appears like the ruin of a fantastic palace of white marble. From the Black Point, a dark line indicates the formidable wave-beaten barrier of the Cliffs of Moher, reaching as far as the Witches Head, behind which the coast suddenly disappears.

On the west, the three isles of Arran bar the entrance to the bay with their huge rocky fronts. The entrance through these is difficult, and

neutralizes the natural advantages of this fine anchorage. Galway being the nearest European port to New York—2,700 miles—it was proposed to make it the head-quarters of the transatlantic line. The crossing would have the advantage of being eight hours' shorter than by Queenstown, and the mail expenses would have been considerably reduced; so four million francs were spent in jetties, quays, docks, and basins. But here, things are started with energy, and never finished. The loss of a large steamer, which struck on a forgotten reef, and foundered in sight of the port, damped all enthusiasm, and, except a few emigrant ships, the sea-traffic of Galway is *nil*. Where is to be found food for commercial enterprise in this country, with deserts of stone, heather and turf such as I have already described? The people would be very much put to it to export products that are hardly sufficient to keep them alive; as for the numerous articles of importation that they really require, they have no money to pay for them. It is the same all through Ireland. But nowhere is commercial and industrial stagnation so profound as in Galway. We are in Connaught, the most barren of the four provinces, and at the same time the most over-populated. The connection between the two is not entirely chance, nor must it be entirely attributed to the general fact that the fecundity of a population is in proportion to its poverty. In the brutal times of the conquest, the English thought they could transplant the Irish beyond the Shannon, to avoid being disturbed in their new domains. The western counties still suffer from the great transplanting effected by Cromwell in 1654.

Mr. Parnell and his friends are credited with the converse project, if they ever become masters, of arranging an exodus of the surplus population of Connaught into the richer lands of the south and the

East, but no one foresees that the result of this would be to pauperize one set without enriching the other. In the present state of agriculture and Irish industry Ulster is comfortably off; Leinster makes the two ends meet; Munster is poor; Connaught is poverty-stricken. In all this, one does not clearly see the elements of that National prosperity associated by Home Rulers with the obtaining of Irish autonomy.

Although the aspect of Galway may distress an economist, it will delight the traveller in search of picturesque impressions. It is the capital of the "Wild West" of primitive Ireland, whose history is nothing but a dim legend. Nothing is known of this town before the invasion, for the Danes never got so far, except that it belonged to the clan of the fierce O'Flahertys, at the beginning of the thirteenth century. Anglo-Norman colonists settled there under the sovereignty of the House of Burgho—thirteen families, called "The Tribes of Galway," mentioned in the popular lines :—

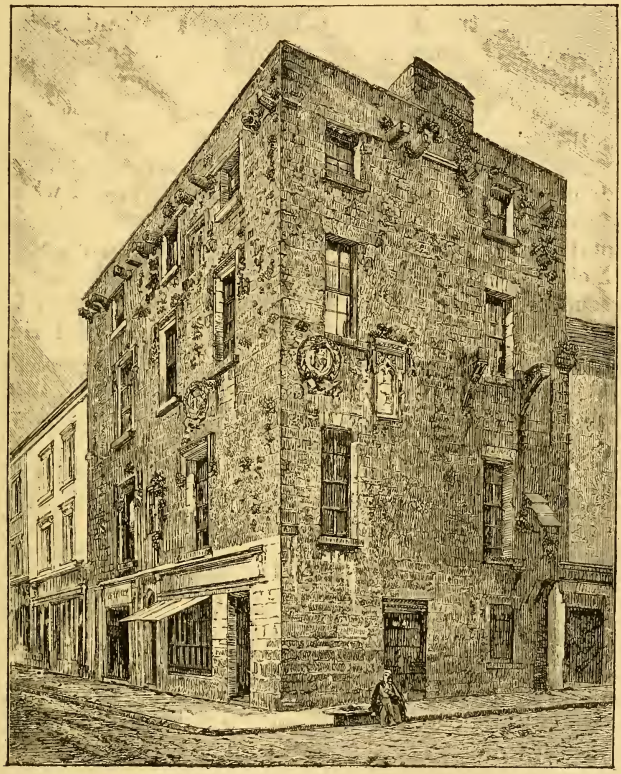
Athy, Blake, Bodkin,
Brown, Deane, D'Arcy, Lynch,
Joyce, Kerivan, Martin,
Morris, Skerret, French.

The greater part of them have fallen into decay—the fate of everything in Ireland; and at each step one sees these names over low little shops, side by side with the native O's and Mac's. A hundred years later, the intruders were so well "Irishized," that at the time of the assassination of the Red Earl of Ulster they openly revolted against the Crown, and it was more than two centuries before the country was subdued—in the reign of Elizabeth.

In Irish history the word submission must be understood in the sinister sense of the "Peace of Warsaw"

of the Czar Nicholas. The English knew the value of the saying, "When the beast is dead the poison is dead!" yet both Cromwell and William of Orange had to go with soldiers and cannon to destroy the germs of rebellion that remained. There are represented in Galway the three elements that go to make up the present population of the island: the pure Irish, of Celtic origin, whose migration dates back from pre-historic times; the Anglo-Irish, descendants of the Anglo-Norman conquerors of the twelfth century, who were absorbed into the native race, and remain Catholics; and the English Protestants, descended from the adventurers of the time of Elizabeth and James I., colonies of soldiers, Puritans and Orangemen, whom Paddy obstinately refuses, not without reason, to recognize as compatriots, though they may have been established in the Emerald Isle for more than 200 years. It is right to say that the thirteen tribes were so turbulent and violent that Galway did not lose any more by their fall than by that of the Thanists whom they supplanted. The Lynch family is the one most renowned in history—one of them, James Fitz Stephen, mayor of the town in the twelfth century, deserves the name of the Irish "Manlius" for having put to death his only son, who was guilty of mutiny on board ship. The young man was going to be judged when his father, learning that a deputation from the family meant to solicit his pardon, cut short all disputes by hanging him to a window of the house. A stone, fastened into the black wall of the cemetery of St. Nicholas and bearing the inscription—"1524: Think of Death: All is Vanity!"—under a scull and two cross-bones, commemorates this deed of Roman justice. The house, known as "Lynch Castle," which was the scene of this domestic tragedy, is the best preserved of all the old feudal houses so numerous in Galway. One would

be sorry to see a grocer's shop occupying the ground-floor if one did not remember that it is to this democratic use that it owes its preservation. But



Lynch Castle.

nowhere have I seen so many ruins. One could easily believe the town had just been sacked; side by side with old buildings, whose dilapidated stone-work is

blackened by age and damp, are deserted shops, silent mills, and desolate houses, slowly crumbling into dust. With the exception of a cathedral of the thirteenth century, so well hidden in a labyrinth of dirty black streets that it is difficult to find it, and impossible to get a good view of it all at once, Galway has not a single monument. For a commercial traveller it is a very ugly town; for an artist it is "amusing"—in studio jargon. A day might be spent in the fish-market, an irregular square, one side of which is formed by a deserted quay, and which is guarded by an old fortified gateway. Women squatting on the broken pavement with their goods, which consist of a large flat wicker-basket full of fresh herrings, mackerel and shell-fish, are waiting for buyers; others stand round in groups, chattering and bargaining for an hour over a purchase that costs but a few pence. Their dress contributes not a little to the picturesqueness of the whole. Over bare legs, that are well made, unless deformed by rheumatism, which is the national disease of damp Erin, hang several petticoats, one on the top of the other, of coarse plush, in every tint of red; over these a cloak of the same stuff, but of bright blue, under which, held up by straps, is often a baby, with its head peering from under its mother's arm to enable it to breathe. Sometimes they have a basket, or sack, which carried behind, under the cloak, gives the woman a most extraordinary figure. The old ones wear hoods over their heads; the young ones wear their natural head-covering of beautiful chestnut hair—fitting adornment to their oval face, with its delicately-cut features, brilliant blue eyes, and a complexion dazzling in its freshness, until privation and drink have laid on it their withering touch.

But if the young and pretty girls are very attractive, there is no sight so horrible as that of some

Galway fish-market.

old Irishwomen, wrinkled and shrivelled up, with swollen legs, dim eyes, and hanging lip; brutalized by the degradation of a life of misery, for which they seek unwholesome consolation in copious draughts of adulterated whisky. Their dress, moreover, which I have just described—often adorned with a questionable white apron—being destined to last a lifetime, the amount of dirt and rags increases with each year. Spun, woven, and dyed in the ruined hamlets of the Connemara highlands, the material, it is true, is strong, and so thick that the weight of so many petticoats worn one on the top of the other is very great; but with time they get worn out, faded, patched with all sorts of parti-coloured bits, and lamentably frayed out at the hem.

A short time spent in the shops of Galway will give one an insight into the business habits of Ireland, as well as a clue to the chronic state of decay of this unhappy country. One does not find much in them, which is natural enough, considering the paucity of customers and their slender purses. But even to get that little, what time, what words and superfluous energy are wasted! I remember the mending of an umbrella which gave me more trouble than the purchase of a complete set of furniture; and the whole thing was so extraordinary, that my legitimate anger evaporated into a fit of laughter. I will add that the good temper of the Irishman was such, that instead of being offended at my laughter, he joined in with me, and refused all payment. Truth compels me also to admit that this umbrella held out to the end of my travels; and heaven knows it was frequently put into requisition. Another time it was the purchase of a few sheets of drawing-paper that kept us a good hour at the principal stationer's in the town. But when travelling for pleasure and instruction it is useless to be impatient; and, besides, one gains nothing by it.

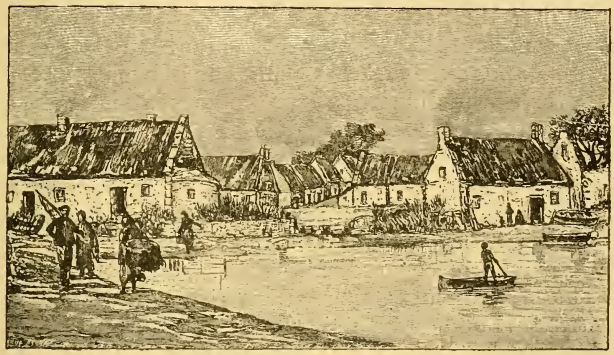
Someone else was buying wafers; a third, a penny pencil, and a whole family were in consultation over the purchase of a bottle of ink: this was sufficient to flabbergast the husband, wife, and the small errand-boy; in fact, if we had left without paying they would never have found it out. There is usually a desperate hunt for the zinc cash-box when change is wanted; it is dragged about from counter to counter—the key being sometimes in one person's pocket, sometimes in another's. One characteristic feature of the lower classes is their familiar manner with their betters, which is not altogether devoid of respect. Impelled by their love of talk, as well as their wish to be of real use to anyone they recognize as a foreigner, they will give you information on many needful subjects; but in return they expect you to confide in them all your plans and your impressions: and one must praise everything without reserve.

I leave at the post-office the address to which I want my letters forwarded; and the clerk, seeing that I am about to explore Connemara, and being a native of those parts, forthwith overwhelms me with brotherly advice on the hygienic precautions that I must take with regard to my health; asks if I have plenty of warm clothes and waterproof cloaks; tells me the best inns, and warns me of the prejudices of poor-hearted tourists, who look on those mountains as a barbarous country. A moment afterwards at the station a porter, paternally this time, begs me not to be frightened by the agrarian agitation, which has prevented so many people from visiting Ireland; then, as he is returning to the town, begs to be allowed to walk a little part of the way with me, learns with pleasure my nationality, questions me about General Boulanger, asks whether France wishes for Monarchical restoration, and says that he considers Royalty a superannuated institution, which may be useful when it exists, but

need not be renewed. Then, on leaving me, he says, "Au revoir, Madame,"—very proud of these three French words he has picked up somehow. I promised him that, on my return from Connemara, I would stop again at Galway on purpose to visit the Isles of Arran, but to my sorrow I was unable to do this after all, as my time did not allow of it, and the steamer only crossed to them once a week. But the Claddagh alone is worth a journey to Galway. This Gaelic word, which means beach, is the name of the fishing village situated on the other side of the river that joins the bay to Lough Corrib. One reaches it by a bridge, which unites it with the picturesque fish-market—a curious village, composed of low huts of rough stonework, built anyhow, along the side of the lake, divided by small shingle-walls, on which linen and red rags are drying, and big pools of brackish water, where pigs and geese dabble about. Stunted bushes and trees grow in places sheltered from the sea-breeze, and by the side of a heap of manure and broken crockery may be seen a lovely fuchsia one mass of bloom, or a group of graceful tamarind trees.

The population of the Claddagh is about 4000, and is a small state within the State. Not only have the people intermarried exclusively among themselves for 2000 years, but they do not even allow a stranger to settle among them. If a fisherman from the neighbouring shore throws his nets into the bay, they are cut the first time; the second time he himself receives personal injury. Fishing is their only industry. The salmon-fishing would be very lucrative if it were not appropriated by a company that work the mouth of Lough Corrib, who have erected weirs there, upon which one can see the salmon leap by hundreds. The people are content with mackerel and herrings, of which there are large shoals out at sea, and with the lobsters and crabs that they find in the bay. Money is scarce with

them, and their daughters' dowries consist of a feather bed, a share in a boat, and a gold wedding-ring—a heart held between two hands—which descends as an heirloom from generation to generation. Here in Claddagh, as all through Ireland, they idle away their time, and half of the population will gather round an artist at his easel, though not always from curiosity. A well-known artist on *Punch's* staff arrived one day to sketch different types. How they discovered that the stranger was drawing caricatures for a *Sacsannach*



The Claddagh.

newspaper no one could tell, but there was a disturbance among the people, and he would certainly have been ducked had he not been able to make them understand in English, strongly mingled with *brogue,* that, born in Ireland himself, he was not guilty of the intention of turning his compatriots into ridicule in the eyes of their hereditary enemy; after which, he departed quicker than he had come! They have not a high idea of the art of painting; they consider photography infinitely superior, because you can turn out forty pictures to one in the same time, and, contrary

too to the generality of the lower classes in Ireland, they set no great store by intellectual culture. A newspaper even a week old is always received by Paddy with delight. I offered a young fisherman a *Freeman* of the day, but he declined it, saying, proudly, that he did not know how to read.

Once see the interior of these Irish *cabins*, and you can then understand how much they prefer living out of doors. There is a low small room, lighted by the door (which is always open) and by a skylight, curtained by many thick layers of dust; the blue smoke of the peat-fire escapes by a hole in the roof, and overcomes, by its pungent resinous smell, the stink of dirt and stale fish. Upon a low bench are the remains of the dinner; a lean yellow cat is trying to pick up a livelihood among the fish-bones and potato peelings. In the corner a pallet, opposite a tumble-down cupboard; a few rough seats, some broken-lipped pots and cracked saucepans lie in disorder on the clay floor; nets and strings of salted herrings hang from soot-covered rafters.

The woman is netting. Upon the bench is some knitting—no doubt the work of that pretty girl of sixteen, who is leaning idly against the door-post, with her fresh bare arms crossed under her black-and-red tartan, vaguely looking at the sea with her great dark eyes. She is the eldest of the three surviving children; several died young, and two boys were lost at sea. Polite, but reserved and somewhat shy, these women treat us as equals, complain of nothing, ask nothing. There is a great difference between this almost haughty bearing and the begging servility of the rest of the country. The influence of the sea has ennobled the people here.

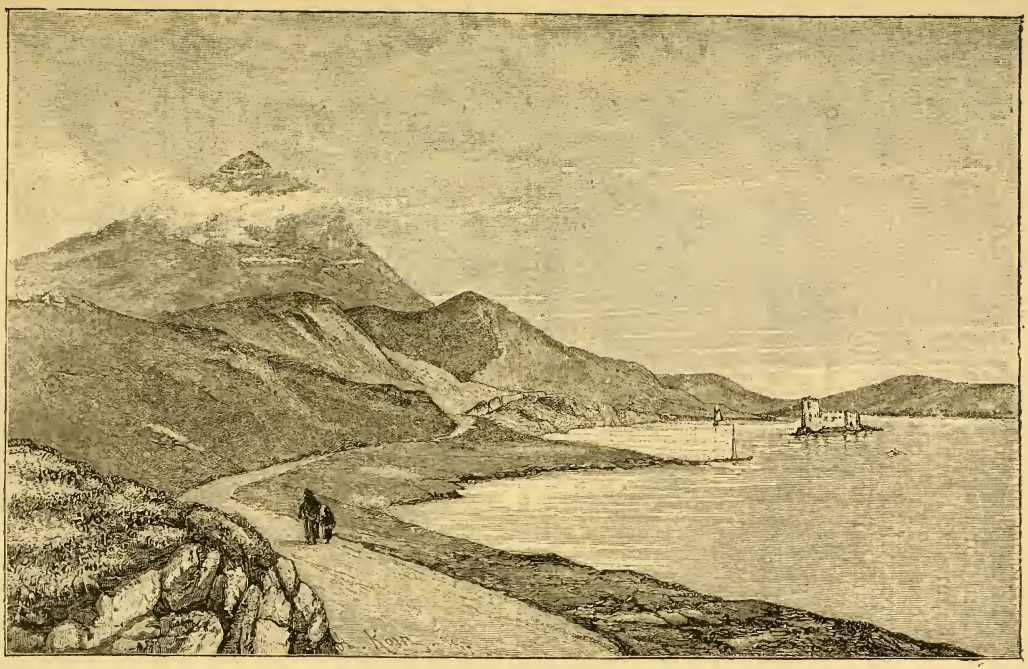
This day we had to leave Galway because we were turned out. It was race-week, and all the rooms in the hotel had been engaged a month before. From an

early hour Eyre Square, the centre of the town, where the hotels, banks, and clubs stand in a row round a railed-in public garden, presented a scene of extraordinary animation. Besides the neighbouring squires, with their families, on whose account we had to depart, and the Catholic priests, who are always in force at public gatherings, the farmers arrived, with wife and children, in their varnished deal traps or bright red cars, which they unhorsed in the street. They came in their Sunday clothes. Some of the old men were in their old-fashioned national dress—grey coats with square lappets and metal buttons, big waistcoats and short breeches of yellow velvet, long woollen stockings, tall hats of rough shiny rabbit-skin, immense red and green cravat. But black tail-coats were more common, with the younger men in tweed suits. The sight of such good stuffs and well-starched white shirts would not lead us to believe that they came from the hovels so often entered in our country excursions. All have some half-crowns in their pockets to put on a horse, or to spend with card-sharpers in the taverns. Absolute destitution must not be inferred from the wretched appearance of Ireland; filth and rags go hand in hand with a certain amount of comfort; and, besides, Paddy, unless he be reduced to extreme distress, always has some money to spend on pleasure. Beggars, cripples, and blind men have risen up as if from the earth. Young girls are dancing a jig upon a scrap of carpet to the sound of a shrill flute, dwarfs are making grimaces and contortions in the middle of a ring of loungers, ragamuffins run in and out of the shops selling race-cards for a penny, and as busy as a stockbroker at the busiest time of day. The sun is bright, the day is warm; everything is noise, movement, dust; you might imagine yourself in a Spanish town intoxicated with the excitement of a bull-fight.

Necessity agreeing with inclination to make us flee from these mundane dissipations, we took our places at nine o'clock in the Royal Mail, which was to take us to the heart of Connemara, fifty miles by mountain and valley, and accomplished in eight hours. I have described the jaunting car, with two wheels and seats for four. Make it longer, put it on four wheels, and add a raised seat for the driver, harness three strong horses, and you will have the vehicle which corresponds

The Royal Mail.

to the French *diligence*. Of course, it is always quite uncovered, as if the natives wished to make themselves believe it never rains in their country. The travellers seat themselves in a line like a string of onions, back to back, six or seven on a side, separated by a mountain of luggage, which, though well fastened with ropes, rocks in a disquieting way above our heads. If it all came down, we should be crushed to jelly, and at each lurch of the machine we think how we shall be flattened out if it goes over. But, taking



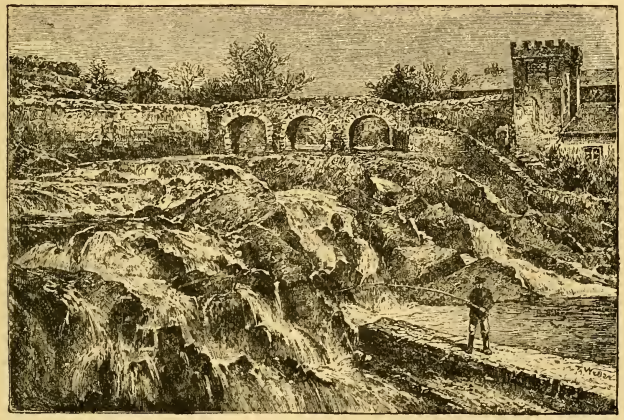
Lake of Ballynahinch.

everything into consideration, tourists should be thankful for these means of locomotion, which, as a whole, are well arranged, even in the most forsaken districts. The credit is due to an Italian, named Bianconi, who, fifty years ago, set up as a post-master in Clonmel, in Tipperary, and kept as many as 1300 horses. He is still remembered, in spite of the building of railways, which, however, do not exist in this immense peat-moss, intersected with marshes, and broken by barren mountains. The only resources of this wretched district are poor pasturages, a very few potatoes, the quarries of Ballynahinch, which yield a pretty marble like the Italian *verde antico*, some veins of porphyry in the mountains, a small mine of argentiferous lead, and on the coast the kelp which is burnt for soda. And so, no wonder villages are less abundant than ruins.

Past Outgherad we enter the Highlands, a series of plateaus which rise gradually between the dome-shaped peaks, most inappropriately called the Twelve Pins. A swarm of little lakes enliven the moor with their silver mirrors. The pen gets tired of describing landscapes of ever-varying line and light and colour, to the service of which it can only apply a limited and monotonous vocabulary. The eye even becomes weary of looking, and when the traveller has had eight hours of the comfortable vehicle described above, he reaches a condition of half-awake somnambulism, which is pleasant enough but by no means intelligent, and lets himself go up and down to the soothing trot of the horses, not knowing where he is or where he is going.

If only it did not rain so much, this would be the most delightful country in the world. Fox used to ask everybody who arrived in Ireland—"Has the shower finished?" It was rather exaggerated, for even in Ireland the showers do not last for years, but,

in fact, they are very frequent, and though the continual movement of the clouds produces very beautiful skies, still you get tired of being so often wetted that you scarcely have time to dry. Sometimes the showers prolong themselves beyond all reasonable bounds. We were kept waiting forty-eight hours at Clifden, the terminus of the first day's journey of the Royal Mail, by a deluge before which, with all our daring, we recoiled. It is a charming



Clifden Waterfall.

village—I mean town—(it has 1300 inhabitants). Clifden, standing on a spur of the mass of the Twelve Pins at the end of the little bay of Ardbear, which, according to the geography-book, "exports a considerable quantity of grain." Where is this grain gathered? I ask myself. Along the coast there is the usual number of little islands, peopled by one or two families of shepherds, tending a few cattle, amidst prehistoric ruins. As in all the west, the sea is superb, though its rage is here softened.

Do not believe that this enforced stoppage annoyed us much. All the cataracts of heaven would not prevent the natives setting forth if the whim seized them. And so, one of those days of drifting rain the two cars, coming from Galway to Westport, brought nineteen tourists, of both sexes, dripping like fountains, and as ravenous as wolves. Their arrival was something to see—very satisfactory to us, who had quietly spent the day in dryness by the side of a cheerful peat fire. Twenty-two people sat down to dinner—to judge by the astonishment of the staff, the Mullarkey Hotel had never seen so many before. The dinner will be cherished among the most joyful souvenirs of my life.

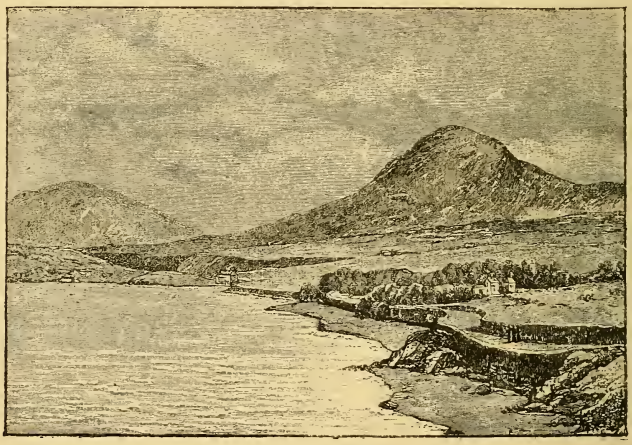
In Ireland, at the less pretentious *tables d'hôte* (which are the best), the chief dishes are put before the guests who happen to be at the ends of the tables; they have to cut and serve themselves. This custom is not unpleasant—at any rate for people who are careful not to seat themselves in these places of honour. This evening, everyone had been careful, and the seats were unoccupied. After we had had one of those abominable soups of pepper and cloves, of which the secret is shared between England and Ireland, the rest of the dinner was brought in *en bloc*, in accordance with the custom that will have everything eaten together. Two legs of mutton, roasted to a turn, and swimming in a delicious gravy—the only triumph of Irish cookery—were put at one end of the table; at the other were four of those boiled fowls, which would be excellent were they not dishonoured by a white paste, with chopped parsley in it—the national sauce. In the middle was an appetizing ham, full of cloves; and arranged round, in delightful disorder, were half-a-dozen covered vegetable dishes, containing potatoes "boiled in their jackets," peas, beans, cauliflowers, and turnips—which are an indispensable accompaniment to every dish.

However, hungry as all were, they only looked at each other to know who would lift his murderous knife upon the victuals: no one stirred. The sharpest-set ate their bread. Consternation reigned: someone called the waiter, who, smitten with stupor, simply looked on at this Tantalus-like torture; he protested vigorously his ignorance of carving, and ended by disappearing to escape the importunities of the travellers. At last one of them (it was a she) dragged the roast fiercely to her side, and furiously cut a few slices. That broke the charm: everybody began to help his neighbour, amid wild laughter, which, however, did not cause the loss of a single bite, for everything was quickly scraped to the bone. The same reception was given to the sweets—rice pudding and badly-cooked gooseberry pie eaten together, with milk and a sprinkling of sugar. Soon a guest, appeased but not satiated, rose to bring the Cheddar cheese, which the confused waiter had forgotten on the sideboard. With it celery or radish was munched, and dry biscuits with plenty of butter. It was a lively dinner, and though we have eaten more savoury ones in better restaurants, yet they were not seasoned with such an appetite.

Except at the pretentious hotels of the large towns, this menu is pretty constant: the mutton is sometimes replaced by an excellent duck, with quite a wild flavour, but spoilt by a stuffing of aromatic herbs, On fast-days you get two or three plates of fish, fried, boiled, and roasted; salmon, mackerel or herring, or most often a kind of big sole, with softer and fatter flesh: for infidels, the everlasting ham or cold lamb is provided. The classical roast beef of England is uncommon. Lunch is served *à la carte* about one o'clock. This is the dialogue that always takes place on the subject: "What can you give us?" The waiter, or the maid, with a dignified air, "Whatever

you like." "Well?" "Chops or steaks."—Yes, a little like shoe-leather the beefsteaks, and it is sad to see how the nice cutlets are spoiled by frying.—"Nothing else?" With hesitation: "Steaks or chops." "Hum." Then, with an air of triumph, "Eggs and bacon."

Do not ask for more, but choose your eggs and bacon, or cutlets or beefsteak. With tea, always of good quality, of which you get to drink pints in a



Letterfrack.

day, and the addition of milk of innocent purity, accompanied by excellent bread, toasted, if you like, and no less excellent butter and some delicious marmalade, a very decent lunch can be made, much more healthy, too, all things considered, than the abominable ragouts so pompously served in most second-rate hotels.

But enough of this gastronomic digression! Passing Letterfrack, a clean little hamlet at the foot of the Diamond Hill, we come to the narrow defile of

Kylemore, which winds along between Maamturk and the northern parts of the Twelve Needles. Here there remains one of those rare primæval forests that formerly covered Ireland. Here, too, by the edge of a romantic lake, that might be the habitation of banshees and their queen Maobh, Mr. Mitchell Henry, M.P., has built himself a splendid residence. Soon the road descends to the sea, and rounds the double Bay of Killery, resembling those fjords we see in Norwegian paintings. The little village of Leenane, at the end of the bay, at the foot of the oddly-shaped peak called the Devil's Mother, owes its prosperity to the sportsmen who come to stay in the fine season. Fishermen find plenty of amusement in the little lakes of the district and in the streams that fall into the bay. Either gratuitously, or by payment —according as the proprietor's financial condition allows him to be liberal or not—they can catch with the line salmon of ten and twenty pounds, and trout, both sea and river, of which half a day's fishing will yield a dozen, varying from two to ten pounds. Perch are plentiful in the lakes, also immense jack, of thirty pounds weight, whose jaws often deprive the novice of his tackle and rod.

When we were climbing a hill, escorted by a dozen ragamuffins, of both sexes, I unfolded a map: at once a girl of thirteen, with red hair, wearing an old yellow jersey of her father's, and a rag of a red petticoat, asked me "If it was the map of Ireland?" When I said yes, she wished to see it, and showed me, almost without mistake, the mountains and the courses of the rivers. In France it would not be necessary to penetrate into our mountainous wilds to find peasants, old and young, incapable of such a feat. At eighteen this girl will go out to service as "general servant," otherwise "maid-of-all-work," at Galway or Dublin, or even in London or New York, knowing in all how

to boil potatoes, to knit socks and dance the jig. The great Irish judge, Sir Michael Morris, said, lately, "It is a hopeless task for a stupid people to govern a quickwitted one." Perhaps it is true. Still, when this intelligent nation is starving, while the other is bursting with riches for all its stupidity (the word is not mine but the eminent magistrate's), the conclusion is, that doubtless these intelligent people are lacking in some quality essential to prosperity; and a comparison between the peasants of Auvergne and of Ireland shows easily that intelligence is rather harmful than otherwise, when it is a question of digging the ground.

Another trait, besides those I have already told, will give an idea of the carelessness that in practical life spoils "wit." If it rains as they are starting, the drivers of the public cars cover the luggage with a tarpaulin; but if the downpour is as yet only threatened, be the sky black as ink, and the wind laden with colds in the head, this preservative measure is not taken. We are in a country where the national formula of salute is "Fine day!" no matter if it is pouring in torrents, for then they add, with a smile, "Oh, it's going to clear up." If the sun is shining—"Splendid day" is the exclamation; and the reply—"Glorious." The morning we left Clifden for Westport it was clear to any creature of sense that the shower had not said its last word: no matter, it was not raining, so—"Fine day!" After a few miles it came down in cataracts, and for two mortal hours we were submitted to a dreadful shower-bath. You can be philosophical for yourself; but it makes you wild to think that your boxes are all wet for want of a little common sense and a piece of tarpaulin. When you get to the dining-place not only the unhappy boxes, reduced to the state of sponges, but the bags and small packages, hitherto protected in the

well, are thrown out in the mud, and remain there in the pelting rain. No one thinks of taking them inside, and the natives seem to think it is all right. Ask someone to look after your belongings, and he will reply, graciously, "All right, sir." "In a moment, lady," and will do nothing. There is nothing left but to drag your luggage inside yourself.

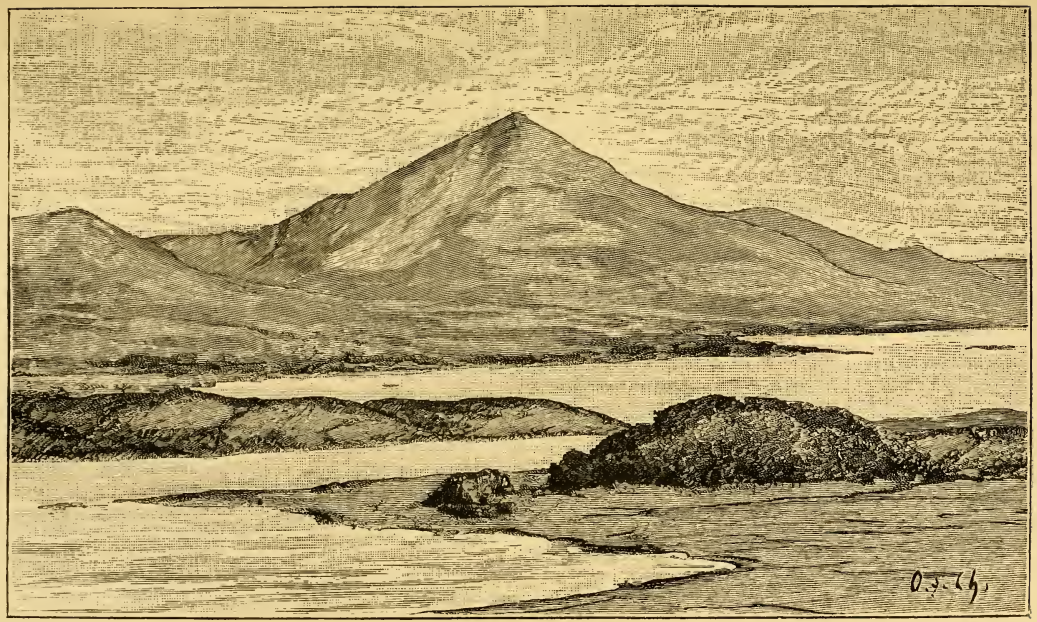
An hour later, a brilliant sun beams on the dripping country. But now, have no anxiety: as a few drops were still falling when we started, the luggage, now completely soaked, is carefully covered by the tarpaulin, and no consideration, human or divine, will induce the guard to uncover them to get dry. And so, when you arrive at your lodging, drenched to the bone, you will only be able to change into linen that requires wringing. It is certain that people with their common sense thus developed, do not make their fortunes!

CHAPTER VIII.

ACHILL.

In the eyes of the population of the north-west, the great merit of Clew Bay is the number of islands and islets it contains. I have allowed myself to say there are 365, the proper number, though I believe that, with the exception of the maps, no one knows exactly. One thing certain is that they are very numerous. But, apart from the interest of curiosity, the bay does not gain in picturesqueness from their number. The constant care of some persons to find something to count in the landscape, as if there were anything so captivating as the illusion of infinity, reminds me of a tourist I met on the top of Baume, to whom the most admirable thing in the glorious view of Lake Leman unrolled at his feet was—that the steeples of Geneva could be made out, and several steamboats seen crossing between Evian and Ouchy. No! I have no particular love for the 365 islands in Clew Bay; rather its majestic girdle of mountains seems to me to justify its somewhat too highly-rated reputation.

To the north there is the wild chain of Nephin, whose highest peak reaches 2800 feet. In the south rises Croagh Patrick, a tremendous cone of bare quartzite, whose isolation makes it seem much higher than the 2510 feet measured by geographers. It is the holy mount, whither St. Patrick retired during Lent to fast and pray; and in the fine season many pilgrims



Clew Bay.

honour his memory. The ascent is easy enough for unbelievers, who do not climb barefoot. The view from the summit is said to be the finest in Ireland, and embraces an immense extent of coast, sea, mountains, and inland plains. I blush to confess that my laziness found great delight in viewing this noble peak from below.

Westport, with about 5000 inhabitants, is composed of two distinct parts, a mile asunder—the town and the port—which are joined by the gravelled paths of the well-wooded park, open to the public by the generosity of the Marquis of Sligo, the owner. A good deal of trade is done with Scotch ports—economists speak of its traffic in cereals. I think they must be an imported article, as this district has real need of food being brought to it. I do not know what is exported in return.

If it is true that the chronic destitution of Ireland is due solely to the rapacity of the landlords, the appearance of Westport does honour to Lord Sligo. In spite of the barrenness of the country, which is entirely without industries, one's feelings and eyesight are not wounded by that sordid misery which is displayed in so many other towns. The Mall, with its avenue of elms overshadowing a bright river which runs in its midst under two picturesque stone bridges, is so cleanly kept as to recall a vague thought of some old Flemish town built on the banks of a canal. The side streets, indeed, must not be inspected too closely, but the principal street, which rises sharply towards the railway-station—Westport is a terminus, and is in direct communication with Dublin by the Midland Great Western line—is lined with good houses.

But do not trust to the magnificent inscriptions in the shop-windows. I think it was at Westport that I went five times, between eight and ten in the morning, to the "Medical Hall" for some oiled silk. The two

first times the door was shut, the third time no one answered my despairing shouts; then a young child, half asleep, informed me that the master was in bed, the mistress having breakfast, and the assistant not yet there. The last attempt ended in a smiling woman telling me that she "was sorry they did not keep the article, which was unknown in the town."

But we had not travelled to the far west of Ireland in order to make purchases, but to visit Achill. This island is most undeservedly passed over in Cook's tours, and therefore by the majority of tourists, who are only too ready to let themselves be blindly led by the hand. The local time-tables pretend that a post cart goes daily from Westport to Doogort, the capital of the island, in eight hours; this must not be believed, and it is best to bargain for a private car. The idea of going to the island in a car need cause no surprise—Achill is joined to the mainland by a bridge, like Anglesey to Wales.

We start early, drawn by a sturdy little pony, across smiling valleys, wet with dew, shut in by hills with gentle slopes, reddened by the rising sun. After a dozen miles the road begins to wind along a bay, now hidden by sandhills, now allowing pretty glimpses of the sea and some of the 365 islands. On that side everything is blue—sea and sky. But wretched black clouds are forming on the hills to our right. The rain does not delay, we get out mackintoshes and umbrellas. A quarter of an hour later the sun smiles on us again, and the meadows flash with an intenser green. But the wind has veered round; the next shower comes up from the sea. The waves seem as of molten lead, Croagh disappears in the humid mist. The great watering pot begins again to soak us, until the warm rays of the August sun come to dry us. This kind of thing goes on for days.

The country we are passing through might almost

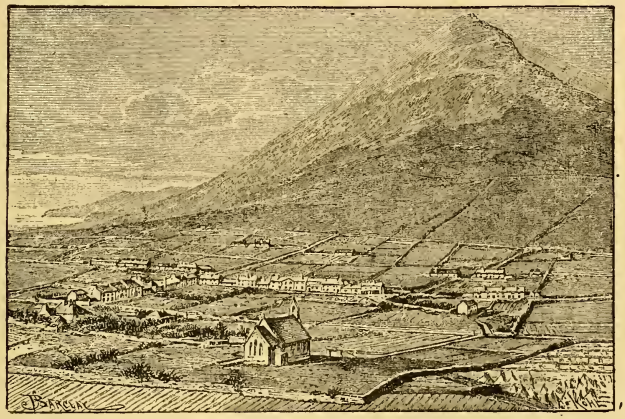
be called fertile in pastures, of which the inhabitants are not a little jealous; they surround them with walls as high as those round the precious vineyards of the Bordelais. At Molhrany the wilderness begins again, and with it picturesqueness. Perched above a pretty beach, this village belongs to the owner of the neighbouring castle of Rossturk, which, strangely built on a tongue of sand running out to sea, elevates its white turrets and elegant Gothic gables above the young trees of a recent plantation. The bay is so much the more beautiful because the harmony of its lines is not broken by the famous islets. The big island of Clare, which shuts the entry like a strong fort, stands out clear cut against the pale sky.

A little farther the peninsula of Curraun is reached by an isthmus scarcely wider than a bridge. The effect of this strange place in bright sunlight is surprising. The immense peat-moss, girt with mountains, its red hues deepened by the blooming heather, gives the impression of a burnt plain. The comparison sounds bad, but the burnt tracts of Estramadura recall this violent colour. No tree, no shrub, no living thing, not even a crow—it looks like a desert that has been blasted by heaven's fire.

The Island of Achill is roughly triangular in shape, much cut up by bays and creeks. The largest of the numerous islands, torn by the rage of the Atlantic from the Western coast, it has an area of about 50,000 acres, almost exclusively peat, sand, and mountain. Like Ireland itself, it is hollowed out in the middle, and the central depression has much the same appearance as that of Curraun. The scanty population, as can be well believed, is far from wealthy; its isolation tends to keep it in a primitive state. Doogort, the chief village of the island, has scarcely changed at all since its foundation fifty years ago.

The population of Achill consists of a limited number

of families who, from time immemorial, have always intermarried among themselves. Rude but not fierce, patient and without ambition, they scarcely ever leave their island. Westport is the limit of their journeys upon "the continent." I saw one man who had only passed the strait once in his life, and another who, when obliged to take the train at Westport for a short distance, thought he would die of fright.



Doogort.

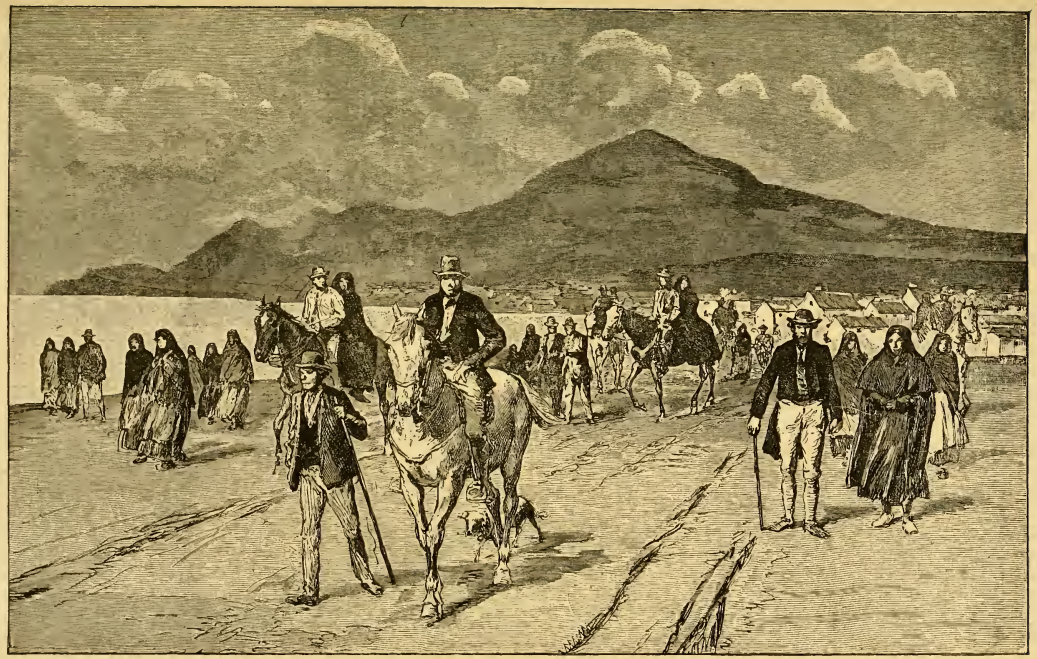
Both men and women are, as a rule, handsome and well-built, and have that delicacy of type, that ease of manner, and that nonchalance of attitude, gesture, and walk, to which the Irish peasant owes his freedom from vulgarity. The women are fond of red, of which they do not mind mixing various tints; so you may see a garnet-coloured skirt, with a scarlet shawl, and a cherry handkerchief on the head. An old petticoat often does duty for shawl and mantle. It is a picturesque sight to see them thus dressed going to mass, mounted two or three together on one horse,

bareback; or perhaps the father rides on horseback, with the wife behind him on a very primitive straw saddle, while the children follow on a donkey. To go on foot is a humiliating extremity that indicates the deepest distress.

It might be expected that this insular population would be essentially maritime, and find ample support in fishing, particularly as salmon are abundant, as well as huge shoals of herring and mackerel, not to mention lobsters, crabs, mussels, and oysters. And so an "international commission" of many persons learned in fishes and fish culture, in 1883 elaborated a wonderful plan for the establishment of an "imperial aquarium" and "model fisheries" in the Bay of Keem. But in the meanwhile, the fish disport themselves at peace in their watery habitation. The only boats in the island are a few wretched half-rigged things, in which the boldest fishermen venture out a short distance to cast their nets; the others catch crabs and shell-fish among the rocks at low water. When they have caught what is necessary to their subsistence they fold their arms.

They want very little to live on; as in all the poor parts of Ireland, the peasantry subsist almost entirely upon potatoes and salted herrings, boiled in the same water so that the potatoes may taste of the herrings. Another national dish is the "stirabout," a paste of oatmeal, such as is seen in Brittany. Bacon is a luxury; butcher's meat only appears at weddings or entertainments. The only commodity they make any money from is butter; buttermilk is the staple drink. It is needless to add that whisky enjoys their favour, when the state of their finances allows.

As they neglect fishing, do they give themselves up to agriculture? Upon this poor soil there is little to be done. Potatoes are the only thing grown; a few sheep find a living on the moors and fell-sides; the



Islanders going to mass.

cattle wander about unrestrained. In the evening the boys and girls may be seen coming home from milking, seated two and two on a horse or donkey, the pails of milk at the end of a long pole. Very picturesque are these caravans in the waning light of evening. Other files of horses and donkeys wind along the paths, bringing peats, which have been drying on the moss, where they were cut six weeks ago. Cattle are never used as beasts of burden: an Irish peasant would think it more natural to draw his cart himself than to harness a horned beast to it.

There are some ducks and geese; fowls are rare, turkeys rarer, pigeons unknown. As to the pig, he alone has the luxury of a litter; he shares Christians' food, and fattens on it more than they; he wanders in the fields "at his own sweet will." I must do him the justice to say that, grateful for such care and consideration, the animal shows rare qualities; he is tame, affectionate, sociable, and respects the cleanness of his shining skin. I am sorry to say that the possession of so many virtues and graces does not save him from the common fate, or prevent him from being made into ham or bacon in the flower of his age. He is, in fact, the surest source of income his owner has; the whole family goes into mourning at the premature death of the "jintleman that pays the rint."

It is in the Western counties, and, above all, in the islands of Achill and Aran, that the curious traveller can study the popular customs of Ireland with most advantage. Thus with the ceremonies of a funeral: a good burial is the constant preoccupation of the Irish peasant, just as death, without the solace of religion, is his greatest terror: a family will submit to any sacrifice to do honour to a dead member.

The chief expense is the wake on the evening of the death. It lasts from twenty-four hours to four

days, according to the temperature of the season and the fortune of the deceased. Ready to seize any opportunity for assembling to do nothing, relations, neighbours, and friends often gather in holiday-dress round the house, before the dying man has expired. The body, carefully washed and wrapped in a shroud, decorated with black ribbons in the case of a married person, with white ones in that of unmarried people, and with flowers for children, is laid, with face uncovered, upon a table, lightly sprinkled with salt, and surrounded by lighted candles. As soon as the prayers for the dead have been said by the priest the people come in and take their places, and the whisky begins to circulate.

Thanks to the efforts of the clergy, these evenings do not degenerate into such orgies as they used to; decency is gaining ground to the detriment of local colour. However, in the out-of-the-way districts we are in, the old Bacchanalian dance may yet be found. While the women and family weep in a corner, the men smoke and drink round the fire, joking and laughing, discussing the fairs or the crops, talking politics, or indulging in rustic buffoonery. The youth of both sexes give themselves up in dark corners to diversions that might be in place at a dance. From time to time a band of revellers enter and give a rude dramatic representation of some fantastic or religious story, or else organize one of those games, noisy and violent, even to brutality, in which the coarse rustics take delight. There is singing and drinking: and these disgraceful performances take place oftener than Irishmen like to confess, for during my stay in Dublin, a wake in the neighbourhood ended by the unpremeditated cremation of the corpse, which was set on fire by the candles being upset in the excitement of the feast. In any case, the behaviour of the people who attend a funeral

of the lower class is far from decent; a fact explained by their copious libations. It is strange that so pious a race show so little external respect to their dead. I remember once meeting two processions in O'Connell Street in Dublin. They each went through without ceremony: no hats were taken off as they passed, as is the custom in our infidel Paris; the hearse and cars went on merrily at a full trot.

But if everything were done in the same way all over the world, there would be no inducement to leave home. As can be well imagined, a good wake is nearly as much sought after by tourists as a dramatic eviction; but chance is not always favourable. There are stories of people waiting several days in some deserted hole for the end of some man on his death-bed. Paddy, with his cunning, well knows how to work this morbid curiosity, to judge from the following anecdote, whose source I cannot vouch for, though I can assert its probability. A driver, hearing two Englishmen speak of their desire to witness one of these strange ceremonies, told them that unfortunately his cousin had just died, and if their honours would gratify the family with their presence, the preparations for the evening could be hurried on. In order not to be outdone in politeness the tourists naturally offered to pay for the whisky, and in the evening the whole village was getting drunk at the deceased man's house at their expense. But at the height of the revel, one of the tourists thought he saw the corpse move slightly, and became suspicious. He therefore approached the corpse in a careless manner, and quickly applied a burning cigar to its nose. In a moment the corpse had thrown off its shroud, and was off as hard as it could go, pursued by the angry Englishman: had not the dead man been a better runner than the living, the comedy would probably have ended in a real wake.

I am tired of talking about whisky! yet it is necessary to do so, because it plays such an important part in all the business of the Irish peasant. If it is in request at funerals, it can be imagined what it is at weddings. In Achill the old customary marriage forms have remained unaltered. When a young man presents himself one evening with a bottle of potheen at some house, everybody knows why he comes, though they pretend not to. Besides, Pat, Mike, or Dan takes care to give notice of the visit by some third party. Some old fortune-telling beggar or the country tailor is regularly entrusted with the message thanks to which, by happy chance, the parents are not yet in bed, while the girl is on a visit to some neighbour. Then, drinking a "drop o' the craythur," they talk for a short hour on any subject. Little by little the youth gets round to speak of himself and his family, whose praises are acquiesced in with a prudent reserve; at last he makes his request, and the debate begins. They calculate how many sheep and goats are equivalent to the twenty golden guineas which the girl has inherited from her uncle; if the suitor contributes a cow he requires its equivalent in pigs; a feather bed is considered against a flock of geese. Sometimes a marriage falls through for a pair of ducks or a pillow. If the conference does not produce a satisfactory result, they separate without ill-feeling; there has, at any rate, been a good bottle of drink.

But Pat has other strings to his bow. Armed with several bottles in his pockets, he sometimes asks for three or four girls in one night. By dawn his choice is made, and often the marriage is celebrated next day. Pat is careful to provide himself beforehand with a certificate (cost five shillings) from the priest, stating his freedom, and a license from the bishop, which costs 7*s.* 6*d.* As to the ceremony, the price is agreed upon

with the priest, according to the supposed fortunes of the families, and is payable in advance. Together with funeral fees it forms the principal source of the priest's income, and as he must get a living the sum is often considerable.

This interesting insular population has one quality very rare in Ireland—though poor they do not beg for money. The children offer you amethysts and bits of rock-crystal from the caves, but their pertinacity is so small that they can scarcely be accused of that hypocritical mendicity, far more irritating than the other kind, and far less moving. This does not mean that strangers are not "worked." As boatmen, drivers, guides and porters, huntsmen and fishers, they charge one as high as possible, and practise, with exceeding skill, the chase of the half-crown. An example will show how far their talents are developed. We returned from Westport in a very elegant car, harnessed to a fine black mare, driven by the proprietor himself—a real gentleman farmer, in knickerbockers and knitted stockings. He told us of the works he had undertaken in Pennsylvania, and of the nice little sum he had made; on the way he showed us a splendid horse he had just bought for sixty guineas—a high price in Ireland—and he stopped at a hamlet to buy a donkey for his children's amusement. At the end of our journey, when, with many bows, we slipped the fare agreed upon into his hand, he asked, without blushing, "If there was nothing for himself?"

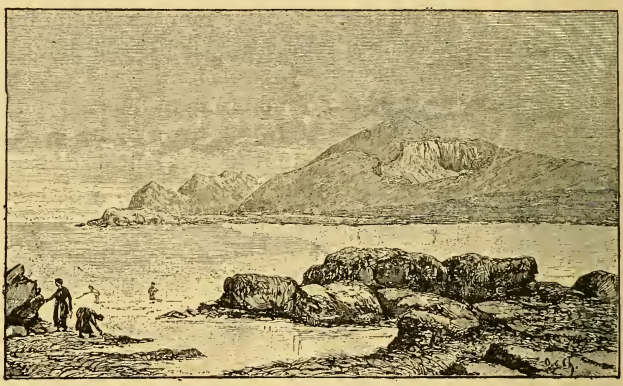
The much-indented promontory, which prolongs the Isle of Achill to the west, faces the Atlantic, with a huge mass of rock, the highest points of which, Croghan and Slievemore, attain a height of 2192 and 2217 feet. At the foot of the latter peak, on its eastern side, is the village of Doogort, overlooking a pretty sandy beach, sheltered from the south-west. It is joined to the Croghan by a ridge of rock, some miles

long, crowned with a high graceful watch-tower. The best way to climb it is to drive to Dooagh, a very singular collection of human habitations. Imagine a lot of huts, half buried in the sand, built of stones without mortar, and covered with fern and heather, which is kept fast by bands of straw with big stones at their ends. The smoke escapes by a hole in the roof. There is not a blade of grass. The only vegetation is the green or reddish seaweed that appears at low tide. No domestic animals roam round these primitive dwellings. For two months in summer the village is almost deserted. The able-bodied inhabitants of both sexes go to Scotland or England for the harvest; only the old men remain behind, with the mothers and children and a few fishermen, whose wretched craft are moored in the sand at the very doors of the hovels. Everyone has leisure: the men smoke, seated on a heap of stones; the women stand gaping at the door, which also does for a window, or crouch round the peat-fire that is never allowed to go out, combining their Vestal-like task with the giving of nourishment to their nurslings; the elder children roll about half-naked in the sand. There is nothing surprising in this leisure; in a country where the sight of a peasant going to the fields with his tools is a rarity, it is only just that those who have no fields should do nothing!

Why should this unsailorlike population take up its abode almost in the sea? At high tides, the waves lap the badly-built walls; in a storm they sometimes carry off a part of the village. Last winter a man was carried away by a billow; the next day his body was washed up by the tide. The evening of his wake the waves, baulked of their prey, invaded the house where the revel was going on and forced it to be transferred farther away from the sea. For all that, the village of Dooagh is continually being rebuilt upon the same

spot, like Torre del Greco on the side of Vesuvius, which is periodically devoured by the lava.

Immediately behind the houses begins the peat-moss. Before practising the pedestrian exercise known as bog-trotting, it is impossible to imagine its character. In spite of its perpetual wetness the moss is not a marsh, nor does it exhale miasmatic odours. Rheumatism is common in Ireland, but not pernicious fever. The peat-bog is beautified by its

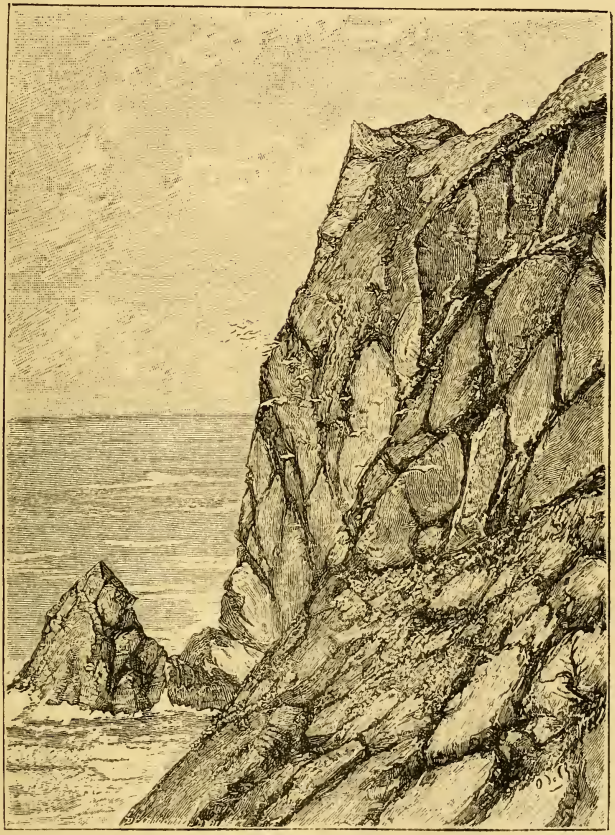


The Croghan.

reddish colour. To look at it, you might think it would be a pleasure to walk on the carpet of flowers; try it, and you will soon change your opinion. The ground is not solid, but consists of tufts of heather separated by thick black mud. When, in stepping from one tuft to another you slip into this, it is no easy task to get out again. After a little of this treacherous exercise you are coated with mud up to the knee, and regret that decency does not allow you to go barefoot, like the Irish girls.

The ascent of the Croghan is all through bog.

Detours have to be made continually to avoid the peat-cuttings, which are often full of black stagnant water;



The Cliffs of Croghan.

or else you climb up the bed of some torrent, holding on to clumps of heather that give way under your

weight. When the slope becomes sharper, you begin to hope you will be able to walk with dry feet. Not at all; the slippery yielding peat is still there, and walking is made more difficult by the steepness of the hill. Higher up there is a carpet of dwarfed junipers, which crackle under your feet, and give out their strong aromatic smell; but still the bog is with you. The mountain is a gigantic sponge. Still, when the narrow ridge between the two peaks is reached, the view (if you are not buried in a mist) amply compensates for the woes you have suffered in the ascent. On one side a wall of rock, 2000 feet high, descends sheer to the ocean. No figures or words can give any idea of the overwhelming grandeur of the scene. At a giddy depth below, the ocean is breaking madly against this mighty rock, justly called "the great bastion of Europe," and you shiver as you think that a single false step will precipitate you into the abyss. Close at hand, looking like a ship moored in the bay, is Clare Island—so near that, as the story runs, a golden eagle carried thence a child in its talons to its eyrie in the rocks beneath our feet. You can make out the ruins of the castle of Granuaile, the fortress, and one of the chief residences of the famous Grana or Grace O'Malley, Princess of Clare in the time of Queen Elizabeth.

The memory of this Princess of Clare is curiously bound up with that of the old Celtic family of the MacMahons, whose ivy-clad castle is seen on an eminence, on the side of the Bay of Tullaghan. An hereditary hatred reigned between their clan and that of the O'Malleys. One of them who started to fight against Princess Grana, was disarmed by love, and returned home with his claws clipped, and bound by a promise of marriage. Soon afterwards, the faithless fair married an O'Flaherty, Prince of Connemara. The injured suitor took his revenge by killing

The "Cathedrals" of Meenane.

his rival in the chase, and the Princess appeased the ghost of her husband by having the MacMahons enticed into an ambush and massacred to a man, by a band of brigands. That was in the good old times of the independence of Ireland.

But let us not forget that we are on the top of the Croghan, with our eyes turned to the east. At our feet the Island of Achill spreads the dark humpy surface of its peaty soil, bordered by white coves cut out of the rock. At the end of Keel, the cliffs of Meenane appear quite insignificant. They have the trifling height of 1000 feet, and the surf which has dashed against them for so many ages, has so eaten them away that they look like the entrance to some great Gothic cathedral. From this they have obtained their name ; upon these " Cathedrals," and upon Achill Head, part of the vessels of the Armada were wrecked. In the distance, beyond the blue streak that separates Achill and the peninsula of Curraun, the wild chaos of the mountains of Nephin extends to the horizon. Farther north, at the foot of the peaks of Erris, the sand-hills of Mullet stretch into the sea in several long jagged promontories, at the ends of which are the little islands of Inishkea, Inishglora, and Devilaun. The first of these is inhabited by five families, practically independent of all law, protected as they are by the storms against sheriff and constables. The revenue officers cannot get there any more easily, a fact of which the islanders, cunning if primitive, avail themselves to illicitly distil *potheen* from the barley they grow in sheltered spots. On calm moonless nights they run their merchandise across to the mainland, where everybody is the smuggler's accomplice.

The Croghan is riven in two places by deep clefts into which the sun never penetrates. They can be reached without much difficulty, and seem to extend

to the interior of the world. A great variety of rare ferns grow in them. Indeed, the flora of the whole island is extremely rich; but if I have one hint to give the tourist it is not to make the ascent in company with a botanist. Instead of allowing you to enjoy the landscape, he will pester you with barbarous names with Latin endings.

The Croghan is the property of an Englishman, who has the benevolent intention of establishing fisheries on this coast, which abounds in fish. The pasture on the mountains feeds a considerable number of cattle. On the southern side, overlooking a deep, wide ravine, with a lake at its bottom, in which are wild swans, is a very decent-looking farm, which lately belonged to a person who has become famous in Irish politics. I mean Captain Boycott, who, very much against his will, has given his name to that exclusive dealing which is such a powerful weapon in the Nationalist armoury. It will be remembered that he was the first who required police protection while getting in his hay and digging his potatoes with the help of his family, as not a single agricultural labourer would work on his land. That did not happen here (where he has left an excellent impression on the people who worked for him) but on the banks of Lough Mask, near Cong. He had soon to give up his farm there, for boycotting is a moral torture, and a material difficulty against which even the most energetic cannot hold out long.

Other Englishmen have become owners of parts of the island, which afford sport. Grouse, woodcock, and snipe are plentiful on the moss. After what I have said about bog-trotting, it will be understood that a man must be a wild devotee of sport to seek it here. The plateaux are big warrens of badgers and rabbits. Lovers of uncommon game find something in Achill to please them: the red deer roams on the

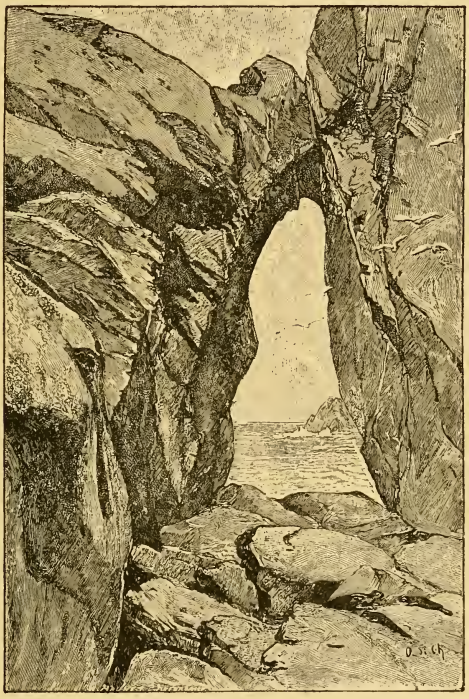
slopes of the hills ; the wild goat makes a capital shot, though not one without danger, owing to the awful chasms over which it has to be pursued. Wild swans and ducks, bustards, and numerous species of sea-birds breed freely.

But seal-hunting is the most curious. These animals frequent the bottomless caverns, excavated by the action of the sea at the feet of the immense granite walls that line the coast. The hunter is taken in a boat to the mouth of the cave, which he enters by swimming. A lamp is attached to his head, and he is in communication with those in the boat by a cord round his middle. His business is to find the nests and carry off the young to the boat, where the rowers are on the watch. The parents soon come out to look for their offspring, when they are shot. Nothing is sacred for the hunter. Sometimes he waits at the mouth of the cave at low water; but he must be careful of the rising tide, by which it would be terrible to be surprised in these abysses.

But strangers alone are so impious as to devote themselves to this reprehensible amusement, for the natives know that these amphibians are human souls, allowed by special grace to survive the deluge in this shape, in which they now await the last judgment. They are therefore disinclined to molest the poor beasts. The hotel-keeper at Doogort, a Protestant of Scotch descent, who does the honours of his beloved island with considerable intelligence, told me that he could almost believe the legend, from the almost human sound of the groans of the seals in their caverns. The superstitious dread felt by the islanders at these lugubrious moans would suffice to keep them from the sport, even without their dislike of difficult and dangerous expeditions.

Shooters and fishers in quest of attractive and various sport; intellectual travellers who seek internal and

external peace, together with those grand views of sky and sea, which excite the imagination without heating the blood; the weary of brain and of heart who yearn to



A seal cavern.

relax and refresh themselves by contact with the invigorating calm of a healthy quiet retreat; curious travellers with sensations as yet unstirred; misanthropes tired of jostling with their fellows—should go and lounge in the forsaken districts of the far West

of Ireland, and leave the big island of Connemara to the last, only if time presses, for a hurried visit is very unsatisfactory. As to lovers of landscapes, I will give them a notion of the joys Achill has in store for them by saying it is so full of light and colour that the absence of trees goes unnoticed.

CHAPTER IX.

SLIGO AND ENNISKILLEN.

Geography tells us that Ireland is divided into four provinces—Leinster, Munster, Connaught, and Ulster, corresponding to the ancient kingdoms of the east, south, west, and north. The province of Ulster has a peculiar character, owing to the fact that it is more Scotch than Irish, and more Protestant than Catholic. At the close of the great rebellion of the O'Neills, the chiefs of this region, James I. carried out "plantation" upon a large scale, and the English point with pride to the appearance of comfort and cleanliness which, to the most careless eye, distinguishes it from the Celtic and Papist provinces. To this the Irish reply that as the Scotch Presbyterian and English Episcopalian colonists have always enjoyed the favour and protection of the Government, it is not to be wondered at that they have prospered at the expense of the oppressed and persecuted natives. Be the reason what it may, as soon as we approach Ulster the physiognomy of the country changes. The journey by road from Ballina to Sligo is performed within the bounds of Connaught, but you feel yourself to be in a frontier zone. Less bog, better kept farms, good crops of barley, oats and rye, great fields of beetroot instead of the everlasting potato, more numerous and fatter cattle—these are the signs of prosperity. There is still enough heather to tint the landscape, growing

in great tufts upon the turf dykes that divide the fields, but there are fewer stones and the roads are bordered with trees and quickset hedges. The houses, for the most part roofed with slates, are higher and are embowered in flowers. Occasionally we find the sordid cabins we know so well, but they seem ashamed of themselves. There are less dirt, fewer rags, and more shoes. The children go barefoot, but that is a fixed custom in Ireland, and they seem none the worse for it. The country has become more tame, but that is rather a relief, for one wearies of rugged grandeur. There remains a softened and peaceful beauty which rejoices the eye without putting a strain upon the faculty of admiration. To the right are little stony ridges, gay with heather, to the left is the sea lying as tranquil as a lake.

We reach Sligo Bay, a safe anchorage, where, as usual, nothing is wanting but ships. It is trefoil-shaped, and the middle arm, on which is the town of Sligo, is sheltered by an island. The more southerly bay of Ballysadare is formed by the estuary of the Oranmore, which falls into the sea by a succession of cascades offering water power which, as usual, is not utilized. But if the economist regrets the absence of mills, the tourist may admire the salmon leaping under the ruins of the abbey and church of St. Fichan, ancient structures which overhang the stream. At a little distance rises a rocky hill of singular shape, on the summit of which a vast cairn encloses, according to tradition, the ashes of the mystic queen of the Banshees. The Gaelic name of this hill favours the supposition that in Druidic times it was the scene of sacrifices to the moon. But that it was used as a burial-place at a time when cremation was in vogue is proved by the presence of numerous urns, among which may possibly be that of the "queen of lies, lighter than the treacherous wind." There are

people without imagination who decline to accept these stories, as if history were anything but depoetized legend.

Sligo is interesting only for the ruins of its Dominican abbey, situated in the centre of the town. Though the square tower has been disfigured by a clumsy restorer, the richly sculptured high altar remains intact, and the tomb of O'Connor Sligo and his wife is the finest of the cinerary monuments of Ireland. Another altar, half-buried, upon which is a barbarous Calvary, is decorated with sculptured shamrocks of rare elegance. The same plant, diversely treated, is found on the capitals of the cloister, of which three sides remain in perfect preservation.

The mountainous district which separates the Bay of Sligo from that of Donegal is extremely picturesque without being rugged, and as it has not yet been penetrated by a railway the tourist can visit every part of it at his ease. Following a path which runs along the top of the cliffs for miles, one sees many curious sights, natural "cathedrals" resembling in miniature those of Achill; great doorways, square or round, bored by the waves out of the limestone which, under their action, come to resemble grey marble; and triumphal arches, one of which—the Fairy Bridge—measures twenty-four feet. Malicious sprites are supposed to haunt it, whose amusement is to trip up adventurous strangers and send them head foremost from its slippery surface into the sea. There, however, they seem to be very well treated by the giants, korrigans, elves, pixies, and other interesting beings whom civilization has banished from the dry land.

The Island of Muireadhaigh—pronounced Murdhach, but now softened into Murray—takes its name from a holy man who at some undetermined period was the first bishop of Killala. The monastery, of which the ruins remain, sheltered the youth of Colomba, the

apostle of the Scotch Picts, who, according to the Annals of the Four Masters, was banished for some unspecified sin. According to the same authority, the Scandinavian pirates ravaged the island in 802, hence we may suppose the ruins to date from that period. This assigns a venerable antiquity to these round cells, quadrangular oratories, subterranean chambers, and columns covered with inscriptions in *Ogham*, an ancient character supposed to be of Phœnician origin. Long after coming in contact with Roman civilization, Ireland adhered to this primitive alphabet. Murray Island is a rocky plateau, naked and desolate, sheltered partially by cliffs on the seaward coast. A hundred or so of inhabitants gather a precarious harvest from the less exposed patches of soil. A police station, recently established, has deprived them of what was their principal source of revenue, the illicit distillation of potheen.

Farther along the coast are found the remains of an ancient city of fish-eaters, whose cairns, tumuli, stone altars, and mortuary chambers are half-buried in the sand of a chain of dunes. Then, by way of piquant contrast, one suddenly comes upon the pretty beach of Bundoran—another "Irish Brighton,"—another "queen of watering places," where pretentious hotels, a few shops, bathing machines, a post office, and a railway station, stretch along the side of a low bluff crowned by a grassy plateau. The wearied tourist may make an agreeable halt at Bundoran. On the other hand, those who suffer from the restlessness of the excursionist, will find it interesting to go over again by way of the mountains the journey he has just made by way of the coast. At last, when the most conscientious has been surfeited with scenery, ruined abbeys, Celtic crosses, and ruins of round towers, he can take the railway once more, either at Ballyshannon or at Manorhamilton. In a couple of hours a little panting

locomotive will take him to Enniskillen, the chief town of County Fermanagh, in Ulster.

A short walk in the streets is enough to show the traveller that he is in Ulster, even if he did not otherwise know it. Enniskillen, indeed, presents no very striking symptoms of prosperity. It is a fairly clean little town of 6000 inhabitants, very agreeably situated on an island in the midst of the stream that joins the upper to the lower Lough Erne. Two forts command the bridges, and at one end of the long tortuous main street stands an old fortified gateway, which is all that remains of the castle of the MacGuires, on the site of which now stand large barracks. A large butter and corn market is held twice a week, and attracts all the farmers of the neighbourhood. These people have the air of bestirring themselves to some purpose, and while they lounge less than those of the south, they evidently live in far greater comfort. Ulster is the cradle and stronghold of the Orange Societies, founded in the last century to counteract the Nationalist and Catholic secret societies. It must not be concluded that all Ulster is either Protestant or loyal; but the good people of Enniskillen have been very staunch in both respects ever since the regiment of Dragoons recruited among them performed prodigies of valour at the Battle of the Boyne, under the personal leadership of William III.

Although extravagant praise has been lavished upon the two loughs, and the Ulster people hold them equal to the Lakes of Killarney, they are far from deserving that reputation. The tourist, nevertheless, will find delightful excursions in their vicinity. Were there nothing more than the mere pleasure of boating, it is delightful to glide, without shock, or dust, or fatigue, over the tranquil surface of lakes, that change their hues with every cloud that crosses the sky. The islands, I need hardly say, are 365 in

number; and the boatmen will tell you that in leap year an extra one appears. I have always suspected the good faith of Irishmen who narrate these absurd legends, but it is certain that they resent any signs of incredulity. After all, one cannot be angry when people who have a legendary past endeavour to preserve it. Progress spoils quite enough. For example, they have begun to disfigure the lower lake by works useful to the farmers but distasteful to lovers of the picturesque. Every year some 20,000 acres are laid under water by the overflow of the lakes. Mr. John Gray Porter, of Bellisle, has undertaken to put an end to this state of things by a system of reservoirs and sluices, combined with an enlargement of the bed of the river Erne, which carries off the overflow of the lower lake. To effect this, they have destroyed an enormous mass of rock that obstructed the channel, abolishing in the process a picturesque cataract. These works are close to the little town of Belleek, where they manufacture a curious porcelain with a mother-of-pearl surface, which recalls the majolica of Gubbio. Pettigoe, another station on the line, from Ballyshannon to Enniskillen, which skirts the northern shore of the lower lake, serves as a starting-point for a curious excursion to the little Lough Derg, and the famous purgatory of St. Patrick, frequented in the Middle Ages by pilgrims from all parts of Christendom, and still held in veneration by the Irish Catholics. The name is given to a rocky islet where the apostle of Erin had so fearful a vision of the sufferings of Purgatory, that he instituted a pilgrimage, conferring upon sinners indulgences, abridging considerably their time of penitence in the other world.

Of the chapels and cells that were erected, curious fragments remain. The modern buildings consist of a hospital kept by nuns, a clergy house, and two churches. The pious exercises practised are such as

Saint Patrick ordained fourteen centuries ago—bare heads and bare feet. Nothing, as one sees, is more venerable than this isle, which is quite uninhabited except in the season of pilgrimages, from 15th of July to 15th of August. The sombre aspect of its bare, steep sides, whose dull reflection gives a black inky colour to the water, adds still more to its religious character. It is to be noted, that in the worst time of the religious persecution suffered by Ireland for nearly three centuries, the "stations" of Lough Derg were always respected and protected. Bishop Hugh MacMahon, who bore witness to the fact in 1714, attributes this blessing to the particular merits of Saint Patrick, and looks upon the island as a new ark of the testimony of the Lord, the Holy of Holies of the Catholic faith in Ireland.

At the opposite extremity of Lough Erne, near Enniskillen, is another of the religious retreats, so numerous in this Holy Island—the Isle of Devenish, all green with undulating pastures, without tree or bush. A vast "cashel" of dry stones encircles the ruins of the monastic establishment, founded in the sixth century by Saint Molaisse. This monastery was still flourishing in the reign of Queen Elizabeth. Of the oratory of the Saint only the four walls remain, crumbled down to a man's height; the thought that some of the old men of the district have seen this standing intact, with its roof of flat stones, gives ground for deploring the indifference that has too long been shown to Celtic monuments.

Ruins of other churches are grouped about the round tower, which is 84 feet high and 49 in circumference at the base. The walls are three feet thick, built of stones about a foot square, and almost without cement, yet with such art that the inside is nearly as smooth as a gun barrel. It has one peculiarity; the frieze which runs round the base of the conical

roof, as well as the entablatures of the windows, are curiously decorated with wreaths and human heads, with curly beards, like those of the Assyrian kings. The tower had its top brought down by a singular accident in 1834. An alder, the seed of which, no doubt, had been dropped by some bird, grew for a century in the masonry at the top: torn down by a storm, it brought with it in its fall all the higher parts, which had been loosened by the slow working of the roots. It was rebuilt by public subscription.

Close to the side of the church, in the middle of the tombs that pave the enclosure where stands the cashel, is an old cross of very elegant and unusual shape. Its antiquity is attested by the curious barbaric carving, which represents Christ on the Cross. It was discovered three years ago, while a grave was being dug, and was erected in its present situation. No doubt the soil of Devenish conceals much more archæological wealth.

Of all the burying-places entrusted by Irish piety to the protection of the ashes of the saints, that of Devenish is one of the most sacred. The peasants come from far to bury their dead there, and it is very picturesque to see the funerals gliding across the waves to reach the holy place, while the mountains re-echo the wail of mourning. Hence the name Portora—port of lamentations—given to the landing-place on the arm of the river, in the middle of which is Enniskillen. Side by side with tombstones bearing inscriptions of recent date may be seen others covered with lichen, on which is the rudely-sculptured image of a Thanist, a bishop, a mitred abbot; a very old stone sarcophagus is supposed to be that in which the remains of Saint Molaisse were enclosed. Empty to-day, it possesses miraculous healing powers for the rheumatic subject, who can stretch himself at his length in it, after having walked thrice round it.

The tombs, old and new, are absolutely neglected and invaded by nettles, which make the researches of the archæologist somewhat perilous. Still, we ought not to complain of this: anything is better than the sight of the pearl crowns and other offerings, more pious than artistic, by which we French show our love and respect to the dead. The Irish graveyards—gloomy, wild, forlorn—awaken more solemn thoughts than our chess-board cemeteries, carefully regulated by the public authorities.

CHAPTER X.

LONDONDERRY AND THE HIGHLANDS OF DONEGAL.

The origin of the name of the fifth town in Ireland is rather interesting. Derry, "wood of oaks," was an important ecclesiastical city that included, beside the monastery of Austin Canons Regular, founded in the middle of the fifth century by Saint Columba, a convent of nuns of the Cistercian Order and an abbey of Dominican friars. Four centuries after the landing of the Anglo-Normans the town, with the neighbouring territory, comprising almost all the present county, was still in the power of the native nobles, notably the O'Cathans or O'Kanes, a younger branch of the great family of the O'Neills. The conquest of Ireland was evidently not accomplished in a day. The clans waged merciless war against each other, and in 1600 the citizens of Derry procured materials for the ramparts, of which they felt the need, by pulling down Tempal More, a church of the twelfth century, which was considered one of the finest in Ireland.

This act of utilitarian vandalism did not save the town, eight years afterwards, from being pillaged and burnt by Sir Cahir O'Dogherty, of the neighbouring district of Donegal. The history of this person throws an instructive light over the manners of the times. A sound Catholic and an ardent patriot, he pursued with perpetual hatred the Scotch Presbyterian colonists settled in the north. Delighted with such an excuse

for brigandage, the young hero, as he is termed in the national chronicles, stole their cattle, plundered their crops, and set fire to their houses, without troubling to drive out the inmates. Outlawed for these deeds of valour, he chose his abode on the rock of Doune, and as he could not go down to the churches the monks of the neighbouring abbey used to say a mass for his benefit, in which he took part from his eagle's nest by turning towards the altar.

One Holy Thursday, while he was attending to his religious duties in this manner, he was killed by a ball from the gun of a certain Sandy Ramsay, whose family had had their throats cut by him a short time previously. The adherents of O'Dogherty dispersed in terror, and the Scotchman was able to cut off the head of his victim; he wrapped it up in his plaid and set off to carry it to the lord-lieutenant. On the way an Irishman, recognizing the head of the dreaded Sir Cahir, stole the ghastly bundle and started for Dublin, where he laid hands upon the promised reward of 500 marks.

At the end of O'Neill's great rebellion the counties of Donegal, Tyrone, Armagh, Fermanagh, Cavan, and Derry were colonized in the ingenious way known as "planting." Derry was divided among the twelve great companies of the city of London, who are still, for the most part, the proprietors. Hence comes the name of Londonderry—Derry of London. But, except in public documents, the two first syllables are usually suppressed.

The citizens of London devoted £60,000 sterling towards rebuilding the ruinous town thus presented to them: at a time when an ox was sold at something like a halfpenny a pound that was a considerable sum. Like sensible people, their first step was to secure a fortified enclosure. Lucky for them was it that they did so, for three-quarters of a century later London-

derry held out against a siege, which has remained celebrated in the annals of the murderous civil wars, of which Ireland seems fated to be the scene. The colonization had been exclusively Protestant, so that after the Revolution of 1688 the town sided with William of Orange. However, Lundy, the governor, was secretly in the service of James II., and the Duke of Tyrconnel thought he could make sure of the place by sending the Catholic regiment of Lord Antrim to replace that of Lord Mountjoy, which was composed of Protestants. But half a dozen apprentices, whose names are writ in letters of gold upon the hearts of anti-Papists, shut the gates in the face of the Jacobite soldiery, taking care to leave the governor outside. The town was then put into a state of defence. It was soon besieged. The army of citizens performed prodigies of valour during a siege that lasted 105 days, and was directed at first by James in person and afterwards by Marshal Rosen. After the repulse of eleven successive attacks the King gave up the game in disgust, peevishly declaring that English troops would have given him the town stone by stone. It was with pleasing remarks of this kind that he rewarded the loyalty of his Irish subjects.

Badly fortified, insufficiently armed, unprovided with victuals, and encumbered with fugitives who, to the number of 30,000, had come from the country round to seek refuge behind its walls, the heroic city could only oppose its 20,000 besiegers with 7500 volunteers, commanded by the Rev. George Walker, a minister of the Episcopal Church. But famine, plague, and hospital-gangrene were more fatal than the fire of the enemies' batteries. To force them to surrender, old Rosen thought of a trick worthy of the Pandours. Four thousand Protestants, collected from the surrounding country—old men, women, and children, were driven beneath the walls at the point of the

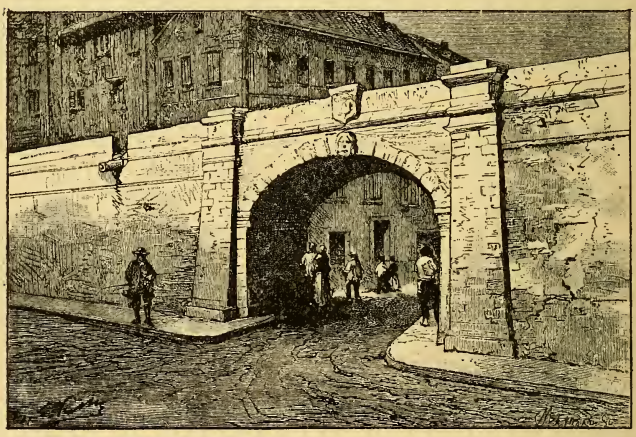
sword. The governor was then called upon to open the gates to them, unless he wished them to die of hunger and want at the bottom of the ditches. Walker replied by erecting upon the ramparts a gallows upon which all the prisoners of war were to hang should the Jacobites carry out their threat.

The sufferings of the besieged town were terrible. Still Walker held on, and kept up the drooping hearts of the citizens by impassioned harangues. At last, on the 30th of July, relief came in the shape of two vessels laden with food, which had succeeded in breaking through the mole made by the besiegers and ascending the Foyle. It was indeed time; nearly half of the garrison had perished, a fourth part of the survivors were incapable of fighting. The Jacobite army suffered nearly as much from fever, dysentery, typhus, and the enemy's fire.

Abandoning all hope of reducing the town, Rosen now raised the siege. The rage of the obstinate inhabitants was such, that even before satisfying their hunger, they rushed off in pursuit of their foe. But want of cavalry prevented them from harassing Rosen's retreat towards the south-west. The retreating army pulled down every Protestant house they came across on their march. When we reflect that only two centuries ago such excesses were indulged in by Christians, we ask whether the human race is so far removed from a savage state as is believed.

This bloody past has not prevented Derry from prospering more than any other Irish town; it affords a unique instance of a population of 30,000 having been tripled in the last fifty years. It is built in the shape of an amphitheatre, upon the rising ground which borders the left bank of the Foyle, where it opens into the bay of the same name. Clean, with wide streets and pretty houses, its appearance rather

reminds one of Lausanne. The only historical monuments possessed by this very unwarlike town are the ramparts, which have been turned into a public promenade. Here there still remains a battery of old cannon, one of which in particular—Roaring Meg—attained some notoriety in the siege. In one of the bastions a monument has been erected to the memory of George Walker. It consists of a statue on the top of a very ugly column. It is an extraordinary form of madness that leads people in British countries to



Gate of Ferry Quay.

immortalize their heroes in the semblance of parrots on their perch. The rev. gentleman must have taken a liking for war, since he was killed at the Battle of the Boyne.

Derry has an Episcopal cathedral, built in the seventeenth century on the site of Tempal More, crowning the highest point of the town, with its lofty embattled tower flanked with bell-turrets. The palace of the

Protestant bishop is a gloomy edifice of brick, built on the site of St. Columba's Abbey. There is not a single old stone to gladden the heart of the antiquary or the eye of the painter. Modern though Derry be, all the same it has a dreary appearance, more especially in the higher parts, where the chief streets meet in the central market place, called by the Irish a "diamond." The port, on the contrary, is very lively and well filled with vessels of large tonnage, though, pending the enlargement of the channel, the big Atlantic steamboats anchor at Moville, at the mouth of Lough Foyle.

While the traveller, sitting in his immense room in the great dark Hotel Jury, is consulting his guide-books with that fever of perpetual movement that in a few weeks turns to monomania, he jumps up suddenly at the sound of a growing tumult of steps, shouts and yells, which disturb the quiet of the silent street. It sounds like the clamour of a riot. Can it be another St. Bartholomew, a massacre of Catholics or Protestants? In this troubled land, you must be ready for everything. Thanking the providence that has contrived for your benefit a sight so full of local colour, you run to the window.

But no! it is nothing but a big flock of geese being taken through the town to the port, where they will be shipped for Great Britain to fulfil their destiny, which is to be fattened up for Michaelmas. If they happen to meet a flock of frightened sheep at some turning, or some cattle petrified by fear, or pigs squealing as if their throats were already being cut, the confusion and disturbance become indescribable.

Nothing is more amusing or instructive than to lounge about a port. We were paddling in the black coal-dust mud of the quays of Derry, refreshing ourselves with the sight of their maritime activity, when a decent man in a sailor's garb addressed us,

and gave as an excuse for the liberty, that hearing us speak, he had understood we were French. John Cassidy had in fact sailed a good deal. He knew Havre, Marseilles, and Bordeaux. He was now a boat builder, and the father of ten children. I remarked that it was a heavy charge. He replied simply, "Sure, and it is, but it is a blessing from heaven. And when God sends the children they must be fed." A Catholic and Nationalist, John Cassidy questioned us discreetly as to our religion; on learning that we were members of the same Church, he asked permission (which was willingly given) to shake our hands.

Thanks to gentler manners, the religious hatreds that once subjected the country to fire and sword now slumber so deeply that they are thought extinct for ever; but the spark smoulders beneath the ashes, and would be rekindled by a breath of the storm. In spite of its victories and in spite of its having had force and authority on its side, it is the Reformation that has bowed before the Papacy, and repose of conscience has been gained at the cost of concessions allowed by it. I had a long conversation on the religious situation with the Protestant Bishop of Derry and Raphoe. The right reverend Doctor Alexander is the most distinguished prelate of the Episcopal Church of Ireland; he is an original preacher, highly thought of for his intelligent tolerance. His diocese, which includes Donegal, requires extremely nice government, as the difficulties arising from the friction between the orthodox Protestant Church and that of Rome are aggravated by the power of the dissenting sects, the most influential of which are the Presbyterians and Methodists, who were but lately leagued with the Catholics against the tyranny of the State religion. Without any very strict classification, these three religious groups

Londonderry Harbour.

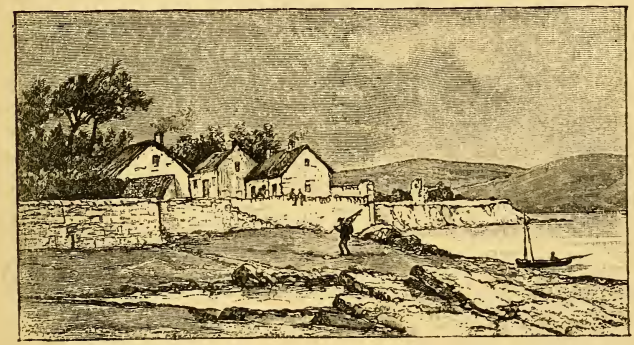
answer fairly exactly to the three races that exist side by side in Ulster: native Celts, and colonists of Scotch and English descent.

My communicative boat-builder, who introduced himself during our walk round the quays, had no animosity against the Protestants, but he thought it unfair that they should still have the supremacy in a Catholic country in which they are intruders. "We have been persecuted," he observed, without bitterness; "but by the grace of God and with patience we shall end by being free." After this, John Cassidy, with a great air of mystery, drew me into a corner of his workshop to show me a small model of the "battering-ram," employed by the police to burst in the doors of evicted farms, whose tenants refuse to give up possession. "It was my brother, who is a carpenter, who constructed the first of these machines," he said to me, "but he did not know how it was to be used, for he would have cut off his right hand with his left before he would have made himself the accomplice of Mr. Balfour. Every day I make it work to show the children how the English drive the poor Irish out of the houses of their fathers." To have argued with the good man that in every country of the world there are laws and officers to enable proprietors to get rid of insolvent and recalcitrant tenants would only have been to waste my trouble and lose his good opinion.

In the north of Ireland several large bays are called "loughs." Lough Foyle's name is justified by the narrowness of the entrance by which it communicates with the sea. It is a real salt water lake of triangular shape, studded by sand-banks, and with little picturesque attraction. The large mountainous promontory which closes it on the west is prolonged straight out into the sea by Cape Malin, the most northerly point of the island. A pretty little local

line cuts this promontory a little above its base, and at Buncrana strikes Lough Swilly, another bay, this time narrow and deep, like a fjord, and hemmed in by hills of slight elevation. On the other side of this is Donegal, the most poor and savage county of poor and savage Erin.

Our destination is the little port of Rathmullan, which is something like a village of Brittany, with grey houses built in tiers on a hill, all yellow with furze and purple with heather.



Rathmullan.

The strip of mountainous and seaworn land that makes up the county of Donegal is what is called in England "broken country." The term gives a very clear picture of a confusion of rocks, sand-hills, peat mosses, and heather moors, intersected here and there by little fields of oats and flax around the scattered cottages, whose thatched roofs are hidden by the flowers of stonecrop and wild stocks. There is a continual succession of ups and downs. Here and there a solitary pool is seen sleeping at the bottom of some crater-like hollow. The interior of the country is just

like the Isle of Achill; there are no trees, and yet the soil does not seem bare, thanks to the purple mantle which clothes the wretchedness of Ireland.

A few fine manor-houses, surrounded by parks where beeches and pines are supreme, are as oases in this desert. The principal proprietor of the district is the Earl of Leitrim, who reigns over 90,000 acres and 1700 tenants. He is not one of those landlords whose contemptuous absenteeism has for ages caused such evil in the Emerald Isle. Aware that certain privileges of birth entail certain duties, he enjoys the former without forgetting the latter. As a result, his affairs are in a very prosperous condition. The sacrifice, moreover, is not one of those that cost dear. If the estate of Carrickhart is not one of the most beautiful or the most rich in Ireland, it is at least one of the most picturesque.

The northern district of Donegal is indented by the long parallel inlets of Lough Swilly, Mulroy Bay, and Sheep Haven, which make peninsulas with jagged outlines, one of which includes Lord Leitrim's estates. The capital, so to say, is Milford—a clean town with a well-to-do air. It is entirely his property, and contains a workhouse built by his care. As is the case all round the district, the workhouse is almost empty; it would be comforting to believe that this is because there are no poor people. The traveller who comes to Milford from Rathmullan, through country flowering with red heather and big yellow daisies, along a road which climbs up and down from one hill to another, is amazed to suddenly find himself upon a quay, where a steamer is moored among some fishing boats. It is the end of the bay of Mulroy. In this wonderful country the sea comes into sight at every turn, hopelessly confusing all topographical ideas given by the configuration of the land. Unless you wish to pass your time with your nose on the map,

Mulroy Bay.

like those serious tourists who prefer to understand rather than to admire, you must give up the idea of getting the geography into your head.

The castle of Lord Leitrim is an elegant modern building, with peaked roofs covered with slates. It is reached by a causeway, which is washed on days of full tide by the waves. The bareness of the situation is enlivened by lawns and beds of flowers, which are but poorly sheltered by recent plantations of beech and pine. Rigorous winters are almost unknown, thanks to a piece of the peninsula of Fanad, which curves back into the bay of Mulroy so as to keep off the bitter north winds. The views of the sea, of which you get glimpses at all points of the compass, are very fantastic. In some places you might think yourself in a bay sown with islets. It is a very paradise for amateur yachtsmen; and Lord Leitrim is too good an Englishman not to have his cutter moored at the pier, where calls the steamer which performs a regular service between Milford and Glasgow. It was by his influence that this way of communication with the civilized world was established; it enables the scant products of the country to be exported at low rates.

Lord Leitrim devotes himself with as much intelligence as activity to the administration of his immense estate. So far he has escaped the operations of the plan of campaign, with its gloomy concomitants of evictions and boycotting, and that is no slight merit. To attain such a result rare gifts are required —firmness with gentleness, humanity without feebleness, energy without brutality. It is scarcely necessary to add that wisdom was needed to know when to sacrifice a part in order to save the whole. At the cost of great reductions in the assessments of his farm rents, he still derives with fair regularity what is, comparatively speaking, a large revenue from his estates.

An Arrest at Gweedore.

Lord Leitrim is sufficiently popular on his domain to be able to reside there without police protection. This privilege he owes in part to the charm of his person, but even more to the fact that he has known how to make timely concessions, to settle claims early, to grant with a good grace what one day he would have had to yield to force—in short, to render that justice to every one which is more effectual than generosity. But, as was pointed out to me by a very intelligent coachman who was in our service during our tour in Donegal, it is opposed to all equity that the welfare of hundreds of families should be at the mercy of the master given them by chance.

The tenants of the Carrickhart estate have not always been so lucky. About half-way between Milford and the castle, at the most deserted point of the road, the uninhabited moor was, twelve years ago, the scene of a bloody drama. The Earl of Leitrim, uncle and predecessor of the present Earl, was returning to Derry in a hired car, after spending a few days upon his estates. At a turn in the road three armed men rose from behind a rock and fired on the carriage. The driver fell dead at once; Lord Leitrim had his arm broken. Instead of seizing the reins with his other hand and making off as best he could, he threw himself down from the car and leapt at the throats of his assailants, who beat him to death with the stocks of their guns. His valet was following a short distance behind in another car; but in his terror made no effort to succour his master, and when the attack was finished he saw the murderers throw themselves into a pine wood which divides the road from the bay, where a boat was waiting in which they rowed away. They were never found—which is by no means the same as saying they have remained unknown. As no disappearance was noted among the inhabitants of the district, everything points to

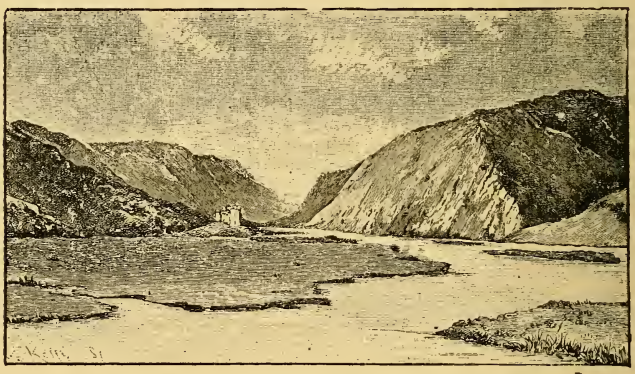
the conclusion that they have peacefully returned to their occupations. But whether from intimidation or from complicity, no one has ever been found to witness against them.

To the Irish who ask for Home Rule the Unionists offer railroads, but the presents of Artaxerxes are refused on the ground that they will be superfluous in districts where there are no products to transport, and where the people have no money to travel with. Home Rulers will put all this right later on, when they have got Home Rule. How Home Rule will create money and produce is an obscure point, but they appear pretty sure of themselves. Donegal is a region blessed by the tourist: iron roads have not yet penetrated it, occasional carts and post-chaises are sufficient for the traffic of goods and travellers.

The tourist who makes use of these conveyances should be careful to take provisions with him. From Kilmacrenan to Gweedore—that is from one side of the county to the other—we encountered nothing but a few hovels and a wretched inn that could not give us a meal. It is one immense desert of heather, furrowed by streams, whose frothing water is darkened by the peat they run through. The country rises in ridges up to two parallel chains of rugged mountains—the Glendowens and the Derryveaghs. Some peaks, varying in height from 2200 ft. to 2400 ft., stand out from the mass—Dooish, Muckish, Slieve Snaught, and Errigal, whose pointed summit, consisting of marble débris, reminds one of Vesuvius. The analogy is completed by the little cloud that almost always caps it, like the smoke of a volcano. There are numerous tarns, which in spite of their small dimensions, bear little resemblance to ponds, because their depth is at once inferred from the blue slate-colour of their clear waters.

The castles which stand on the banks of some of these

tarns seem like the enchanted dwelling of the Beauty in the Wood! We may mention especially Belville, which is perched on a height that overhangs the mirror of Lough Gartan, and the castle of Lough Veagh, with its fine manorial appearance. What can anyone be proprietor of in this desolate country? Still, here is an enclosure of galvanized iron-wire, intended to protect the trout-fishing, as we are told, in the lake we see sleeping in a distant ravine. Further on, a coppice, surrounded by a metal trellis-work, shows the presence of pheasants.



Lough Veagh.

Are there any other inhabitants beside the servants of these buried castles? It seems so; their cabins are sunk in holes that we cannot make out; the roofs of dry heather cannot be distinguished from the soil. Our driver tells us that there are even evictions; he pointed out with his whip a mud hovel covered with sods, which the aborigines of the Land of Fire would scarcely tolerate. There are some old tenants of the neighbouring estate who have taken refuge across the

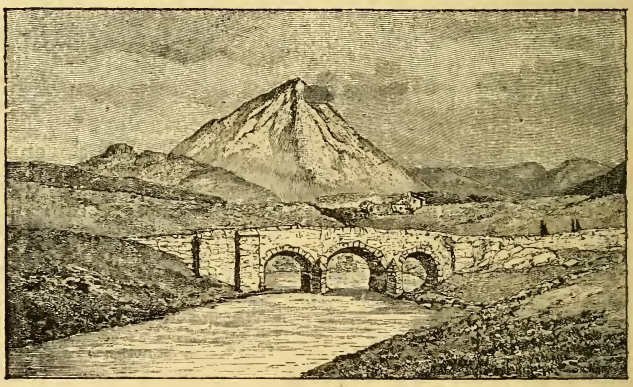
road. Then this land is let? "Oh yes," he replied bitterly; "and how can you expect a mother's son to pay rent for land like that? Murder alive! (this odd exclamation is dear to the Irish people) ought it to belong to the landlords, when it can scarcely feed those who were born on it?" In Paddy's view the landlord is always a stranger.

The sight of two neat white churches by the wayside makes one believe that there are Christians in these wild valleys and desert plains, which appear to be only inhabited by woodcocks, plovers, and crows. It is true that one of them is shut—for want of worshippers. When the Protestant Episcopal form of worship was the State religion in Ireland, the clergyman took little heed to preach before his flock, provided that his tithes were paid; he had no scruple in pocketing the money legally wrung from Roman Catholics. There were then sham parishes, created to provide snug livings for the younger sons. A church was built in the open fields, in a district that did not include one Protestant for six miles round; the curate, nominated under the patronage of some great lord, celebrated divine service in it one day, in the presence of the sexton from a neighbouring parish, and two or three cripples, deaf mutes, or blind persons bribed by half-a-crown. This constituted it a parish, because there was a congregation to justify its existence.

The parish of Dunlewy was a case in point. For a long time it was attended only by two brothers, who received a small annuity from the holder of the benefice. When one of them died, the other "renounced the many errors of Protestantism to embrace the single one of Catholicism." As the reform which put a stop to these scandals came on in the middle of these proceedings, the church was henceforth useless. Opposite to it an elegant chapel—its name shows that it belongs to the Roman confession—sticks pertly up,

accompanied by a modern tower of grey granite, that seems to set its fallen rival at defiance.

We now come to the second mountain-chain passed in the course of our lonely cross-country excursion. The view from it is very extensive. At our feet are the two Lakes of Dunlewy and Nacung, which almost join each other, nestling far below in a big ravine, with steep sides, with a hunting-box perched on the shoulder of the hill in the midst of a pine wood. Above rises the rugged pyramid of Errigal, darkening all the vale with its great violet shadow: the summit



Mount Errigal.

is so near that it seems to be going to fall upon one. On the other side a deep gully of forbidding appearance cuts into Derryveagh: this is the Poisoned Valley, where no blade of grass grows, and no ray of the sun penetrates. Nobody could tell us the origin of the name, but we found it quite justified by the swarms of venomous little flies which followed us for miles round this pestilential spot, and almost devoured us. There are a great many flies in Ireland—a fact

that may be explained by the humid balminess of the air ; but nowhere else did I see them so numerous and so troublesome. They were worse even than the rain, which unluckily fell in torrents.

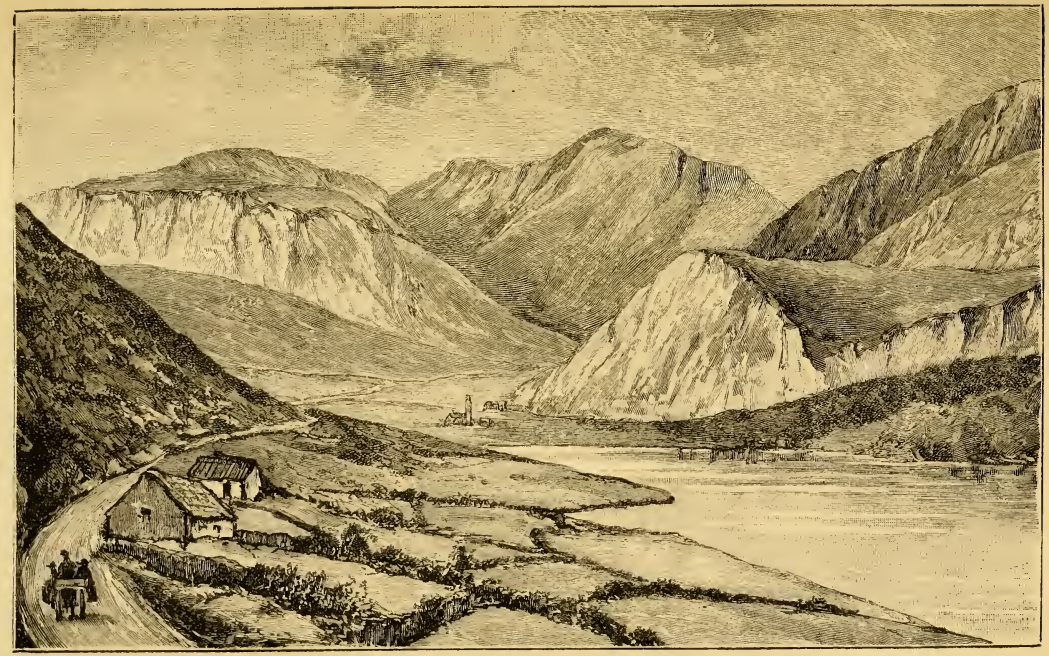
These lakes, the reservoirs of the numerous torrents that rush down the hill-side, open out into the large rapid river the Clady, whose black waters roll frothing across the expanse of peat, bristling with large stones. We descend by its side, and soon reach the Hotel of Gweedore, a splendid establishment, surrounded by shrubberies and flower-beds, which we are astonished to find in such a place. It was built in the hope of attracting tourists by the late Lord George Hill, the owner of this district, to the improvement of which he devoted his life. He opened up roads, dug little harbours, established provision shops at low prices, built houses for his tenants, put pedigree stallions and bulls at their disposal, encouraged by every means the clearing of land, the raising of cattle, fisheries, and rural industries. But, as is always the case, he was rewarded for his trouble with deep ingratitude.

Following the river a few miles further we come to its mouth in the Bay of Gweedore, between Bunbeg and Derrybeg. This place is one of the most extraordinary in the world. Imagine an inextricable confusion of inlets, headlands, islands, reefs, of cliffs and downs, of sand and salt marsh, with water everywhere—red runlets trickling from the peat, black torrents tumbling down the mountain-side, green waves breaking gently upon the uneven cut-up strand. It is a corner of the world that God has forgotten to redeem from chaos. Over this desolate scene there shines a bright harmony of colour, chiefly due to the variously-tinted sands—here of a dazzling whiteness, there of a pale gold, there almost as black as coal-dust, in the distance shaded with red or coral-

pink—hence the name of "Bloody Foreland!" the most barren and wretched part of Ireland.

Do not go away with the idea that this wilderness is without inhabitants; on the contrary, it is what is significantly called a "congested district." The parish of Gweedore, with its 68,000 acres, is divided among 1777 little holders, who represent a population of 9636 souls. The holdings vary from five to ten acres; half of the ground is unproductive; the average rent is about one and sixpence an acre. It is much the same in the adjoining districts of Ross, Gweebarra, Cloghaneely, Glencolumbkille,—in short, in all the western littoral of the county, an area of 1000 square miles, where 100,000 human beings live on the very smallest amount that can sustain life, separated from the civilized world by an immense peat-moss and a double barrier of mountains. I do not count the want of railroads and telegraph-wires among their misfortunes, for what would be the use of them?

The difficulty is to find something to put into their starving mouths. Among others who have busied themselves in this work of pity, I will mention Mrs. Ernest Hart, of London. She visited the district in 1883, the year of the cruel famine, when 16,000 people in these quarters lived entirely on the charity of the public. She was immediately struck with pity. A few months afterwards she established an industrial enterprise, which at the present time gives permanent employment to more than 1000 persons, and has the prospect of large development. She has revived the old woollen industry, by opening technical schools, and substituting improved machinery for the old-fashioned looms. The raw material is bought, as far as possible, in the country, and is cleaned, carded, spun, dyed, and woven in the workers' homes; it is then sent, in the shape of those



The Poisoned Valley.

excellent soft and durable materials known as tweeds, to London, where it is retailed at a shop opened for the purpose. As many women as possible are employed in this work, which is done with much skill and intelligence, and also in making hand-knitted woollen stockings and lace.

I must add, that to the honour of the Donegal peasantry, drunkenness is almost unknown; temperance societies have numerous members, and one day we were humiliated by our driver refusing to share our whiskey-punch, and by seeing him warm himself with tea after a rain that had soaked us to the bone. With all their honesty, sobriety, and industry what a struggle they have against cruel Nature! still, Mrs. Hart, and the great people who support her, are confident of success in their work. The Nationalists believe more in Home Rule. For myself, I am tempted to repeat the legendary Irish bull: "The only place in Ireland where a man can make a fortune is in America!"

CHAPTER XI.

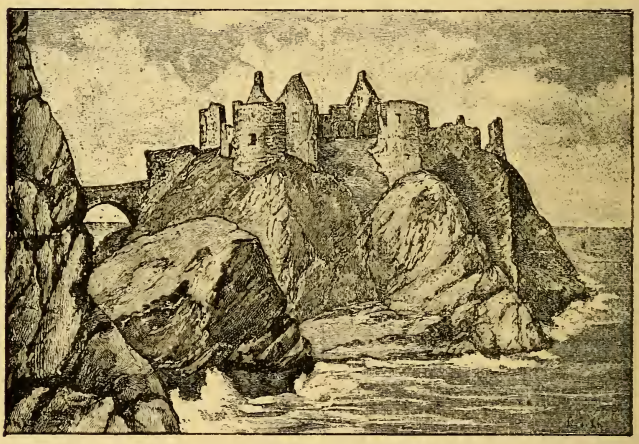
THE GIANT'S CAUSEWAY AND COAST OF ANTRIM.

I WISHED to go to the Giant's Causeway, because I had heard it much praised. Its drawbacks, which had been well dinned into my ears during my stay in Ireland, had not lessened my desire in the least. Accustomed as I am to fall into ecstasy at those aspects of Nature which have no effect upon more reasonable persons, it was impossible for me not to find some beauties in one of the wonders of the world.

At Portrush, a pretty trading port and seaside place, frequented by the aristocracy of Londonderry and Belfast, we took our places in an electric tramway, much admired by people who understand it, which has been working for some years with considerable success. According to the custom of the country the cars are uncovered, so that in showery weather the traveller gets a bath as he sits; however, he is enabled to see and admire all the better. Nothing is more interesting than to glide like this across fields, without noise, or smoke, or dust, propelled by an invisible and almost miraculous force by the side of a T-shaped rail, which would seem nothing more than an innocent railing were it not for the light blue sparks that fly out as it is rubbed by the steel brushes mounted upon the side of the cars.

At first we go along the edge of the coast, bordered with chalk walls of dazzling whiteness. Below us

breaks the glorious sea, marbled with violet patches from the shadows of the clouds, and towards the shore marked with long green bands, which tell of reefs carpeted with seaweed. The cliffs are eaten away into great caves, which give them the appearance of gigantic sponges. Lumps of rock thrown down during some tempest by the dashing waves form a chain of islets that look like the grey heads of giants. One might say they are the petrified bodies of the Titans, the former sovereigns of these waves and



Dunluce Castle.

lands; even the fantastic formations with which, owing to the constant action of the surf, the coast bristles, are the remains of their palaces. There, below, however, are the remains of human constructions—ruined towers, broken arches, mouldering walls. Yet you doubt, so closely does the massive masonry blend with the rock. It is the castle of Dunluce; a pile so formidable that it seems to have been built to defy the

ocean. It entirely covers an immense block of basalt, which rises almost perpendicularly for a hundred feet above the sea, separated from the land by a deep chasm, though connected below by a tongue of stone, scarcely wide enough to let the man pass who is bold enough to trust himself upon it. The building, which is fairly large, must have been cramped for room; not only do the outside walls rise sheer in a line with the precipice, but in some places actually overhang the water. There is one room entirely hung over the abyss, like a ship's boat from its davits.

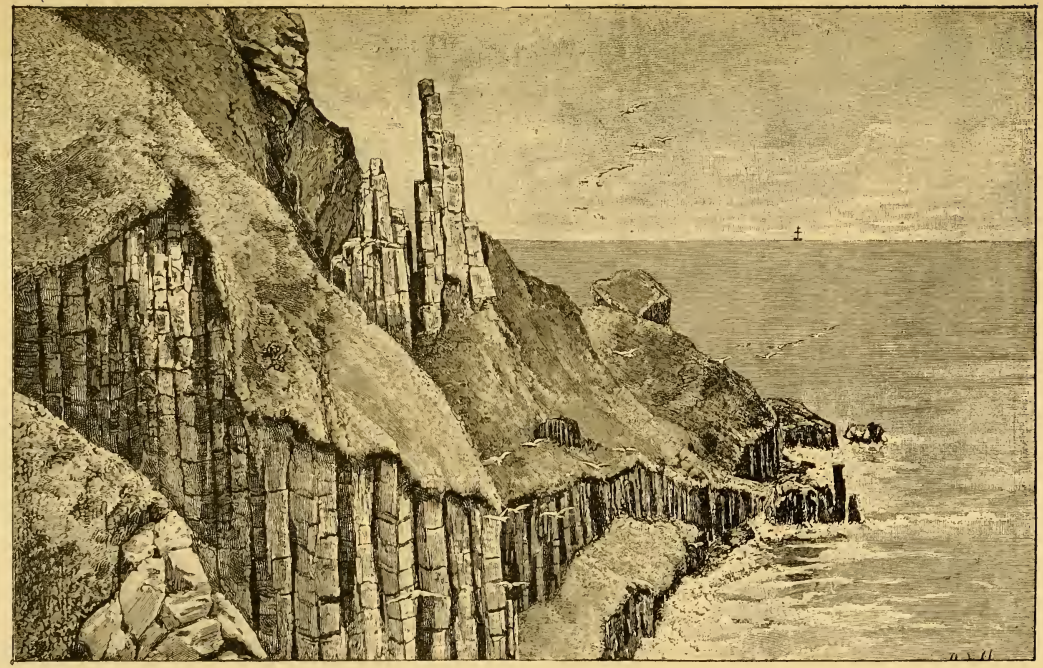
Nor, indeed, is this pirates' nest without resemblance to a huge man-of-war; it has even a hold, which is represented by a cave excavated in the rock, and communicating with the mainland by a narrow passage under the sea. The fortress was quite impregnable, as access to it was, humanly speaking, only possible by the bridge spanning the yawning chasm. The builder knew his business. In some places the rock has crumbled away and taken the masonry intact with it. It is not easy to assign a date to this medley of irregular buildings; the big round towers seem to go back to the Norman period, while most of the habitable portions bear signs of the sixteenth and even of the seventeenth century. This indicates the troubled condition of Ireland in comparatively recent times, when the great peers of the realm still felt the necessity of shutting themselves up in such places of refuge.

Past Dunluce the sea is lost to sight, and the line turns inland to serve the borough of Bushmills, which stands at the mouth of a verdant valley in the middle of an arid and wind-swept plain. The power of the River Bush, transformed into electricity, works the tramway, the pride of Ireland. Thence the railway again takes a north-easterly direction, and soon reaches its terminus. It the midst of a bare grassy heath

stand two hotels, one splendid, the other very respectable. We are at the Giant's Causeway.

If people who like to trouble themselves with preconceived ideas get an entirely wrong notion of the Giant's Causeway, the fault is due to the name given to the thing. Not, indeed, that it is wrong, but it particularizes too much. The north-east coast of Ireland abounds in these strange geological formations, no less interesting to the scientific observer than to the visitor in search of the picturesque. Within an area of three miles, between Cape Bengor and the Black Rocks, there is a complete and varied collection of natural wonders, one of which is what is properly called the Causeway. The huge dimensions of the whole dwarf those of the part, which is not clearly made out at the first glance; so much so, that the tourist who descends the slope to the beach is very likely to ask, as he puts away his spy-glass, "Where is your Causeway?" Thence it is but a step to exclaim, "What, is that all?" But if, instead of only being told of this Causeway he had been promised a marvellous piece of coast, with giddy heights and a supremely beautiful sea, he would simply admire, without trying to find fault.

We have scarcely got into a boat in the little creek of Port-na-bo, where half a dozen vessels are drawn up on the black shingle, when the stories begin. This is the cavern of Port-Coon. A hermit giant retired there, with the vow of no longer eating food soiled by the impure touch of mortal hands. Heaven took pity upon the poor anchorite, condemned to an exclusive diet of oysters, mussels, and sea-weed, and sent him some seals by way of a more grateful viand, while the devil tempted him with sirens. To-day Port-Coon is only the habitation of gulls, which fly out with harsh cries and great beating of wings whenever a boat disturbs the peace of their retreat.



The Chimney Stacks.

This visit has an appearance of danger, just enough to cause a slight nervous shudder and to inspire an innocent pride in our boldness. Vigorously propelled by four rowers between two reefs, the vessel sails quickly along the narrow channel, and clears with a bound the wide bar. We are beneath a high-sounding vault, where we instinctively subdue our voices to a religious tone, and throw vague glances of apprehension towards the unfathomed recesses that are smothered in darkness. The mysterious voices of the smooth, inky sea mutter low ; we become solemn, then quite frightened. In this sinister cavern one feels so timid that all admiration is paralyzed, and it is with a sigh of relief that we recross the bar—not without danger to our stomachs, not very accustomed to the sea—and find ourselves face to face with the sun again.

At a short distance is another cavern, whose mouth is an exact arch. It is Dunkerry, and it seems that honour requires us to enter it. Then we will go. But when we are there it is another thing. The swell, always strong on these shores, makes itself so much felt, that at every movement of the waves the boat seems to be going to be dashed against the roof, or to be sinking into the entrails of the world. It is no use saying that the stalactites on the roof are twenty yards above the level of the spring tides; the sensation is very unpleasant. It seems that the weather was kind to us in allowing us to visit these two caves ; even in the fine season it is not possible every day, so we felt bound to regard ourselves as heroes.

Turning now our bow to the east, we sail quite close to the wonderful coast, which is indented with a series of rounded bays, cut out of the solid rock. Passing Port-na-bo, the Stoocauns, two peaks of extraordinary shape, Port Ganniay, and Portnoffer, we come to the amphitheatre of the giants, a semicircle of

geometrical regularity. At the top of the wall which encloses this great coliseum there is a row of basaltic columns eighty feet high; then comes a broad band of moss-grown rock; then another row of pillars about sixty feet high; then a second band of stone, and so on, with a regularity that gives the impression of some huge building, as far as the beach, where great blocks of black rock lying in a semicircle seem to mark the bounds of the arena. The high promontory to the west is surmounted by three unequal peaks called the Chimney Stacks, which resemble petrified sentinels.

Round the point is the bay of Port-na-Spania, thus named in remembrance of the vessels of the Armada that were wrecked in it. Driven on by the storm, the Spaniards mistook the points of rock for the turrets of a fortress, and cannonaded them. Dawn dispelled the illusion, and the petrified giants, in revenge for the outrage, shattered their ships like glass. At the other end of this fatal bay is the Pleaskin, the most peculiar headland of this strange coast. It rises 370 feet perpendicularly above sea level, with alternating layers of rock and rows of basaltic columns, like the amphitheatre. Past this comes Horse-shoe Bay and Cape Bengor, which has the same appearance, and is the usual limit to these excursions upon a very rough sea, that rudely buffets the cockle-shell boats.

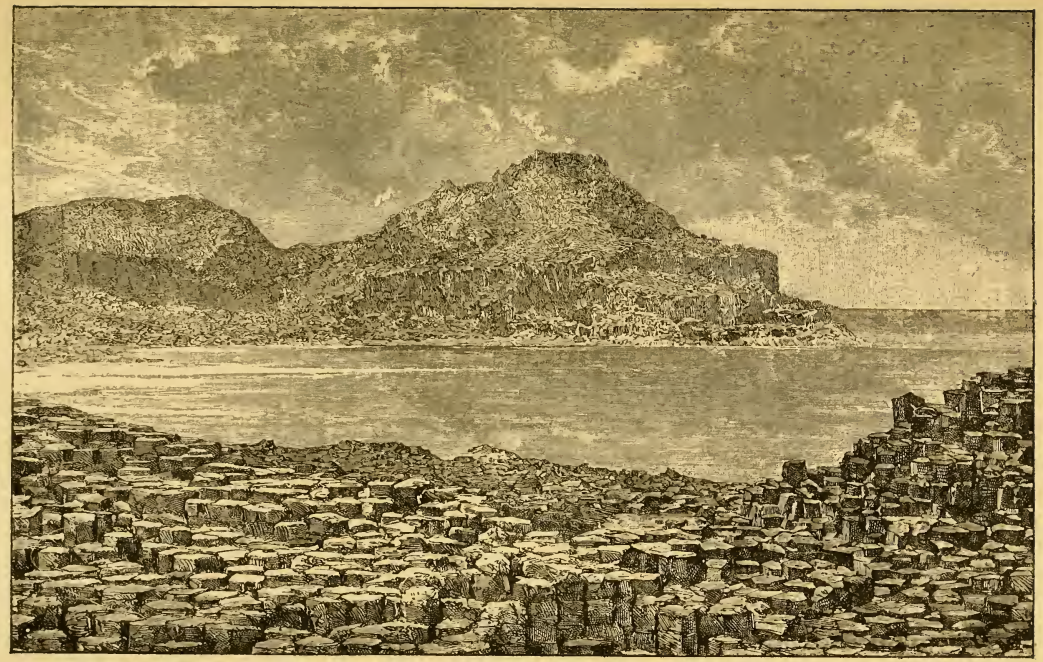
And the Causeway, the famous Causeway—is it only a myth? Patience; we are coming to it, or, rather, returning to it, for the custom is to land when returning from the sail. There is some difficulty in getting close to the land in the middle of the breakers, and, in order to disembark, you must jump upon a rock that is washed by the sea, choosing the moment between the approaching and receding waves. The end of this gymnastic exercise is that you come down on your knees upon a very rough rock after more or less

hesitation, thankful that you have not slipped into the water—a thing you may do without danger, as the boatmen are ready to fish you out again by your skirts. But people who are not fond of bruises and foot-baths, and, above all, are not partial to making themselves ridiculous, have themselves rowed quietly to the little landing-place of Port-na-bo, and thence reach the Causeway by the beach, the more so as it gains by being approached from that side.

The Giant's Causeway, properly so called—in Gaelic *Clochan-nabh-Fomharaigh*—is made up of three distinct tongues of rock running out into the sea, with a distinct slope. The largest is about 120 yards wide at its base, with a length of about 230; it gradually narrows till it is lost beneath the sea. The appearance of the next, which is nearly as wide but much shorter, gives it the name of the Honeycomb. The smallest is relatively insignificant.

Without being very deeply versed in geology, one knows that rock is usually formed of horizontal stratifications; here it is made of a collection of vertical columns, cut into prism-like shapes, all separate, yet so well fitted together that a sheet of paper cannot be inserted between them. The columns we have just seen on the side of the cliffs, and the strange pavement under our feet, are of the same character; below they are seen in their elevation; here we are walking upon their tops, while their bases are under water. These are more or less elevated above the sea-level—about ten yards at the head of the Causeway, while at the point they crop out at the surface.

Presumably in the interests of science, some painstaking persons have counted the number of the pillars in the Causeway; it is easy to make a slip, and they have not agreed in their total, which varies between 37,000 and 40,000, without reckoning those that are broken, and lie scattered about the shore half buried



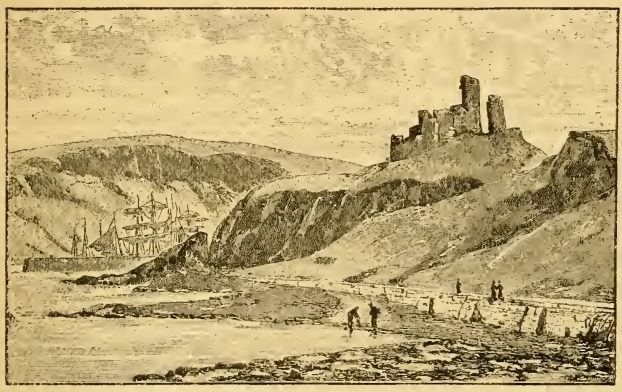
The Giant's Causeway.

in sand and shingle. If men would only consent to leave nature alone, the Giant's Causeway would be greater. But during the two centuries that people have been aware that it is a wonderful sight, goodness knows how many crimes visitors have been guilty of in their desire to carry off fragments to decorate their gardens; not to mention the natives, who from all eternity have worked it like a common quarry. Some restraint is now put upon this vandalism.

As I have said, the columns are polygonal, each face being about nine or ten inches wide. Pentagons and hexagons are the commonest figures: there are some with seven sides; octagons are rare, squares still rarer. Those laborious investigators I have just spoken of have duly found three with nine faces and one with three. The idea of people going to such enchanting places for the sake of applying themselves to such a task! And yet one ought to be grateful to them, for without them I should have known nothing about the subject. What one does perceive at the first glance is, that these irregular columns fit exactly into each other, like the pieces of a Chinese puzzle. They are not made of a single piece, but of several, which are arranged with opposing convex and concave faces. In the same way their tops are sometimes rounded, sometimes hollow; in the latter case they form little basins full of sea-water.

I wish there were some way of suppressing those wretched guides and boatmen, vendors of photographs and sham collections of minerals, and all the rest of the more or less open mendicants that infest the Causeway. The unhappy tourist is not subjected to equal inflictions in any other part of Ireland. But here, as soon as he has got rid of his travelling companions, and has an opportunity of dreaming in peace without the absurd social necessity of exchanging commonplace exclamations of delight, he is beset by

these vermin. It is impossible to move a step without them. They are a nightmare. It is no use to empty your pockets; they surge up in greater numbers. Nor is it any good pretending to be ignorant of the language, and speaking every tongue, including Arabic and Japanese, of which you know a couple of words; they think it superfluous to understand, when all that is to be done is to exchange



Castle of Finn Maccoul.

for some pieces of silver an album of ghastly photographic views or a box of pebbles of many colours.

One old man, whom I would have strangled had it not been for fear of the police, pestered me for a whole hour with his company, which was made the less endurable by his monotonous explanations, heard, alas! only too well by me, though to drive him off I told him the opposite by gestures, accompanied with abusive words in French, German, and Italian; I even swore at him, I am afraid, so exasperated was I. But who would be so severe as not to forgive me when he considers that

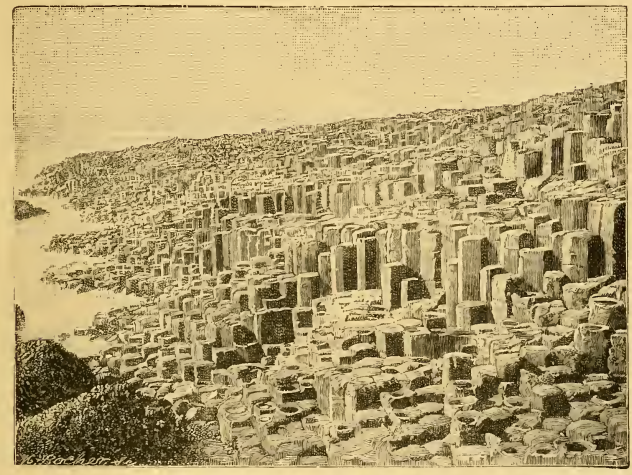
when I bent down to look at some little flower growing in a crack in the basalt, this wretch would come up with the information that I was "at the Fan, five pentagons symmetrically arranged, with a heptagon for handle"? I don't know what would have happened had not his persecution been transferred to another party. These people seemed delighted to have such a conductor. It is almost incredible, but there are guides belonging to the hotels, and there are plenty of idiots who employ them. I do not mean aged or infirm persons who require the help of an arm to walk among the stones, but people with good eyes and feet and with all their teeth. Fancy guides to lead you on the beach or along the beaten paths that scale the cliff, guides for a stroll on this great paved causeway, like the sacred way of some mighty city! It is no doubt done to produce an illusive idea of the dangers run—unless it is for the pleasure of hearing the inane stories chattered by these wretches, stories that affect the ear like the irritating screams of a parrot.

Since I am on this subject, I may be allowed to make a modest proposal. These poor folk, say those with feeling hearts, require the generosity of tourists to make up their scanty incomes. So be it. But would it not be better to pay for being released from their services than for being done to death by them? Tourists of irascible disposition would willingly pay double, and each party would gain. And I have conceived the idea, which seems to me very reasonable, of an insurance against these importunities, to be taken out upon landing in Ireland, with a badge worn in the hat implying, "I have paid my footing: leave me alone."

It is true that, even were these unendurable guides disposed of, there would still remain the public. If I had the luck to be proprietor of the Causeway, I should close it to the vulgar herd—London cockneys,

Limerick pork-butchers, Belfast hosiers, Philadelphia oil merchants, shopkeepers escaped from their counters, imbecile *bourgeois*—who even more than the guides poison the enjoyment of the tourist who is really fond of nature.

References would then be required for admission into the enchanted land, and whole families would not be seen having themselves photographed on the Giant's Causeway. The mother-in-law, with a large



Basaltic Formation at Giant's Causeway.

feather in her hat, a mantle trimmed with jet beads, and a dress of green cashmere with flounces; the father-in-law, in a shiny frock coat, with a tall hat and dog-skin gloves; the young father, in a mustard-coloured check suit of dittoes and brown felt hat; the young mother, in pink calico, holding the beribboned baby—poor little thing, so young, and with such

parents!—then a bevy of young sisters with their hair flying in the wind, and little brothers in sailor suits, under the charge of a maiden aunt showing off a belt of sky-blue on a grey skirt, in the latest fashion of Ballybrophy or Carrickmacross, all grouped together in a niche in the high columns at the beginning of the Causeway. It often serves this function, for the photographer keeps his machine fixed up here permanently during the fine season.

I regret to add that an eminent English politician has been guilty of this breach of good taste, unpardonable in a man of such breeding. In the window of the photographer's hut is spread out a large-sized proof, labelled, "Mr. Joseph Chamberlain and suite," representing the eloquent tribune of the Radical party, proud and triumphant, with cheeks shaved like a Roman Emperor's, surrounded by a score of important personages whose black outline is thrown sideways upon the basaltic columns. All seem very pleased with themselves, and extremely proud of their happy thought.

I have tried to depict this Titanic coast as it appears on one of the lovely days of an Irish summer, when the sky is bright and cloudy by turns, and the changing shadows have so deep a charm. Grand without being austere, Nature here smiles gravely with a benevolent majesty, like that of those good giants who inspire a feeling of strength tempered with calm gentleness.

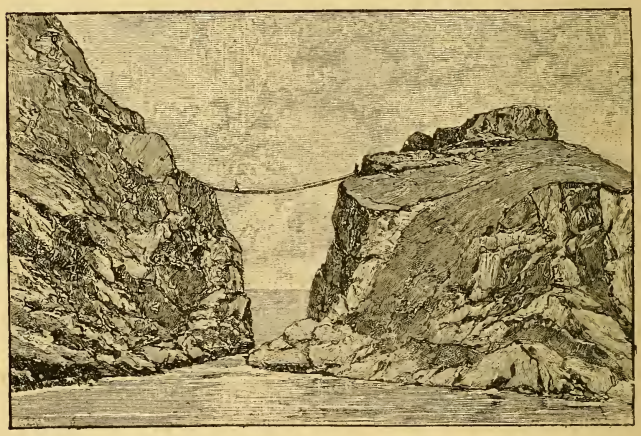
How far the Causeway extends beneath the water is not known, but it is certain that though the sea here is more than ten fathoms deep, unseen rocks shatter the ocean rollers, which, big enough in fine weather, under the blast of the storm rush madly against the ramparts of basalt. The surf roars in the caverns like thunder, and, when it breaks upon a reef, reports like a salvo of musketry burst forth from a cloud of spray that resembles the smoke of gunpowder.

In Gaelic, Antrim means "land of caverns." All the seaboard of the county is a formidable mass of rock, partly chalky, partly basaltic, covered with a more or less thick bed of earth. When this is scraped away the rock may be seen, in many cases crystallized in the same prism-like shapes as the Giant's Causeway. To drive along this coast from the Causeway to Belfast —a distance of about sixty miles—is one of the most beautiful excursions that can be made in Ireland or anywhere else. We must thank the engineers who, to the great enjoyment of tourists, have cut a splendid road in the chalk cliffs. The slopes are very steep in places, and not the least of the difficulties encountered was to keep the roadway out of the reach of the spray. The sight of the old path, now given up to the goats, winding along a hundred yards overhead (a short time ago it was the only means of communication between the villages on the coast), makes the traveller bless the advance of civilization. It only cost about 40,000*l.* for the ten miles between Glenarm and Larne. The scenery has lost nothing by it; and what travellers have gained will be understood when I say that at the steepest points of the old road the horses had to be taken out, and the "quality" were obliged to walk, while gangs of rustics somehow managed to drag the coach over.

Seen from a distance, the peculiar islet of Carrick-a-rede looks like a fortress, but, as its name indicates, it is only a "rock in the way." It is a huge block of basalt, which stops the salmon that are going along the coast, and catches them in a sort of natural trap, whence they are taken in considerable numbers. The bold traveller makes it a point of honour to cross the swinging bridge, made of two parallel ropes bound together by light cross-pieces, and with a third rope for hand-rail. The bridge connects the islet with the land, and is thrown over a chasm twenty yards wide

by thirty deep. All who have tried it have repented of their temerity before reaching the middle. If sensation is all that is required, it is only necessary to look at the women and boys engaged in the fishery almost running across it, and that, too, while laden with a big basket, and with the bridge swaying in the wind like a swing.

Ballycastle is a small town, uninteresting except for its proximity to Benmore or Fairhead, the extreme north-east point of Ireland. This is a promontory of



Bridge of Carrick-a-rede.

carboniferous sandstone, mixed with schistous clay and chalk. On the landward side it sinks in gentle slopes covered with luxuriant pasturage, while to the sea it presents a sheer rampart of rock. It has a quadrangular column measuring thirty-three feet by thirty-six, and over two hundred in height. At the top of the plateau Lough Dhu and Lough na Cranagh sleep in their little hollows. The oval island

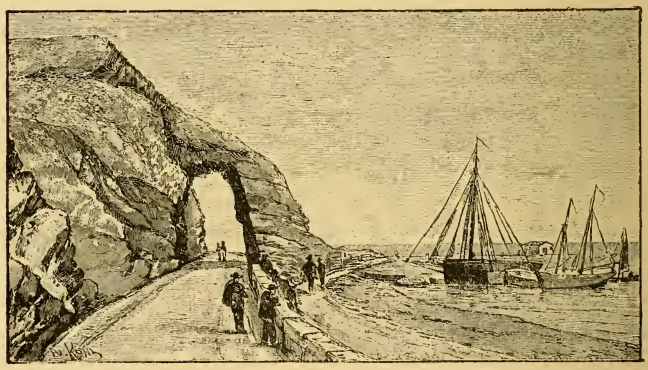
of black basalt in the middle of the latter is thought to be an old place of Druidical sacrifices. The view from this point embraces the sea on three sides, with Rathlin Island in the west; the blue outline of the coast of Scotland can be made out through the light haze of the northern horizon.

Naturally coal was looked for in the district. In 1763 the Earl of Antrim granted Hugh Boyd a perpetual concession over all the coal-measures in his domains. In the course of their work the miners discovered galleries perfectly timbered and ventilated, in which were lying picks, lamps, and other instruments as good as those of our own time. Besides his mines Hugh Boyd established blast-furnaces, a foundry, glass works, a tannery, a brewery, and salt works; he created the town of Ballycastle, and built a quay there at a cost of 30,000*l.*; he founded churches for each of the sects of the country; he was buried the same day that the episcopal one was consecrated. After his death all these industries failed. The mines were taken over by a company, and have alone survived, but are not very flourishing. The ruined abbey of Bon-a-Margy, at the gates of Ballycastle, contains the tombs of the MacDonnells of Antrim. Upon the leaden coffin of one of them, Randal, the first Marquis, may be read this inscription in Gaelic: "From all time some calamity has smitten the Irish every seventh year. Now that the Marquis is dead, there will be one every year."

Between Ballycastle and Cashendall the coast is sown with natural curiosities; arches cut in the rock, and strange caves where pagan altars stood. The district is called the Glynns of Antrim because of the nine deep valleys that cut into the basalt, following the course of the streams that run down from the plain above. The charming village of Cashendall, that nestles in the midst of fuchsias on the north bank of

the Red Bay, is the best centre from which to visit them. The most remarkable is Glenariffe, which is jammed in between two high walls of bare rock furrowed by cascades. At the bottom a stream trickles in a narrow ravine, so thickly grown with trees that the sun never penetrates.

Red is here Nature's livery. It is hard to realize the effect of this bay, so appropriately named, where the cliffs are hollowed into numberless caves, which in inhabited districts are used as stables, or even as



The Bloody Bridge.

houses. The rock is red sandstone, with veins of marble: the earth is saturated with oxide of iron. The road that runs round the bay is crossed by a natural arch called the Bloody Bridge. The name is due to the colour; no tragic memory is attached to it.

After Cashendall the road becomes more and more lovely. Another Bloody Bridge, this time the handiwork of man, takes its name from a massacre of Protestant prisoners made one day by a Catholic

general ; he had to escort them to a fortress on the coast, and thought of this ingenious procedure to lessen the trouble. On thinking it over, I cannot remember distinctly whether the Protestants did not cut the Catholics' throats : it does not matter much ; neither sect has much right to reproach the other on this subject.

Farther on, Garron Tower, the modern castle, with battlements and machicolations, of the Marquis of Lansdowne, rises in the midst of pines and beeches on the top of a steep rock, behind which the park slopes gently down away from the sea. At Glenarm, a picturesque little port whose sands are frequented by the Belfast people, is the castle of Lord Antrim, a splendid building of the seventeenth century, surrounded by old trees and a verdant deer-park. Above this oasis the village of Straidkilly hangs on the bare side of the hill, where it slopes gently to the sea. Year by year bits of earth crumble away under the autumnal rains, and the inhabitants rebuild their houses close to the old sites, hoping no doubt to thwart the evil designs of Nature by their obstinate perseverance.

I feel that the reader is sick of descriptions. Shall I tell him of the flashing variety of hue along this coast? I should bore him, and would perhaps scarcely be believed, if I were to tell him that the richness of the colouring in this corner of a northern land is all but brutal! The cliffs, dazzling white at their bases, show next a bed of red sandstone crowned with black basalt. On the beach low tide uncovers a band of rounded pebbles, white and polished like marble, beyond which the flat brown rocks spread a carpet of seaweed with every shade of green and yellow. The sight rejoices the eyes. The people have a contented appearance. Their life is easy, thanks no less to the trade carried on by this coast with Scotland than to the fertility of the valleys.

Our driver told us that it is no uncommon thing for a farmer here to give his daughters dowries of 200*l.* each —and daughters are not few in prolific Ireland.

With some regret we come again to the railway at Larne, a fair-sized port of a lively and prosperous appearance, prettily situated at the mouth of the sea lough that bears its name. Here everything is white, because of the chalk and salt that are exported. This inland sea is closed by a peninsula, improperly called Magee Island, a long strip of fertile land, inhabited entirely by a Presbyterian population of Scotch descent. The line follows the coast to Belfast, affording sea views that would have seemed more beautiful had not our eyes been dazzled by the glowing visions of beauty we had seen previously. We scarcely notice as we pass the historic fortress of Carrickfergus, a massive Norman building of the twelfth century in a perfect state of preservation. At high tide it is surrounded by water on three sides, and commands all Belfast Bay. It was captured by Schomberg, on behalf of William of Orange, in spite of the stubborn resistance of the Irish general, MacCarthy More, who held it for James II.

In St. Nicholas, the chief church of the town, are buried the members of the Chichester family. One of them was beheaded in 1597, by the orders of James MacSorley MacDonnell, son of the Scotch adventurer whom I mentioned in connection with Dunluce. A few years later he became first Earl of Antrim, and, after he had made his peace with James I., happened to be in St. Nicholas. Seeing the effigy of his enemy on his tomb, he exclaimed, "How the devil has he got a head? I remember his own was carried off." These things had no particular results; they were only the amusements of noblemen who risked their lives on a throw of the dice.

Carrickfergus Castle.

CHAPTER XII.

FROM BELFAST TO DUBLIN.

The second town in Ireland is commercial, Protestant and wealthy; that is to say, profoundly uninteresting. People who admire wide streets, well laid out and clean, with tramways in the middle, bordered by brick houses covered with stucco, and shops blazing with gas, will be delighted with Belfast. One feels that these large windows with their Venetian blinds belong to wealthy dwellings where people eat off massive plate, drink claret of the best brands, use fine solid furniture, and bore themselves horribly. Down to the hospitals and the prison everything is magnificent. Everything is also new. In 1612 the town consisted of about a hundred huts grouped round a castle of wood. English and Scottish colonists settled there, and a hundred years later it counted rather less than 8000 inhabitants. At the beginning of this century there were not more than 40,000, and to-day there are over 200,000. It is the least Irish of all Irish towns. One might fancy oneself at Glasgow or Bristol. Bare feet are rare even in the lower quarters, and there are few loungers, except on Sunday, when the men group themselves, pipe in mouth, around the taverns. Sunday is no joke in Belfast. As the hotels generally have a public bar, the door is locked during the hours of Divine service, and travellers are obliged to have it opened for each entry. Needless to say that every kind of spirituous

liquor is freely supplied in the dining-room, or that drunkenness goes on at a great rate in the suburbs all Sunday evening. But the moral discipline of this very religious town forbids all entry into public-houses during service; I say entry, because those who are in can remain behind drawn blinds all the time of mass or sermon. This exterior rigidity of Sunday manners hardly exists to-day save under Protestant auspices. But Belfast, I repeat, is a Protestant town. The Episcopalians are in a minority, but the Presbyterians and the Methodists are prosperous. The third of the population which professes the Catholic faith is composed almost exclusively of the working classes and small shopkeepers. Belfest is the battle-ground of religions, a Protestant stronghold in the midst of Catholic and apostolic Erin, and the zeal of both sides is quickened by contact. This town is the headquarters of the Orangemen, bound together by a sort of Protestant freemasonry intended to counteract the action of the United Ireland associations. It is not easy to say whether political or religious animosity plays the greater part in the strife of these two factions. Five years ago, when Mr. Gladstone's Home Rule Bill was rejected by the House of Commons, the Protestants of Belfast were loud in their demonstrations of delight, and the enraged Catholics fell upon them tooth and nail. The Protestants drowned a Catholic youth; the Catholics replied by killing some Protestants; and for three weeks there were riots in the streets. Might not the Catholic priests have repressed the zeal of the faithful? It would seem so in a country where ninety per cent. are regular in their attendance at the confessional.

I have sought vainly for a picturesque corner in Belfast. Outside the finer streets there is nothing but interminable ranges of brown brick buildings, mean

and vulgar, afflicting the eye like the suburbs of London. The busy harbour is a thing to rejoice the economist, but is without interest for the artist; large quays of dressed stone and vast docks line the river Lagan almost to its mouth. The greater part of the town has been built upon alluvial soil not more than six feet above the level of the sea, consequently it is subject to inundation, and liable to epidemics. But it is clean, and the lamentable poverty seen in other parts of Ireland does not exist. As to the linen industry, to which Belfast mainly owes its prosperity, I have already had occasion to say that it is of British and Protestant origin. The Irish, indeed, pretend that they practised it from a remote antiquity, but they had long lost the art when the Earl of Strafford, Lord-Lieutenant under Charles I., revived it by importing English and Flemish weavers. One can scarcely believe, that a sovereign so enlightened as William of Orange, could say to a Parliament complaining of the competition of Irish goods, "I will do all that is in my power to discourage this industry." Strange political economy, which doubtless has something to do with the industrial stagnation of Ireland. The manufacture of linen has indeed attained large proportions, but only in Protestant Ulster.

The environs of Belfast, smiling, well-wooded, and studded with pleasant villas and superb parks, have no other interest than that belonging to agreeable promenades. Here there are no rushes and heather, peat-bogs and ruins; we are in the garden of Ireland. Three miles to the north, the mountain of Cavehill rises abruptly from the plain to a height of 1200 feet, which appears to the eye much more considerable. It is a mass half calcareous, half basaltic, the name of which comes from three vast caverns. The people of the country affirm that the outline of the summit gives the recumbent profile of Napoleon, and

when it is pointed out one can see the likeness. The only excursion worth making from Belfast is to the curious antique monument called the Giant's Ring. On the top of one of the eminences, which diversify a beautiful and fertile valley, imagine a circle, of five or six hundred yards in circumference, formed by a high embankment of grass-covered earth twenty-five yards broad. Seven bays, symmetrically placed, cut it like the vomitories of an ancient circus. In the middle is a cromlech, and the only inhabitants are thousands of crows, who take to flight with lugubrious croaking; even in daylight the place is gloomy. From Belfast, those who are not tired of the innumerable Irish lakes, can visit Lough Neagh, the largest in the British Islands, and one of the largest in Europe. It is by no means the most beautiful in the island; indeed its sole attraction is its vast extent. A submerged city is said to sleep in its depths, and tradition states with satisfying precision that the catastrophe occurred in A.D. 65.

When after making the tour of the green isle round the coast the traveller finds himself so near to Dublin, his point of departure, he doubts whether anything remains to stir his jaded faculty of admiration; he is wrong. Though less rugged than those of the west coast, the mountains of Mourne, situated between the bays of Dundrum and Carlingford to the south of Belfast, are none the less picturesque. They are not to be despised, for their highest peak rises to 2800 feet, only 600 less than Carntual in Kerry, the highest mountain in Ireland. The Bann, one of the largest rivers in Ireland, has its source in these hills, and pours its water into the Atlantic, not far from the Giant's Causeway. To reach this charming country you take the railway from Belfast, leaving to the left Lough Strangford, a long arm of the sea strewn with islets. The inhabitants of this district occupy them-

selves, under the direction of the Society of Friends, with the manufacture of embroidered muslin. At the southern end of Lough Strangford is Downpatrick, a little town of 4000 souls, which, by some administrative freak, is the county town of the county that contains the city of Belfast. Not far from there are the miraculous springs of Struell, consecrated by Saint Patrick, and, till recently, much frequented on the night of St. John by the lame and the blind. This pilgrimage, like many more of the same kind, in pious but intemperate Ireland, was the occasion of many disorders and scandals, and it has accordingly been abolished by the Catholic clergy.

The line stops at the foot of Slieve Donard, the chief peak of the Mourne range. Like very many Irish mountains it is conical in shape, and rises sharply from the bosom of the sea, behind a little chain of sand-hills. The pretty little sea-side village of Newcastle at its foot offers no attraction, beyond the splendid park of Lord Annesley. The rounded ridge of the mountain is covered with high forest trees, intersected by lawns and masses of fuchsias, and large rhododendrons. The plantations only date from 1821—a fact which says a good deal for the vigour of the vegetation in the Emerald Isle. Quite close, Tollymore Park, the seat of Lord Roden, is equally accessible to the public, who come to gaze at an avenue of oaks and silver firs two miles long. Upon the carriage road, between Newcastle and Rostrevor, is the no less splendidly-wooded property of Lord Kilmorey. Happy indeed would be the lot of an Irish landlord if only there were no tenants to poison his good fortune.

Rostrevor is one of those places where one would like to die—of course, after living in it for some time. The natives, who are justly proud of it, call it the Montpellier of Ireland. It is a real winter garden, a village nestling in a ravine, clothed with evergreen oaks, tamarisks, gum-trees, enormous laurels, gigantic

ashes, and the rarest kinds of conifers. Lough Carlingford, at the bottom of which it stands, lengthens out like a fjord between the chains of mountains, clothed with trees and purple with heather; its many-tinted waters would resemble a lake were it not for the rhythmical wash of the sea. The cemetery, with its ruined chapel and fine Celtic cross, looks like a pleasure villa buried in the blossoms of fuchsia and tulip-trees.

Conscientious travellers usually climb half-way up Slieve Bân, which overlooks the town, in order to see the big stone called Clough More, over which the local antiquaries are ever disputing. Some say it is a megalithic monument, others that it is nothing but a block detached from the hill-top. We have no desire to give any personal opinion upon this important point. We were not even tempted by the view we were promised: it embraces the promontory of Howth, the Isle of Man, and in clear weather the Cumberland Mountains, with the coast of Scotland. Lounging idly beneath the ash-trees, we spent our days watching the waves break gently at our feet, filling with their grey transparency the lough amid its smiling hills.

When you have spent three months in rushing about a country at the cost of endless fatigue, innumerable bad beds and worse dinners, without counting the rain, how disgusting it is to come across people who say, with indignation, "What, you did not go there? You were only two paces from it, yet you did not push on? Why, it is the very thing that you ought to have seen. You have seen nothing." But, you foolish and perverse persons, who talk on behalf of your favourite nook of land, your natal valley, of some picturesque site or historical monument that has taken your fancy, do consider that, though we have not seen that, still we have seen something else that perhaps you have never heard of. Do you know any

one who has seen every thing in a country, however small it be?—and Ireland is not a small place. Besides, ought not something to be left for those to discover who I hope in great number will go over the ground again? You are intolerable, however good your intentions; let us alone, and do not try to mingle the bitterness of regret with the sweetness of our content. We are not going to listen to you.

Holding these sentiments, I have no difficulty in confessing that, after Rostrevor, I have seen nothing. I had seen plenty of ruins, so I neglected those of Monasterboice, "the monastery of Boetius, in Gaelic, St. Bute, who was a learned abbé of the sixth century. They comprise, besides a tower dismantled by lightning, three Celtic crosses, one of which is the most richly sculptured in Ireland. My laziness was less pardonable, perhaps, when I did not go out of my way to make a pilgrimage to the most venerable place in this little county of Meath, the ancient hill of Tara. This, from time immemorial the capital of the old Celtic federation, was the residence of a hundred and thirty-six successive Pagan kings and six Christians, until the year 563, when, being put under an interdict by St. Ruadan on account of some squabble with King Dermot, son of Fergus, it was abandoned. In these thirteen centuries it can be understood that the ancient city has crumbled into dust: the reverent student of history who comes to Tara can distinguish nothing but a row of grassy mounds of slight elevation, the biggest of which has a menhir on its top. The non-professional eye can only see some uninteresting undulations of the ground: antiquaries recognize the circular mounds or *raths* that were the foundations of the palaces and temples. Tradition has it that the palaces of Tara were very splendid, and this is quite credible. It is true that no buried remains have been discovered as at Pompeii or in Assyria or Chaldea; but everything points to the belief

that the buildings were of wood, and thirteen centuries is a hard ordeal for planks and beams. Excavations made in the neighbourhood have brought to light quantities of bones of oxen, horses, asses, goats, sheep, deer, elks and enormous dogs (was it a slaughter-house or a place of sacrifice?), besides numerous ornaments and jewels of gold enamel and mosaic, mixed with pottery of elegant shapes, and domestic and warlike implements—combs and pins in bone, iron, and yew, bronze chisels, daggers, knives, bucklers, javelins, and triangular swords. It is known that the sailors of Tyre and Sidon carried on extensive trade with their cousins of Erin : no doubt they carried there the rich fabrics of Syria. Certainly, too, the merchants of Spain had relations with the Irish; and as a great deal is said about wine in the old national annals, we have a right to infer that the port and sherry of the time flowed freely on the tables of the Irish aristocracy.

The town of Drogheda on the Boyne, a few miles from its mouth, is passed by the beautiful Northern railway that runs along the coast to Dublin. Beneath its walls, of which considerable portions still remain, Cromwell accomplished his first exploits against the Roman Catholic rebels. He landed at Dublin in August, 1649, with 12,000 veterans and a strong force of artillery, and immediately laid siege to Drogheda, which fell at the third assault. The population was put to the sword—"a bitterness," as he said to speaker Lenthall, "to which he brought himself in order to avoid further boodshed." Massacre, arson and plunder occupied three days. The governor was one of the victims: the austere Puritans tore off his wooden-leg, which report said was of gold. A hundred men were burnt alive in St. Peter's Church. The sight of a woman's corpse, on the cold breast of which a newly-born infant was vainly searching for nourishment, was for the Protector a sign from above

to put a limit to this throat-cutting. Satiated with blood, he took the rest prisoners and transported them to Barbados.

I have mentioned the Boyne, a name which in part belongs to French military history. From the railway a rich marshy valley can be seen, with a broad, deep sinuous and swift stream at its bottom. This is the field of battle where James the Second played for and lost for ever the throne of the Stuarts, in that supreme struggle which candid pedants have declared to be the keystone in the arch of civil and religious liberty in the three kingdoms; and it was after this victory that in flagrant violation of the Treaty of Limerick, those penal enactments were promulgated which, had they been enforced in all their severity, would have deprived Catholics even of the right of existence.

"Let us change generals and begin the fight again," said an Irish officer after the rout. The proposal is not flattering to our compatriot Lauzun and the other French captains that served with him, to the national hero Sarsfield, to the brave Scotchman Hamilton, to Berwick, future Marshal of France. But it passed over their heads, and struck the king, who from the height of Donore, watched without emotion the overthrow of his faithful subjects and the destruction of his own hopes, without exposing his own person, without, in spite of Hamilton's remonstrances, allowing the French reserve to engage.

Jupiter blinds those he wishes to destroy. There was something supernatural in the fatalistic apathy with which this prince, who had in other things shown some signs of intelligence and courage, allowed the kingdom that was offered him to slip through his fingers. "If your Majesty had ten, you would find some way to lose them," said the Marshal de Rosen to him when, before the landing of William, he obstinately refused battle to the Orange army, which

was feebly commanded by old Schomberg. Unpleasant remarks were not spared by the subjects whose loyalty he snubbed. When he arrived in Dublin after the battle on the 1st of July, 1690, without danger and without glory, and ironically congratulated the Duchess of Tyrconnell, wife of the Lord-Lieutenant, upon the agility her compatriots displayed in flight, she sharply retorted, "And yet your Majesty had the advantage over them in that as in everything: it is you that won the race."

It was a pitiable return to the capital, which eighteen months before he had entered in triumph, beneath awnings of silk, preceded by young girls dressed in white, who scattered flowers under his feet, amid an enthusiastic throng madly shouting, "God save the King." And yet he was a king of the hated race of the Sacsannachs, but a Catholic king in whom the Irish put their last hope for their persecuted faith.

Such was the father-in-law, but not such the son-in-law. From the day of his landing in Ireland till the hour of the battle William scarcely left the saddle. Against his untiring activity, his military science, his unconquerable valour, and the stern cold fixity of the ambition he had inherited from his grandfather William the Silent, the struggle was hopeless. How strange are the effects of religious feuds! The troops that fought under his flag were composed of Dutch guardsmen, French Huguenots, Brandenburg infantry, with a sprinkling of Englishmen and Danish and Irish cavalry. His men, in order to distinguish themselves, twined a green bough round their hats, while the Jacobites wore white scarves as a rallying-sign. At Fontenoy the Irish brigade charged the English Protestants with the cry, "Remember Limerick and Saxon treachery!" At the Boyne it was by shouting, "Come, here are your persecutors!" that Schomberg rallied against Lauzun's troops the Hugue-

not regiment of Caillemotte, whose chief, struck by a ball in the head, and hoisted upon the shoulders of four soldiers, fell, vainly trying to allay the confusion.

All these things should now be forgotten, as indeed they seem to be. But except that the war is no longer fought on religious grounds (though religious tolerance and liberty of conscience are less in men's minds than in the laws), it is not less bitter because it has assumed a social even more than a national character. The dispute, too, is greatly complicated by the hateful interference of politics, by which it is made in the Imperial Parliament a two-edged tool. It is not so difficult as is believed to see clear in the chaos of the Irish question, when it is approached in a perfectly disinterested spirit. It only requires ordinary sagacity to diagnose the evil and establish its origin, by attributing to each side its share in the wrongs, and holding the balance between the fatal effects of their temperaments. But to find a remedy is another thing. If the union of the two kingdoms be taken as the starting-point for the era of goodwill on the side of the conquerors, for nearly a century the most eminent statesmen have broken their necks at this Irish fence. It is not the part of strangers to presume to intermeddle. But what we can do is to show to this charming and unfortunate country the sympathy deserved no less by its attractions than by its woes. What has been most wanting to the Irish people during its seven centuries of conquest has been sympathy to warm its heart, and, like all amiable but weak natures, sympathy is what it needs most. That depends upon individuals. Let people go to Ireland. I hope I have shown that pleasure is to be found there: I affirm that in going, people will place a good action to their credit.

THE END.

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